

The English Writings
of
Abraham Cowley

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Born 1618

Died 1667

ABRAHAM COWLEY

POEMS

MISCELLANIES, THE MISTRESS,
PINDARIQUE ODES, DAVIDEIS,
VERSES WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A R WALLER, M A



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NOTE

THE text of this volume is that of the first collected edition of Cowley's works, a folio volume ($11\frac{1}{2}$ ins \times 7 ins) published in 1668, the year after his death

This folio contains 'An Account of the Life and Writings of Mr *ABRAHAM COWLEY* Written to Mr *M CLIFFORD*,' by Thomas Sprat (later, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester), following W Faithorne's engraved portrait of Cowley and the title page (see p vii), and preceding the Dedicatory Elegy and Cowley's Preface (see pp 1, 4) The 'Account' states that 'Mr *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my care the revising of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those Papers which he had design'd for the Press And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I should be sure to let nothing pass, that might seem the least offence to Religion or good Manners* According to his desire and his own intention, I have now set forth his Latin and English Writings, each in a Volume apart, and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection'

The present volume contains the 'four parts' which had constituted the earlier folio of 1656, referred to in Cowley's Preface (p 9) It also contains the 'Verses written on several occasions,' published by Cowley in 1663, after an unauthorised edition had been printed in Dublin A few verse translations,

NOTE

which had appeared in the 1663 volume, were incorporated in the 1668 folio in 'Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose' and will be included in the companion volume mentioned below

At the end of this book will be found the variations noted in a collation of the 1668 text with the folio of 1656, the volume of 1663, and the edition of 'The Mistress' which had appeared in 1647

The course adopted in the case of misprints is the same as that followed in the other texts in this series, square brackets in the poems indicate where errors have been noticed, and these are explained in the Notes but a conservative attitude has been deliberately adopted in deciding what are, and what are not, misprints, both in spelling and in punctuation. A few accents only, italic for roman signs, etc., have been silently altered

A companion volume to the present is in the press. It will contain the miscellaneous prose contents of the 1668 folio, including the 'Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose,' Cowley's juvenile writings, not collected by him, and his English plays. The two volumes will thus contain the whole of Cowley's English writings. It is not intended to reprint his Latin works in this edition

A R WALLER

CAMBRIDGE,

1 *June*, 1905

THE
WORKS
OF
M^r Abraham Cowley

Consisting of
Those which were formerly Printed
AND
Those which he Design'd for the Press,
Now Published out of the Authors
ORIGINAL COPIES.

LONDON,

Printed by J M for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New
Exchange 1668,

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA, ad ILLUSTRISSIMAM

Academiã

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

H Oc tibi de *Nato ditissima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immensi pignus *Amoris* habe
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astingit gratas parcior arca manus
Tunc tui poteris *vocem* hic agnoscere *Nati*
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemq, *tuæ* ?
Tunc hic *materni* vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu *Speculum* poteris hic reperire tuum ?
Post longum, dices, *Coulei*, sic mihi tempus ?
Sic mihi speranti, *perfide*, multa redis ?
Quæ, dices, *Sagæ Lemurèsq, Dææq, nocentes*,
Hunc mihi in *Infantis* supposuere loco ?
At *Tu*, sancta *Parens*, *crudelis tu quoque, Nati*
Ne trahes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi
Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genetrix* accedis iniquo ?
Sit *Sors*, sed non sis *Ipsa Noverca* mihi
Si mihi natali *Musarum* adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset plenius undâ
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,
Nec legeres *Nomen* fusa rubore meum
Scis benè, scis quæ me *Tempestas publica Mundi*
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,

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Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
 Poscentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem*
 Sic quondam ærium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
 Cum gravidum *Autumnum* sæva flagellat *Hyems*
 Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma
 Et vi victa cadunt, *Arbor* & ipsa gemit
 Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
 Nondum *Sol* roseo redditur ore *Pater*
 O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* super omnia *Nomen*!
 O penitus toto corde receptus *Amor*!
 O pulchræ *sine Luxu* *Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuusq; decor!
 O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
 Digna *Domus*! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei*!
 O nimum *Cereris* cumulati munere *Campi*,
 Posthabitis *Ennæ* quos colit illa iugis!
 O sacri *Fontes*! & sacræ *Vatibus* *Umbra*,
 Quas recreant *Aurum* *Pieridumq;* chori!
 O *Camus*! *Phœbo* nullus quo gratior amnis!
 Amnibus *auriferis* invidiosus *inops*!
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detq; Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
 Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidisti in ripâ, *Came* serene, tuâ,
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu,
 Ille quidém immerito, sed tibi gratus erat
 Nam, meminî ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâq;
 Dignatum est totum verba ieferre nemo
 Tunc liquidis tacitisq; simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ
 At nunc cænosæ luces, atq; obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ
 Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Tamesisve* aut *Thybridis unda*?
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, *Came*, sitim
 Fœlix qui nunquam plus uno viderit *amne*!
 Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit!
 Fœlix cui *non tentatus* sordescere *Mundus*,
 Et cui *Paupertas nota* nitere potest!
 Tempore cui nullo misera *experientia* constat,
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse *Nihil*!

ELEGIA

At nos exemplis *Fortuna* instruxit opimis,
Et documentorum satq, supérq, dedit
Cum *Capite* avulsum *Diadema*, infraçtáq, *sceptra*,
Contusásq, *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & non *tractabile Fatum*,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infamí scopulis naufragiúsq, *Mari*?
Tu quoque in hoc *Terræ* tremuisti, *Academia*, *Motu*,
(Nec frustrà) atq, ædes contremuère tuæ
Contremuère ipsæ *pacatæ Palladis* arces,
Et timuit *Fulmen Laureæ* sancta novum
Ah quamquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec saltem *Bellis ista* licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus, & ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat Jus habet omne malum
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes, nec tibi *Mors ipsa superstes* erit
Semper plena manens uterí de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes *ad mare Mortis* aquas
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* saucia dextrâ,
(Namq, solent ipsis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem superúm, questúsq, cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor
Quid quereris? contemne *breves* segura dolores,
Nam tibi ferre *Necem vulnera* nulla valent

THE PREFACE

OF THE AUTHOR

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and published under *my name*, during the time of my absence. I wondred very much how one who could be so *foolish* to write so ill Verses, should yet be so *Wise* to set them forth as another *Mans* rather than his *own*, though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Bastard* upon such a person, whose stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-spring* of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the *Author* to put forth some of my Writings under his *own name*, rather than his own under *mine*. He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, then he does by such a *Bounty*, for no body can be *justified* by the *Imputation* even of anothers *Merit*, and our own course *Cloathes* are like to become us better, then those of another mans, though never so *rich* but these, to say the truth, were so *beggarly*, that I my self was ashamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie*, and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, then by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kinde, which is the publication of some

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things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them Of which sort, was a *Comedy* called *The Guardian*, printed in the year 1650 but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War, or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drawn* onely, and *repeated*, for the haste was so great, that it could neither be *revised* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learned without-Book* by the *Actors*, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College* After the *Representation* (which, I confess, was somewhat of the *latest*) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*, but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the pains to writ it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in humane conversation when I made it But as it is, it is only the hasty *first-sitting* of a *Pieture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly From this which has hapned to my self, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with *counterfeited pieces*, like *false Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *sum*, or with such, which though of their own *Coyne*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Allay* whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*, and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more *profit* This has been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others, part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me, neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*, for a *great Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, then in a *Gigantick*

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Body, on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates And as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

Totos infusa per artus

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose myself to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer But though I publish here, more then in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have supprest and cast away more then I *publish*, and for the ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more then *both* And upon these considerations I have been perswaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own *modesty*, and to produce these *Poems* to the light and view of the World, not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a less evil, which I chose rather then to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charls the Fifth*, and assisting at her own *Funeral*

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that faculty It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* dyes before the *Man*, for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole life But as the *Marriages* of *Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poesie*, to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences* As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, then in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a *fantastical kind of Reversion* to our own selves

Stat 11 Theb

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neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which *S Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable*

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Clymate*, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp *winter*? a warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and *Revolutions* in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Republicæ**

Neither is the present constitution of my *Mind* more proper then that of the *Times* for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and chearfulness of *Spirit*, it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcast with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious *Fortune*, it must like the *Halcyon*, have fair weather to breed in. The *Soul* must be filled with bright and delightful *Ideæ's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of *Poesie*. One may see through the stile of *Ovid de Trist* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it, there scarce remains any footsteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c

The cold of the Countrey had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphosis*, and though there remain some weak resemblances of *Ovid at Rome*, It is but as he says of *Niobe*,

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis, nihil est in Imagine vivum,
Flet tamen* †

Cic de Clar Orator

† *Ovid Metam l 6*

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The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humor, neither is *Wit* less eclipsed with the *unquietness* of *Mind*, then *Beauty* with the *Indisposition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almost as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despite of *Fortune*, as it is in despite of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muses*, nor expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no considerations to be *divorced*, or that I should say like *Horace*,

Quisquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color

I shall rather use his words in another place,

*Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et multavi non sine gloriâ,
Nunc arma defunctumq, bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit†*

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or to enrich my self with the traffick of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither, so that of *these Indies* it is truer then it was of the former,

*Improbis extremos currit Mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens)*

But to forsake this world for ever, with all the *vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*)

Oblitusq, meorum, obliviscendus & illis

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal* in a grave is not more useless and ridiculous then *Poetry* would be in that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *literal* quitting of this *World*. So, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted priviledge of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more *favor*, then the *Living*,

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, Perire‡

Hor Sat 1 l 2 ser † L 3 Car Ode 26 Vixi puellis, &c ‡ Mart

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Having been forced for my own necessary *justificatio[n]* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Discourse of the *Reasons* why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*, I shall only add somewhat concerning the several Parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication. As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen, for even so far backwa'd there remain yet some *traces* of me in the little *footsteps* of a *child*, which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagances* in a *Boy* (men setting a value upon *any kind* of *fruit* before the usual *season* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*, and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Besides, they have already past through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* then uses to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world so *indulgent* (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the speed of my *setting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Discretion to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments* under my own hand, whereby I stood *engaged* for more then I have been able to *perform*, in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unsolvable*, not so much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by some notorious accidents and publick disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them, as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it self*, reaching as far as the first *Battel* of *Newbury*, where the succeeding *misfortunes* of the *party* stopt the *work*.

As for the ensuing *Book*, it consists of four parts. The first is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the *Reader*, I know not by what chance I have kept *Copys* of them, for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, then was bestowed

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upon their *Brethren*, for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the *arrogancy* of the *word*, when I said, *I had lost them*

The *Second*, is called, *The Mistress*, [or] *Love-Verses*, for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love* Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Trial*, like some *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least, in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*,

In furias ignemq, ruunt, Amor omnibus idem

But we must not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind, as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his youth It is not in this sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*, it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *persons* imagined by him He may be in his own practice and disposition a *Philosopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho*

Feret & rubus asper Anomum

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love* On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious *Readers*, for much *Excess* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Prophane-ness*, of which I am sure, if my *words* be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *thoughts* and *intentions* And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*, nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with

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the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie* They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion Halicarnasseus* calls, Μεγαλοφύες καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to *Alcæus* The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living The *Figures* are unusual and bold, even to *Temeritie*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*. The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadencies be not observed in the *Pronunciation* So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader* I have briefly described the nature of these Verses, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Resurrection* And though the *Liberty* of them may incline a man to believe them easie to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise

*Ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem, multum sudet frustrâq, laboret
Ausus idem*

I come now to the last Part, which is *Davidicus*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles of David*, which I designed into *Twelve Books*, not for the *Tribes* sake, but after the *Pattern* of our Master *Virgil*, and intended to close all with that most Poetical and excellent *Elegie* of *David*s on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan* For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, because it is the custom of *Heroick Poets* (as we see by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*, but onely so near, that every one may see it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their *Cards*, and take up what they have won This, I say, was the *whole Design*, in which there are many noble and fertile Arguments behind, as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Priests* at *Nob*, the several flights and escapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderness*, the *Funeral* of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigail*, the sacking of *Ziglag*, the loss and

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recovery of *David's* wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch of Endor*, the War with the *Philistines*, and the *Battel of Gilboa*, all which I meant to interweave upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious *Stories* of the *Old Testament*, and to embellish with the most remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what wouther *subject* could have been chosen among all the *Treasures* of past times, then the *Life* of this young *Prince*, who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to *honour*, then the highest Person who ever *honoured* his Profession? whom a *Christian Poet*, rather than the *man after Gods own heart*, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the flesh disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory* of *God Almighty* might be joyned with the singular utility and noblest delight of *Mankind*, It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggerly *Flattery* of great persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confused antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole [and] alienated from the service of the *Deity*, as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like, there is none that he so universally, and so long usurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom of God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become

THE PREFACE

clean by bathing in the *Water of Damascus* These wants, methinks, but the *Conversion of That*, and the *Jews*, for the accomplishment of the *Kingdom of Christ* And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds and fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest *Liberty* It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it, it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*, neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven* There is not so great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poetry* Were there never so wholesome *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts of Love and Fables*, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* should make us *Nauseate* it For it is almost impossible to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind They are all but the *Cold-meats* of the *Antients*, new-heated, and new set forth I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich crops out of these grounds, the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage* But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Besides, though those mad stories of the *Gods and Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous, yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of those times They were believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conscience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable punishments There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better then *none at all* But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verse*, then those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant* What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the story of *Deucalion*, then in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Sampson* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labors of Hercules*? why is not *Jeptha's Daughter* as good a woman as *Iphigenia*? and the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, then that of *Theseus* and

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Perithous? Does not the passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, then the voyages of *Ulysses* or *Aeneas*? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half so stored with great, heroical and supernatural actions (since *Verse* will needs find or make such) as the wars of *Joshua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? what do I instance in these few particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose, None but a good *Artist* will know how to do it neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man design to compose a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a story of the *Scripture*, like Mr *Quarles*'s, or some other godly matter, like Mr *Heywood* of *Angels*, into *Rhyme*, He is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he only abases *Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*, but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of *Invention*, the same wisdom of *Disposition*, the same *Judgment* in observance of *Decencies*, the same lustre and vigor of *Elocution*, the same modesty and majestic of *Number*, briefly the same kind of *Habit*, is required to both, only this latter allows better *stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if *ill drest* in it. I am far from assuming to my self to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking. But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

Miscellanies.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, &c

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I shall like *Beasts* or *Common People* dy,
Unless you write my *Elegy*,
Whilst others *Great*, by being *Born* are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own
In this *Scale Gold*, in th'other *Fame* does ly,
The *weight of that*, mounts this so *high*
These men are *Fortunes Jewels*, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light
If I, her *vulgar stone* for either look,
Out of *my self* it must be strook
Yet I must on, what sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fames Trumpet* hear
It sounds like the *last Trumpet*, for it can
Raise up the *bur'ied Man*
Unpast *Alpes* stop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muses Hannibal*
Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roses* in the way
Hence the desire of *Honors*, or *Estate*,
And all, that is not above *Fate*,

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Hence *Love* himself, that *Tyrant* of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise
Come my best *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on,
'Tis time that I were gon
Welcome, great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou dost far out-do,
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World* you
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whose blest *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preserves *Romes greatness* yet
Thou art the *first* of *Ora'tors*, only he
Who best can *praise Thee*, next must be
Welcome the *Mantu'an Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wise*,
Whose verse *walks highest*, but not flies
Who brought green *Poesie* to her perfect Age,
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*
Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do
To be like one of you
But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there sit
On the calm flourish'ing head of it,
And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below

ODE

Of Wit

I

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Master* art of it
For the *First matter* loves *Variety* less,
Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*

MISCELLANIES

[2]

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
In no *Ware* deceives us more
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*,
Some things do through our Judgment pass
As through a *Multiplying Glass*
And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*

3

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest word of *Fame*
Grows such a common Name
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Just so, as *Tit'lar Bishops* made at *Rome*
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Fest*
Admir'd with *Laughter* at a feast,
Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain,
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain

4

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet
With their five gowty feet
All ev'ry where, like *Mans*, must be the *Soul*,
And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall
Such *Miracles* are ceast, and now we see
No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetrie*

5

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part,
That shows more *Cost*, then *Art*
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear,
Rather then *all things Wit*, let *none* be there
Several *Lights* will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' skie,
If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*

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6

'Tis not when two like words make up onë noise,
 Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*
 In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see
 In *An'grams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie*
 Much less can that have any place
 At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
 Such *Dross* the *Fire* must purge away, 'tis just
 The *Author blush*, there where the *Reader* must

7

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*
 When *Bajazet* begins to rage
 Nor a tall *Meta'phor* in the *Bombast way*,
 Nor the dry chips of short lung'd *Seneca*
 Nor upon all things to obtrude,
 And force some odd *Similitude*
 What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
 We only can by *Negatives* define?

8

In a true piece of *Wit* all things must be,
 Yet all things these agree
 As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without foice or strife,
 All *Creatures* dwelt, all *Creatures* that had *Life*
 Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
 (If we compare great things with small)
 Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lie,
 In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*

9

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
 Makes me forget and injure you
 I took *you* for *my self* sure when I thought
 That you in any thing were to be *Taught*
 Correct my error with thy *Pen*,
 And if any ask me then,
 What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Gensus* is,
 I'll onely shew your *Lines*, and say, 'Tis *This*

MISCELLANIES

To the Lord Falkland

*For his safe Return from the Northern Expedition
against the SCOTS*

Great is thy *Charge*, O *North*, be wise and just,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy trust,
Return him safe *Learning* would rather choose
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to loose
All things that are but *writ* or *printed* there,
In his unbounded *Breast engraven* are
There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yet juggle not, nor quarrel, but as well
Agree as in some *Common Principle*
So in an *Army* govern'd right we see
(Though out of several *Countrys* rais'd it be)
That all their *Order* and their *Place* maintain,
The *English*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*
So thousand diverse *Species* fill the aire,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there,
Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye,
Yet enter *undisturb'd* into the Eye

And this great *Prince of Knowledge* is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a State,
All *Virtues*, and some *Customs* of the *Court*,
Other mens *Labour*, are at least his *Sport*
Whilst we who can no action undertake,
Whom *Idleness* it self might *Learned* make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble *Pegasus* fly away
'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
And her *Estate* of *Wit* on *One* bestow
Whilst we like *younger Brothers*, get at best
But a *small stock*, and must *work* out the rest
How could he answer't, should the State think fit
To question a *Monopoly* of *Wit*?

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Such is the *Man* whom we require the same
We lent the *North*, untoucht as is his *Fairie*
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free
Those *Men* alone (and those are useful too)
Whose *Valour* is the only *Art* they know,
Were for sad *War* and bloody *Battels* born,
Let *Them* the *State* *Defend*, and *He* *Adorn*

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton

What shall we say, since *silent* now is *He*
Who when he *Spoke*, all things would *Silent* be?
Who had so many *Languages* in store,
That only *Fame* shall speak of him in *More*
Whom *England* now no more return'd must see
He's gone to *Heav'n* on his *Fourth Embassie*
On earth he travell'd often, not to say
H'had been abroad, or pass loose *Time* away
In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
As if he went to *Conquer*, not to *See*
So well he understood the most and best
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* sent into the *West*,
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where
Justly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,
Who for the *World* was made, not *us* alone
Nor ought the *Language* of that *Man* be less
Who in his *Breast* had *all things* to *express*
We say that *Learning's* endless, and blame *Fate*
For not allowing *Life* a longer date
He did the utmost *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not so large as was his *Mind*
But, like the brave *Pellæan Youth*, did mone
Because that *Art* had no more *worlds* then *One*
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He *dy'd*, lest he should *Idle* grow at last

MISCELLANIES

'On the Death of Mr Jordan,

Second Master at Westminster School

Hence, and make room for me, all you who come
Onely to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe*
Here lies the *Master* of my tender years,
The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
Whose *Government* ne'r stood me in a *Tear* ,
All *weeping* was reserv'd to spend it *here*
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with *Me* He was *your Tutor* too
Let's joyn our *Sighes*, till they fly far, and shew
His native *Belgia* what she's now to do
The *League* of grief bids her with us lament ,
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all Men we there had lost,
And all the *English Blood* those wars have cost
Wisely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide,
His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
Of *England* , and t'avoid the envious strife
Of other *Lands*, all *Europe* had his *Life*,
But we in chief, our Countrey soon was grown
A *Debter* more to *Him*, then *He* to'his *Own*
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up *Men* against the future times,
For deeds of *Age* are in their *Causes* then,
And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he *made* the *Men*
Hence 'twas a *Master* in those ancient dayes
When men sought *Knowledge* first, and by it *Praise*,
Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame* ,
Father it self was but a *Second Name*
He scorn'd the profit, his Instructions all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*
He *deserv'd Honors*, but *despis'd* them too
As much as those who have them, others do
He knew not that which *Complement* they call,
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himself* least of all
So true, so faithful, and so just as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie*

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His *Memory*, where all things written were,
As sure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are
Thus he in *Arts* so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the *Use* came in, and *Stock* remain'd
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labor'd with't to enrich others now
Did thus a new, and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in *Mines* for others gain
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too
Though my *Excuse* would be, I must confess,
Much better had his *Diligenc[e]* been less
But if a *Muse* hereafter smile on me,
And say, *Be thou a Poet*, men shall see
That none could a more *grateful Scholar* have,
For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*

On his Majesties Return out of Scotland

I

WElcome, great Sir, with all the joy that's due
To the return of *Peace* and *You*
Two greatest *Blessings* which this age can know,
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heav'n* we ow
Others by *War* their *Conquests* gain,
You like a *God* your ends obtain
Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and sweetly *Order'd* all

2

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge heav'n full thanks for it
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
And like the *Peace*, but think it comes too late
No *Widows* hear the jocond *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands Knells*
No Drop of *Blood* is spilt which might be said
To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*

MISCELLANIES

3

'Twas only *Heav'n* could work this wondrous thing,
And onely work't by such a *King*
Again the *Northern Hindes* may sing and plow,
And fea' no harm but from the *weather* now
Again may *Tradesmen* love their pain
By knowing now for *whom* they gain
The *Armour* now may be hung up to sight,
And onely in their *Halls* the *Children* fright

4

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conquerors Brow*
At such a *Game* what fool would venture in,
Where one must *lose*, yet neither side can *win* ?
How justly would our *Neighbours* smile
At these mad quarrels of our Isle
Sweld with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
Whilst we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing Play* ?

5

How was the silver *Tine* frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore ?
His waters ran more swiftly then they use,
And hasted to the Sea to tell the News
The *Sea* it self, how rough so ere
Could scarce believe such fury here
How could the *Scots* and we be *Enemies* grown ?
That, and its *Master Charls* had made us *One*

6

No *Blood* so loud as that of *Civil War* ,
It calls for Dangers from afar
Let's rather go, and seek out *Them*, and *Fame* ,
Thus our *Fore-fathers got*, thus *left a Name*
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their *Childrens Veins*
Why sit we still, our *Spir'its* wrapt up in *Lead* ?
Not like them whilst they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dd* ?

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7

This noise at home was but *Fates* policie
To raise our Spir'its more high
So a bold *Lyon* ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away
How would the *German Eagle* fear,
To see a new *Gustavus* there ?
How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
For *Jove* of old, it now boie *Thunder* too !

8

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to *Charls* his days
What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
Whose very *Peace* it self is *Victorie* ?
When *Heav'n* bestows the best of *Kings*,
It bids us think of mighty things
His *Valour*, *Wisdom*, *Offspring* speak no less ,
And we the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Guess*

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

The famous Painter

VAndike is *Dead*, but what *Bold Muse* shall dare
(Though *Poets* in that word with *Painters* share)
T'express her sadness ? *Po'esie* must become
An *Art*, like *Painting* here, an *Art* that's *Dumb*
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad *Picture* which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't, for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same *Passions* which he drew
His pieces so with their live *Objects* strive,
That both or *Pictures* seem, or both *Alive*
Nature her self amaz'd, does doubting stand,
Which is *her own*, and which the *Painters Hand*,
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in *Twins* she would express

MISCELLANIES

His All-resembling *Pencil* did out-pass
 The mimic *Imag'ry* of *Looking-glass*
 Nor was his *Life* less perfect than his *Art*,
 Nor was his *Hand* less *erring* than his *Heart*
 There was no false, or fading *Colour* there,
 The *Figures* sweet and well proportion'd were
 Most other men, set next to him in view,
 Appear'd more *shadows* than the Men he *drew*
 Thus still he liv'd till heav'n did for him call,
 Where reverent *Luke* salutes him first of all
 Where he beholds new sights, divinely faire,
 And could almost wish for his *Pencil* there,
 Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
 Wondrously *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
 Whilst he for ever ravisht with the show
 Scorns his own *Art* which we admire below
 Onely his beauteous *Lady* still he loves,
 (The love of heav'nly *Objects* *Heav'n* improves)
 He sees bright *Angels* in pure beams appear,
 And thinks on her he left so like them here
 And you, fair *Widow*, who stay here alive,
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve
 Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be,
 Begin not now, blest *Pair*, to *Disagree*
 No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'rous mind
 You, and a new born *You*, he left behind
 Even *Fate* exprest his love to his dear *Wife*,
 And let him end your *Picture* with his *Life*

Prometheus ill-painted

HOW wretched does *Promethe'us* state appear,
 Whilst he his *Second Mis'ery* suffers here!
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove* less than the *Painters* hands
 It would the *Vulturs* cruelty outgoe,
 If once again his *Liver* thus should grow
 Pity him *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow,
 The *Flames* he once *stole* from thee grant him now

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ODE

I

Here's to thee *Dick*, this whining *Love* despise,
Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink till thou be'st *wise*
It sparkles brighter far then *she*
'Tis pure, and right without deceit,
And such no *woman* ere will be
No, they are all *Sophisticate*

2

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an *ill-favor'd*, and *uncleanly Sin*?
A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That *Venus* *Jays* as well as she
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd

3

Whom would that painted toy a *Beauty* move,
Whom would it ere perswade to court and love,
Could he a *womans Heart* have seen,
(But, oh, no *Light* does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her *womb*?

4

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more
Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true,
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all
But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too

5

Here's to thee again, thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
Let the *Glass walk*, till all things too *go round*,
Again, till these *Two Lights* be *Four*,
No error here can dangerous prove,
Thy *Passion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more,
None *Double* see like Men in *Love*

MISCELLANIES

Friendship in Absence

I

When chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
Whilst sleep does our dull *Bodies* tie
Methinks, at home they should not stay,
Content with *Dreams*, but boldly flie
Abroad, and meet each other half the way

2

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not *How*, nor *Where*
Their friendly *Lights* together twine,
Though we perceive't not to be so,
Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own *Conjunctions* know

3

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for every friend,
If *Distance* could their *Union* end
But *Love* it self does far advance
Above the power of *Time* and *Space*,
It scorns such outward *Circumstance*,
His *Time's* for ever, every where his *Place*

4

I'am there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me* thou art,
Lodg'd in each others heart
Miracles cease not yet in *Love*,
When he his mighty *Power* will try
Absence it self does *Bounteous* prove,
And strangely ev'n our *Presence* *Multiply*

5

Pure is the flame of *Friendship*, and divine
Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does shine
He in the upper ayr and sky
Does no effects of Heat bestow,
But as his beams the farther fly
He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye*
Less *Meritorious* then is *Love*,
For when we *Friends* together see
So much, so much *Both One* do prove,
That their *Love* then seems but *Self-love* to be

7

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make *Hours Canonical*
By every *Wind* that comes this way,
Send me at least a *sigh* or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make *Winds* to get to you

8

A thousand pretty wayes we'll think upon
To mock our *Separation*
Alas, ten thousand will not do,
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the *Breast* to get away

9

And when no *Art* affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t'appease
Just as a *Bird* that flies about
And beats it self against the *Cage*,
Finding at last no passage out
It sits, and sings, and so orecomes its iage

To the Bishop of Lincoln,

Upon his Enlargement out of the Tower

Pardon, my Lord, that I am come so late
T'express my joy for your return of Fate
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of *Liberty*, at first I could not grieve,
My thoughts a while, like you, *Imprison'd* lay,
Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*,

MISCELLANIES

They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud
Should every mans officious gladness hast,
And be afraid to shew it self the last,
The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loss* to you of *Libertie*
When of your freedom men the news did hear
Where it was wisht for, that is every where,
'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it iavisht all
So *Eloquence Tully* did from exile come,
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherisht *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counsels* miss,
Rome, the *Worlds head*, was nothing without *His*
Wrong to those sacred *Ashes* I should do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*,
You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did dispence
The *Consulship* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*
Nor did your fate differ from his at all
Because the doom of *Exile* was his fall,
For the whole *World* without a native home
Is nothing but a *Pris'on* of larger roome
But like a melting *Woman* suffer'd He,
He who before out-did *Humanitie*
Nor could his *Spi'rit* constant and *stedfast* prove,
Whose *Art* t'had been, and greatest end to *Moue.*
You put *ill Fortune* in so good a dress
That it out-shone other mens *Happiness*,
Had your *Prosper'ity* always clearly gon
As your high *Merits* would have led it on,
You'had *Half* been lost, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy*, the *least part* of men
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some straight envy'd your *Affliction* too
For a clear *Conscience* and *Heroick Mind*
In *Ills* their *Business* and their *Glory* find
So though less worthy stones are drown'd in *night*,
The faithful *Diamond* keeps his native *Light*,
And is oblig'd to *Darkness* for a ray
That would be more *opprest* then *helpt* by *Day*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Your *Soul* then most shew'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stonger and more armed then the *Tower*
Sure unkinde fate will tempt your *Spi^rit* no more,
Sh'has try'd her *Weakness* and your *Strength* before
To'oppose him still who once has *Conquer'd* so,
Were now to be your *Rebel*, not your *Foe*
Fortune henceforth will more of *Provi'dence* have,
And rather be your *Friend*, then be your *Slave*

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings

I

I Little thought the time would ever bee,
That I should *Wit* in *Dwarfish Posies* see
As all *Words* in Few *Letters* live,
Thou to few *Words* all *Sense* dost give
'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare art
In such a *Little Much* to shew,
Who all the good she did impart
To Womankind *Epitomiz'd* in you

2

If as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning *Years* be well compar'd to a *Ring*,
We'll write what ere from you we hear,
For that's the *Posie* of the *Year*
This difference onely will remain,
That *Time* his former face does shew
Winding into himself again,
But your unweari'd *Wit* is always *New*

3

'Tis said that *Conju^rers* have an *Art* found out
To carry *Spi^rits* confin'd in *Rings* about
The wonder now will less appear
When we behold your *Magick* here
You by your *Rings* do *Prisⁿers* take,
And chain them with your mystick *Spells*,
And the strong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Dev'il*, charm'd to those *Circles* dwells

MISCELLANIES

4

They who² above do various *Circles* finde,
Say, like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'n* does bind
 When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
 (Which then more *Heav'n* then 'tis will be)
 'Tis thou must write the *Posie* there,
 For it wanteth one as yet,
 Though the *Sun* pass through't twice a year,
The *Sun* who is esteem'd the God of *Wit*

5

Happy the Hands which wear thy sacred *Rings*,
They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious things
 Let other *Rings*, with *Jewels* bright,
 Cast around their costly light,
 Let them want no noble *Stone*
 By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
 Yet shall thy *Rings* give place to none,
But onely that which must thy *Marriage* bind

Prologue to the Guardian

Before the Prince

W^Ho says the *Times* do *Learning* disallow?
 'Tis false, 'twas never *Honor'd* so as *Now*
When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done,
You are our *Morning Star*, and shall be our *Sun*
But our *Scene's London* now, and by the rout
We perish, if the *Round-heads* be about
For now no ornament the *Head* must wear,
No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not so much as *Hair*
How can a *Play* pass safely, when ye know
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a *Show*?
Our onely *Hope* is this, that it may be
A *Play* may pass too, made *Extempore*
Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit *Po'esie* which was *always* so

ABRAHAM COWLEY

But we condemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their *Censure* than their *Praise*
Our *Muse*, blest *Prince*, does onely on you relie,
Would gladly *Live*, but not refuse to *Dye*
Accept our *hasty zeal*, a thing that's *play'd*
Ere't is a *Play*, and *Acted* ere'tis *Made*
Our *Ign'orance*, but our *Duty* too we show,
I would all *Ignorant People* would do so!
At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*,
This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*

The Epilogue

THE *Play*, great Sir, is done, yet needs must fear,
Though you brought all your *Fathers Merues* here,
It may offend your *Highness*, and we have now
Three hours done *Treason* here for ought we know
But power your grace can above *Nature* give,
It can give power to make *Abortives Live*
In which if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the *Life* of one poor week t'has lost,
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly then 'twas *Born*

On the Death of Mr William Hervey

Immodicus brevis est ætas, & rara Senectus Mart

I

IT was a dismal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,
When *Sleep*, *Deaths Image*, left my troubled brest,
By something *liker Death* possest
My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of some *Intolerable Fate*
What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know

MISCELLANIES

2

My sweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *end* for ever, and my *Life* to moan,
 O thou hast left me all alone !
Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*
 Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
Then I, my dearest *Friend*, do part from *Thee*

3

My dearest *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee !
Life and this *World* henceforth will tedious bee
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
 If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As sullen *Ghosts* stalk speechless by
 Where their hid *Treasures* ly,
Alas, my *Treasure's* gone, why do I stay ?

4

He was my *Friend*, the truest *Friend* on earth,
A strong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Buth*
Nor did we envy the most sounding *Name*
 By *Friendship* giv'n of old to *Fame*
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,
 Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me,
 And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my self I lov'd them too

5

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we spent the *Nights* ?
Till the *Ledæan Stars* so fam'd for *Love*,
 Wondred at us from above
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep *Philosophy*,
 Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?
 Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
 The *Love* betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker joyn,
 And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid

7

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,
 Till all the tuneful *Birds* to your boughs they bring,
 No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted chear,
 And call the learned *Youths* to hear,
 No whistling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
 But all with sad solemnity,
 Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly

8

To him my *Muse* made haste with every strain
 Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the *Brain*
 He lov'd my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
 Would find out something to commend
 Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight,
 Be this my latest verse
 With which I now adorn his *Herse*,
 And this my *Grief*, without thy help shall write

9

Had I a wreath of *Bays* about my brow,
 I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
 Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there
 Instead of *Bays*, crown with sad *Cypress* me,
 Cypress which *Tombs* does beautifie,
 Not *Phœbus* griev'd so much as I
 For him, who first was made that mournful *Tree*

MISCELLANIES

10

Large was his *Soul*, as large a *Soul* as ere
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here
High as the Place 'twas shortly in *Heav'n* to have,
But low, and humble as his *Grave*
So high that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous, and great,
So low that for *Me* too it made a room

11

He scorn'd this busie world below, and all
That we, *Mistaken Mortals*, Pleasure call,
Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant ore the sins of *Youth*
He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like *Flame*,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none

12

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather sought
Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lie
In such a short *Mortality*
When ere the skilful *Youth* discours'd or writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng
About his eloquent *Tongue*,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faster then his *Wit*

13

So strong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
As all things but his *Judgement* overcame,
His *Judgement* like the heav'nly *Moon* did show,
Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below
Oh had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering *Soul*?
We have lost in him *Arts* that not yet are found

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various *Wit*,
 Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retir'd and gave to them their due
 For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with *Notions* written ore
 As if wise *Nature* had made that her *Book*

So many *Virtues* joyn'd in him, as we
 Can scarce pick here and there in *Historie*
 More then old *Writers Practice* ere could reach,
 As much as they could ever *teach*
 These did *Religion*, *Queen* of *Virtues* sway,
 And all their sacred *Motions* steare,
 Just like the First and *Highest Sphere*
 Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way

With as much *Zeal*, *Devotion*, *Pietie*,
 He always *Liv'd*, as other *Saints* do *Dye*
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,
 Weeping all *Debts* out ere he slept
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
 Like the *Suns* laborious light,
 Which still in *Water* sets at Night,
 Unsullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,
 To be snatcht hence ere better *understood*?
 Snatcht before half of thee enough was seen!
 Thou Ripe, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!
 Nor could thy *Friends* take their last sad Farewel,
 But *Danger* and *Infectious Death*
 Malitiously seiz'd on that *Breath*
 Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleasure* always us'd to dwell

MISCELLANIES

18

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age,
Where *Ignorance* and *Hypocrisie* does rage!
A fitter *time* for Heav'n no soul ere chose,
The place now onely free from those
There 'mong the *Blest* thou dost for ever shine,
And wheresoere thou casts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* then *Thine*

19

And if the glorious *Saints* cease not to know
Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below,
Thy Flame to *Me* does still the same abide,
Onely more pure and rarifi'd
There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly *Poesie*,
Where *Grief* and *Misery* can be join'd with *Verses*

ODE

In imitation of Horaces Ode

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus, &c Lib 1 Od 5*

I

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravisht Lover,
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich *Cabinet*?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Ah simple *Youth*, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
And his own *Fortunes* find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so *Cameleon*-like an hew,
That still *their colour* changes with it too?

3

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackness of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise,
Poor *unexperient*'ed He
Who ne're, alas, befoie had been at *Sea*!

4

He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No smallest *Cloud* appears
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the *faithless April* of thy *May*

5

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,
T' whom *Thou untry*'ed dost shine!
But there's no danger now for *Me*,
Since o're *Loretto's Shrine*
In witness of the *Shipwrack* past
My consecrated *Vessel* hangs at last

In imitation of Martials Epigram

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c L 5 Ep 21

I F, dearest *Friend*, it my good Fate might be
T' enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*,
If we for *Happiness* could *leisure* find,
And *wandering Time* into a *Method* bind,

MISCELLANIES

We should not sure the *Great Mens* favour need,
Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed
We should not *Patience* find daily to hear,
The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* spoken there
We should not the *Lords Tables* humbly use,
Or talk in *Ladies Chambers Love and News*,
But *Books*, and wise *Discourse*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
And all the joys that *unmixt Nature* yields
Thick *Summer* shades where *Winter* still does ly,
Bright *Winter Fires* that *Summers* part supply
Sleep not controll'd by *Cares*, confin'd to *Night*,
Or bound in any rule but *Appetite*
Free, but not savage or ungracious *Mirth*,
Rich *Wines* to give it quick and easie birth
A few *Companions*, which our selves should chuse,
A *Gentle Mistress*, and a *Gentler Muse*
Such, dearest Friend, such without doubt should be
Our *Place*, our *Business*, and our *Companie*
Now to *Himself*, alas, does neither *Live*,
But sees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
A strict *account*, set and march thick away,
Knows a man how to Live, and does he stay?

The Chronicle

A Ballad

I

M *Argarita* first possest,
If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all,
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball

2

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous *Catharine*
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my Heart)
To *Ehsa's* conqu'ring face

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

Elsa till this Hour might reign
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'ne
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new *Favorites* she chose,
Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
And cast away her yoke

4

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both [t]o reign at once began
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I' obey'd

5

Another *Mary* then arose
And did rigorous *Laws* impose
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free

6

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *golden Time* with me
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her sted

7

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour
Judith held the *Sovereign Power*
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susanna* took her place

MISCELLANIES

8

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the By

9

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Besse*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*
Thousand worse *Passions* then possess
The *Interregnum* of my brest
Bless me from such an *Anarchy* !

10

Gentle *Henriette* than
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*
And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a long *Et cætera*

11

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their *state*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbons*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins*

12

If I should tell the politick Arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries* !

ABRAHAM COWLEY

13

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*,
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
Then *Holinshead* or *Stow*

14

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me
An higher and a nobler strain
My present *Emperess* does claim,
Heleonora, *First o'th' Name*,
Whom God grant long to reign!

To Sir William Davenant

*Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, finished before
his voyage to America*

Methinks *Heroick Poesie* till now
Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,
Gods, *Devils*, *Nymphs*, *Witches* and *Gyants race*,
And all but *Man* in *Mans chief work* had place
Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms
Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*
Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want
Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,
Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well
By fatal hands whilst *present Empires* fall,
Thine from the *Grave past Monarchies* recall
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury*, then the *Zelots Spirit*
And from the *Grave* thou mak'est this *Empire* rise,
Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t'affright our Eyes,
But with more Luster and triumphant state,
Then when it crown'd at proud *Verona* sate

MISCELLANIES

So will *our God* rebuild mans perisht frame,
 And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same*
 So *God-like Poets* do past things rehearse,
 Not *change*, but *Heighten* Nature by their Verse
 With shame, methinks, great *Italy* must see
 Her *Conquerors* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*
 Rais'd by such pow'rful Verse, that ancient *Rome*
 May blush no less to see her *Wit* o'recome
 Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
 And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give
 The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
 To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind
 Thou in those beaten pathes disdain'st to tread,
 And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*
 Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
 This latter *Age* should see all *New* but *Wit*
 Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
 And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the *Muse*
 Did thy desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,
 And ne're did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* bless,
 If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like success

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey

AS to a *Northern People* (whom the Sun
 Uses just as the *Romish Church* has done
 Her *Prophane Lusty*, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
 A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives,
 Such comfort to us here your *Letter* gives,
 Fraught with brisk *racy Verses*, in which we
 The *Soil* from whence they came, tast, smell, and see
 Such is your *Present* to'us, for you must know,
 Sir, that *Verse* does not in this *Island* grow
 No more then *Sack*, One lately did not fear
 (Without the *Muses* leave) to plant it here

Henceforth, said *God*, the wretched Sons of earth
 Shall sweat for Food in vain
 That will not long sustain,
 And bring with *Labor* forth each fond *Abortive Birth*
 That *Serpent* too, their *Pride*,
 Which aims at things deny'd,
 That learn'd and eloquent *Lust*
 Instead of *Mounting high*, shall creep upon the *Dust*

Reason

The use of it in Divine Matters

I

SOME *blind* themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way,
 They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no *Wind*
 Less hard 'tis, not to *Erre our selves*, then know
 If our *Fore-fathers* err'd or no
 When we trust *Men* concerning *God*, we then
 Trust not *God* concerning *Men*

2

Visions and *Inspirations* some expect
 Their course here to direct,
 Like senseless *Chymists* their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary Gold t'enjoy
 So *Stars* appear to drop to us from skie,
 And gild the passage as they fly
 But when they fall, and meet th'opposing ground,
 What but a sordid *Slime* is found?

3

Sometimes their *Fancies* they 'bove *Reason* set,
 And *Fast*, that they may *Dream* of meat
 Sometimes *ill Spirits* their sickly souls delude,
 And *Bastard-Forms* obtude

MISCELLANIES

So *Endors* wretched *Sorceress*, although
 • She *Saul* through his disguise did know,
Yet when the *Dev'il* comes up *disguis'd*, she cries,
 Behold, the *Gods* arise

4

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd,
 Reason within's our onely *Guide*
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still *Walks*, for all
 It's old Original *Fall*
And since it self the boundless *Godhead* joyn'd
 With a *Reasonable Mind*,
It plainly shows that *Mysteries Divine*
 May with our *Reason* joyn

5

The *Holy Book*, like the eighth *Sphere*, does shine
 With thousand Lights of *Truth Divine*
So numberless the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
 It makes but all one *Galaxie*
Yet *Reason* must assist too, for in *Seas*
 So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by *Stars above* we cannot know,
 Without the *Compass* too below

6

Though *Reason* cannot through *Faiths Myst'eries* see,
 It sees that *There* and *such* they be,
Leads to *Heav'ens Door*, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep
Though it, like *Moses*, by a sad command
 Must not come in to th' *Holy Land*,
Yet thither it infallibly does *Guid*,
 And from afar 'tis all *Descry'd*

On the Death of Mr Crashaw

P^Oet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred Names of *Earth* and *Heaven*
The hard and rarest *Union* which can be
Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie*
Long did the *Muses* banisht *Slaves* abide,
And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride,
Like *Moses* Thou (though *Spells* and *Charms* withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land*
Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*
Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applause so great as *thine*
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old*
And they (kind *Spirits*!) shall all rejoyce to see
How little less then *They*, *Exalted Man* may be
Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
The *Heav'enliest* thing on *Earth* still keeps up *Hell*
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land*,
Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand
And though *Pans Death* long since all *Oracles* broke,
Yet still in *Rhyme* the *Fiend Apollo* spoke
Nay with the worst of *Heathen* dotage *We*
(*Vain men*!) the *Monster Woman* *Deifie*,
Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
And *Paradise* in them by whom we *lost* it, place
What different faults corrupt our *Muses* thus?
Wanton as *Girls*, as *old Wives*, *Fabulous*!
Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain
The boundless *Godhead*, she did well disdain
That her *eternal Verse* employ'd should be
On a less subject then *Eternitie*,
And for a sacred *Mistress* scorn'd to take,
But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Spouse* to make
It (in a kind) her *Miracle* did do,
A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too

MISCELLANIES

*How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death,
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great *Mistress Arms*? thou most divine
 And richest *Off'ring* of *Loretto's Shrine*!
 Where like some holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
 A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd *Chappel* there,
 And bore the sacred Load in Triumph through the air
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
 And *Thou*, their charge, went *singing* all the way

Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent
 That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
 For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is
 When joyn'd with so much *Piety* as *His*
 Ah, mighty *God*, with shame I speak't, and grief,
 Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!
 And our weak *Reason* were ev'n weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our *Wills* too strong for it
 His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might
 Be wrong, his *Life*, I'm sure, was in the right
 And I my self a *Catholick* will be,
 So far at least, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee

Hail, *Bard Triumphant*! and some care bestow
 On us, the *Poets Militant* Below!
 Oppos'd by our old En'emy, adverse *Chance*,
 Attacqu'd by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
 Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,
 Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*
 Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise,
 And like *Elijah*, mount *Alive* the skies
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
 More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littlestness*)
 Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
 So humble to *Esteem*, so Good to *Love*)
 Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,
 I ask but *Half* thy mighty *Spirit* for Me
 And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a *Wing*,
 'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing

* M *Crashaw* died of a *Fever* at *Loretto*, being newly chosen Canon of that Church

Anacreontiques

OR,

Some Copies of Verses Translated
Paraphrastically out of
Anacreon

I

Love

I'll sing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*,
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Begin, my *Muse*, but lo, the strings
To my great *Song* rebellious prove,
The strings will sound of nought but *Love*
I broke them all, and put on new,
'Tis this or nothing sure will do
These sure (said I) will me obey,
These sure *Heroick Notes* will play
Straight I began with thundring *Jove*,
And all th'immortal Pow'ers, but *Love*
Love smil'd, and from my'enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love, soft desire
Farewel then *Heroes*, farewell *Kings*,
And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*,
Love tunes my *Heart* just to my *strings*

MISCELLANIES

II

Drinking

THE thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again
The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair
The *Sea* it self, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,
Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they or'eflow the *Cup*
The busie *Sun* (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night
Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found,
But an eternal *Health* goes round
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why
Should every creature drink but *I*,
Why, *Man* of *Morals*, tell me why?

III

Beauty

LIBERAL *Nature* did dispence
To all things *Arms* for their defence,
And some she arms with sin'ewy force,
And some with swiftmess in the course,
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked claws,
And some with Horns, or tusked jaws

ABRAHAM COWLEY

And some with Scales, and some with Wings,
And some with Teeth, and some with Stings
Wisdom to *Man* she did afford,
Wisdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*
What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has she assigne'd?
Beauty is both, for with the *Fair*
What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?
What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
More *Impassible* is found?
And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
So great an *Active* force did bear?
They are *all weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part
Who can, alas, their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedness*?

IV

The Duel

YEs, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now *Loves Rebel* prove,
Though I was once his *Enemy*,
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the Combate him defy,
An *Helmet*, *Spear*, and mighty *shield*,
Like some new *Ajax* I did wield
Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
In th'other hand a *Dart* did shake
But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
In vain he often drew the *Bow*
So well my *Armour* did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist
But when I thought all danger past,
His *Quiver* empty'd quite at last,

MISCELLANIES

Instead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
He shot *Himself* into my Heart
The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
Ran through the skin, the *Flesh*, the *Blood*,
And broke the *Bones*, and scorcht the *Marrow*,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withstood
In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I set out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *En'emy* does within remain
In vain a *Breastplate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breast* the *Foe* I bear
In vain my *Feet* their swiftness try,
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V

Age

O Ft am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'st old
Look how thy hairs are falling all,
Poor *Anacreon* how they fall?
Whether I grow old or no,
By th'effects I do not know
This I know without being told,
'Tis Time to *Live* if I grow *Old*,
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little *Life* the best to make,
And manage *wisely* the *last stake*

VI

The Account

W Hen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endless Sums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From sickly *Autumns Head* that fall,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
 Whilst all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be,
 Thou then, and Thou alone maist prove
 Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*
 An hundred Loves at *Athens* score,
 At *Corinth* write an hundred more
 Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,
 So few is an *Escaping* there
 Write then at *Chios* seventy three,
 Write then at *Lesbos* (let me see)
 Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
 Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One
 And next to these let me present,
 The fair *Ionian Regiment*
 And next the *Carian Company*,
 Five hundred both *Effectively*
 Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*,
 Three hundred 'tis I'am sure *Complete*
 For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,
 And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there
 Go on, this stop why dost thou make?
 Thou thinkst, perhaps, that I mistake
 Seems this to thee too great a *Summe* ?
 Why many *Thousands* are to come,
 The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
 Such different *Nations* in his Host
 On, for my Love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better *Secretary*
 I have not yet my *Persian* told,
 Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
 Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*,
 Nor *Cyprian Loves*, nor *African*,
 Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian flames*,
 There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*
 Of gentle Love i'th' *temperate Zone*,
 And cold ones in the *Frigid One*,
 Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
 And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*

MISCELLANIES

VII

Gold

A Mighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miss*
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood,
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold Monopolizes love!
A curse on her, and on the Man
Who this traffick first began!
A curse on him who found the Ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coyn it!
A Curse all curses else above
On him, who us'd it first in *Love*!
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate,
Gold does Friendships separate,
Gold does Civil Wars create
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas, does *Love* beget

VIII

The Epicure

Fill the *Bowl* with rosie Wine,
Around our temples *Roses* twine
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile
Crown'd with *Roses* we contemn
Gyge's wealthy *Diadem*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

*To day is Ours, what do we fear?
To day is Ours, we have it here
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay
Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow,
To the Gods belongs To-morrow*

IX

Another

UNDERneath this Myrtle shade,
On flowry beds supinely laid,
With od'orous Oyls my head o're-flowing,
And around it Roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The *Heat*, and *troubles* of the *Day*?
In this more than *Kingly* state,
Love himself shall on me wait
Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up,
And mingled cast into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Desires*
The *Wheel* of *Life* no less will stay
In a *smooth* then *Rugged* way
Since it equally does flee,
Let the *Motion* pleasant be
Why do we precious *Oyntments* shower,
Nobler *wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous *Flowers* why do we spread,
Upon the Mon'uments of the *Dead*?
Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
Or *Bones* that hasten to be so
Crown me with *Roses* whilst I *Live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntments* give
After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my pleasures have,
All are *Sticks* in the *Grave*

MISCELLANIES

X

The Grashopper

H Appy *Insect*, what can be
In happiness compar'd to Thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine* !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill,
'Tis fill'd where ever thou dost tread,
Nature selfe's thy *Ganimed*
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier then the happiest *King* !
All the *Fields* which thou dost see,
All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early juice
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer He, and *Land-Lord Thou* !
Thou doest innocently joy,
Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy,
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* then *He*
Thee Country *Hindes* with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee *Phæbus* loves, and does inspire,
Phæbus is himself thy *Sire*
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer then thy *Mirth*
Happy *Insect*, happy *Thou*,
Dost neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung,
Thy fill, the flowry *Leaves* among
(*Voluptuous*, and *Wise* with all,
Epicuræan Animal !)
Sated with thy *Summer Feast*,
Thou retir'est to endless *Rest*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

XI

The Swallow

Foolish *Prater*, what do'st thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless *Serenade* ?
Well t'had been had *Tereus* made
Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*,
There his Knife had done but well
In thy undiscover'd Nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o're thy summer joys
Free from the stormy seasons noise
Free from th'ill thou'st done to me,
Who disturbs, or seeks out *Thee* ?
Had'st thou all the charming notes
Of the woods *Poetick Throats*,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'st ta'ne from me away,
Cruel *Bird*, thou'st ta'ne away
A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
A *Dream* that ne're must equall'd be
By all that *waking Eyes* may see
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can'st bring,
Though men say, *Thou bring'st the Spring*

ELEGIE
UPON
ANACREON,
Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE

Spoken by the God of Love

How shall I lament thine end,
My best *Servant*, and my *Friend* ?
Nay and, if from a *Deity*
So much *Deified* as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh my *Master*, and my *God* !
For 'tis true, most mighty *Poet*,
(Though I like not Men should know it)
I am in naked *Nature* less,
Less by much than in thy *Dress*
All thy *Verse* is softer far
Then the downy *Feathers* are,
Of my *Wings*, or of my *Arrows*,
Of my Mothers *Doves*, or *Sparrows*
Sweet as Lovers freshest *kisses*,
Or their riper following *blisses*,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
All with *Venus Girdle* bound,
And thy *Life* was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy *Style*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The smooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ery day-
Glided numerously away
Like thy *Verse* each *Hour* did pass,
Sweet and short, like that it was

Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
Just what they by *Nature* owe me,
The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*,
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too *Busy*, or too *wise* for me
Thou wert *wiser*, and did'st know
None too *wise* for Love can grow,
Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
Close as *Heat* with *Fire* is joyn'd,
A powerful *Brand* prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like *Meleagers* Fate
Th' *Antiperistasis* of *Age*
More inflam'd thy amorous rage,
Thy *silver Hairs* yielded me more
Then even *golden curls* before

Had I the power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* should be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* shouldst their *Idæa* be
They, like *Thee*, should throughly hate
Bus'ness, *Honor*, *Title*, *State*
Other wealth they should not know
But what my *Living Mines* bestow,
The pomp of *Kings* they should confess
At their *Crownings* to be less
Then a Lovers humblest guise,
When at his *Mistress* feet he lies
Rumour they no more should mind
Then Men safe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wisdom it self they should not hear
When it presumes to be *Severe*
Beauty alone they should admire,
Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,

MISCELLANIES

Not ask what *Parents* it can shew ,
 With *Dead* or *Old* t'has nought to do ,
 They should not love yet *All*, or *Any*,
 But very *Much*, and very *Many*
 All their *Life* should gilded be
 With *Mirth*, and *Wit*, and *Gayety*,
 Well remembring, and *Applying*
 The *Necessity* of *Dying*
 Their chearful *Heads* should always wear
 All that crowns the flowry year
 They should always laugh, and sing,
 And dance, and strike th'harmonious string
Verse should from their *Tongue* so flow,
 As if it in the *Mouth* did grow,
 As swiftly answering their command,
 As tunes obey the artful *Hand*
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th'ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
 'Tis, my *Anacreon*, for thy sake
 I of the *Grape* no mention make
 Till my *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Cursed Plant, I lov'd thee well
 And 'twas oft my wanton use
 To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice
Cursed Plant, 'tis true I see,
 Th'old report that goes of *Thee*,
 That with *Gyants* blood the *Earth*
 Stain'd and poyson'd gave thee birth,
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spight
 On *Men* in whom the *Gods* delight.
 Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
 Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*,
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
 Worse then his *Tygers* he delights,
 In all our heaven I think there be
 No such *ill-natur'd God* as He
 Thou pretendest, *Trayi'rous Wine*,
 To be the *Muses* friend and *Mine*
 With *Love* and *Wit* thou dost begin,
False Fires, alas, to draw us in

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to *Madness*, or to *Sleep*
Sleep were well, thou'hast learnt a way
To *Death* it self now to betray

It grieves me when I see what Fate
Does on the best of *Mankind* wait
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poesie*
Can arm against *Deaths* smallest dart
The *Poets Head*, or *Lovers Heart*
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th'*Inevitable Line*,
All the *Worlds Mortal* to'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men
Nay in *Deaths Hand* the *Grape-stone* proves
As strong as *Thunder* is in *Joves*

FINIS

THE
MISTRESS:
OR,
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
LOVE-VERSES.

Written by *A. COWLEY.*

VIRG Æn 4

—*Hæret lateri lethals arundo*



LONDON

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew
Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange 1668

THE
MISTRESS,
OR,
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
Love-Verses.

The Request

I

I 'Have often wisht to love, what shall I do?
Me still the *cruel Boy* does *spare*,
And I a double task must bear,
First to woo *him*, and then a *Mistress* too
Come at last and strike for shame,
If thou art any thing besides a *name*
I'll think Thee else no *God* to be;
But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who first created Thee

2

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow,
Let me but *love*, what e're she be,
She cannot seem *deform'd* to me,
And I would have her seem to *others* so
Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
It stays not *dully* to inquire the *Why*
That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I shall not see with *others* Eyes, scarce with *mine own*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

If she be coy and scorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why I'll *enjoy* the very *Love*,
And make a *Mistress* of my own *Desire*
Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compast round with *cold*
So when sharp *Winter* means most harm,
The springing Plants are by the *Snow* it self kept warm

4

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone,
Strike deep thy burning arrows in
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love
Th' excess of heat is but a fable,
We know the *torrid Zone* is now found *habitable*

5

Among the Woods and Forrests thou art found,
There *Bores* and *Lyons* thou dost tame,
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let *Venus*, *Men*, and *Beasts*, *Diana* wound
Thou dost the Birds thy *Subjects* make,
Thy nimble *feathers* do their *wings* o'retake
Thou all the *Spring* their Songs dost hear,
Make *me Love* too, I'll *sing* to' thee all the *year*

6

What service can *mute Fishes* do to Thee?
Yet against them thy Dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their *Scales*,
And still thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' Sea
Dost thou deny onely to me
The no-great privilege of *Captivité*?
I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow,
Either thy *pity* to me, or else thine *anger* show

THE MISTRESS

7

Come, or I'll teach the world to scorn that Bow
I'll teach them thousand *wholesome arts*
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More then thy skilful *Ovid* e're did know
Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* tasteful *Tear*
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My Verses shall not onely wound, but *murther* Thee

The Thraldome

I

I Came, I Saw, and was *undone*,
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run,
A *pointed pain* pierc'd deep my heart,
A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on every part,
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The *Poison* that was enter'd there

2

So a *destroying Angels breath*
Blows in the *Plague*, and with it hasty *Death*
Such was the pain, did so begin
To the poor wretch, when *Legion* entred in
Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd, for I
Flatter'd my self I was to *dye*

3

But quickly to my *Cost* I found,
'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the wound
Death a more generous rage does use,
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse
Whilst *Love* with barbarous mercy saves
The vanquisht lives to make them *slaves*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

I am thy *slave* then, let me know,
Hard *Master*, the great task I have to do
Who pride and scorn do undergo,
In tempests and rough *Seas* thy *Galleys* row,
They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
Their sighs encrease the angry wind

5

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, some
Thou weariest out, in building but a *Tomb*
Others with sad and tedious art,
Labour i'the' *Quarries* of a *stony Heart*,
Of all the works thou dost assign,
To all the several slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine*

The Given Love

1

I'LL on, for what should hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canst not those exceptions make,
Which vulgar sordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low,
'Twere pity I should love thee so,
If that dull cause could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee

2

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize,
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wise* alone
But if you claim o're *Women* too
The power which over *Men* ye do,
If you alone must *Lovers* be,
For that, *Sirs*, you must pardon me.

THE MISTRESS

3

Rather then lose what does so near
Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
I'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your *Fore-fathers* went
I'll flatter or oppose the *King*,
Turn *Puritan*, or *Any Thing*,
I'll force my *Mind* to arts so new
Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*

4

But rather thus let me remain,
As Man in *Paradise* did reign,
When perfect *Love* did so agree
With *Innocence* and *Povertie*
Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himself was *Joynture* to his *Eve*
Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
The *Rib* came freely back to 'his *side*

5

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that *Love* was to be bought,
Rather dote only on your *Gold*,
And that with greedy av'arice hold,
For if *Woman* too submit
To that, and sell her self for it,
Fond Lover, you a *Mistress* have
Of her, that's but your *Fellow-slave*

6

What should those *Poets* mean of old
That made their *God* to woo in *Gold*?
Of all men sure *They* had no cause
To bind Love to such *costly Laws*,
And yet I scarcely blame them now,
For who, alas, would not allow,
That *Women* should such gifts receive,
Could *They*, as He, *Be* what *They* give

ABRAHAM COWLEY

7

If thou, my Dear, Thy self shouldst prize,
Alas, what value would suffice ?
The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
Should to both *Indies* joynture thee
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any *bargain* make ,
To *give All* will befit thee well ,
But not at *Under-Rates* to sell

8

Bestow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee* ,
'Tis an exploded *Popish* thought
To think that *Heaven* may be *bought*
Pray'rs, *Hymns*, and *Praises* are the way ,
And those my thankful *Muse* shall pay ,
Thy *Body* in my verse enshrin'd,
Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*

9

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To *Sacharissas* well-sung name
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when at the last great *Assise*,
All *Women* shall together rise,
Men strait shall cast their eyes on Thee
And know at first that *Thou art She*

The Spring

I

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *flowers* as gay,
As ever they were wont to be ,
Nay the *Birds* rural musick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you
I saw a *Rose-Bud* o'pe this morn , I'll swear
The blushing *Morning* open'd not more fair

THE MISTRESS

2

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* so gay?
 Could they remember but last year,
 How *you* did *Them*, *They* you delight,
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
 And call'd their *Fellows* to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent *Barks* again

3

Where ere you walk'd trees were as reverend made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every shade
 Is't possible they should not know,
 What loss of honor they sustain,
 That thus they smile and flourish now,
 And still their former pride retain?
Dull *Creatures*! 'tis not without Cause that she,
Who fled the *God of wit*, was made a *Tree*.

4

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* verse to hear,
 In vain did *Nature* bid them stay,
 When *Orpheus* had his song begun,
 They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
 And bad them silent to him run
How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too

5

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone*
 You did their *Natural Rights* invade,
 Where ever you did walk or sit,
 The thickest Boughs could make no *shade*,
 Although the Sun had granted it
The fairest *Flowers* could please no more, neer you,
Then *Painted Flowers*, set next to them, could do

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

When e're then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to *Me*
The little joys which here are now,
The name of Punishments do bear,
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are
'Tis you the best of *Seasons* with you bring,
This is for *Beasts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring*

Written in Juice of Lemmon

I

W^Hilst what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetry*
Ah foolish Muse, which do'st so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the *Fire*

2

Alas, thou think'st thy self secure,
Because thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure*
Like *Hypocrites*, which seem unspotted here,
But when they sadly come to dye,
And the last *Fire* their Truth must try,
Scrauld o're like thee, and *blotted* they appear

3

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must *sin*, *confess* it too
Confess't, and with humility clothe thy shame,
For thou, who else must burned be
An *Heretick*, if she pardon thee,
May'st like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame*

THE MISTRESS

4

But if her *wisdom* grow severe,
And suffer not her *goodness* to be there,
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain,
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again

5

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show
Like winter earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*,
But, as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
The *Plants* arise up by degrees,
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind *Natures Characters* appear

6

So, nothing yet in Thee is seen,
But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
A new-born *Wood* of various *Lines* there grows,
Here buds an *A*, and there a *B*,
Here sprouts a *V*, and there a *T*,
And all the flourishing *Letters* stand in *Rows*

7

Still, silly *Paper*, thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*
Oh no, there's sense in this, and *Mysterie*,
Thou now maist change thy *Authors* name,
And to her *Hand* lay noble claim,
For as *She Reads*, she *Makes* the words in Thee

8

Yet if thine own unworthiness
Will still, that thou art mine, not Hers, confess,
Consume thy self with Fire before her Eyes,
And so her *Grace* or *Pity* move,
The *Gods*, though *Beasts* they do not Love,
Yet like them when they'r burnt in *Sacrifice*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Inconstancy

FIVE years ago (says *Story*) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most *Inconstant* now,
Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the *Man*,
For I am not the same that I was than,
No *Flesh* is now the same 'twas then in Me,
And that my *Mind* is chang'd your self may see
The same *Thoughts* to retain still, and *Intent*s
Were more inconstant far, for *Accidents*
Must of all things most strangely '*Inconstant* prove,
If from one *Subject* they t'another move,
My *Members* then, the *Father members* were
From whence *These* take their birth, which now are here
If then this *Body* love what th' other did,
'Twere *Incest*, which by Nature is forbid
You might as well this *Day* inconstant name,
Because the *Weather* is not still the same,
That it was yesterday or blame the *Year*,
Cause the *Spring*, *Flowers*, and *Autumn*, *Fruit* does bear
The *World's* a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be
Constant, in *Nature* were *Inconstancy*,
For 'twere to break the *Laws* her self has made
Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade,
The most fixt Being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis measur'd by
T' imagine then that *Love* should never cease
(*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* stays not when we dye

Not Fair

'T IS very true, I thought you once as fair,
As women in th'*Idea* are
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*

THE MISTRESS

But then (methoughts) there something shin'd within,
Which cast this *Lustre* o're thy *skin*
Nor could I chuse but count it the *Suns Light*,
Which made this *Cloud* appear so bright
But since I knew thy falshood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside,
A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White, as his *Teeth*, would seem to be
So men (they say) by Hells delusions led,
Have ta'ne a *Succubus* to their bed,
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the *cleft Foot* discovers all
Then they start from't, half *Ghosts* themselves with fear,
And *Devil*, as 'tis, it does *appear*
So since against my will I found Thee *foul*,
Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
My *Reason* strait did to my *Senses* shew,
That *they* might be *mistaken* too
Nay when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
They'l call their *Eyes* as *false* as *Thee*
Be what thou wilt, *Hate* will present thee so,
As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papists* *Luther* do

Platonick Love

I

I Ndeed I must confess,
When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happiness*,
But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
And closely as our minds together join,
But half of Heaven the *Souls* in glory tast,
'Till by Love in Heaven at last,
Their *Bodies* too are plac't

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art
But something 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*,
And we must *one* even in that *difference* be
I *Thee*, both as a *man*, and *woman* prize,
For a perfect *Love* implies
Love in *all Capacities*

3

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair *Woman* courts her *glass*?
Something *unlike* must in *Loves likeness* be,
His wonder is, *one*, and *Variety*
For he, whose *soul* nought but a *soul* can move,
Does a new *Narcissus* prove,
And his own *Image* love

4

That *souls* do beauty know,
'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe,
If when they know't, they strait abuse that trust,
And shut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjust,
As if I brought my dearest *Friend* to see
My *Mistress*, and at th' instant *He*
Should steal her quite from *Me*

The Change

I

Love in her Sunny Eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Hair,
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray,
And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand *kisses* there
In all her outward parts *Love's* always seen,
But, oh, He never went within

THE MISTRESS

2

Within *Love's* foes, his greatest foes abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless
But at the *Center*, *Darkness* is, and *Hell*,
There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell

3

With me alas, quite contrary it fares,
Darkness and *Death* lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Paleness in my face appears,
And Grief, and Fear, *Love's* greatest Enemies,
But, like the *Persian-Tyrant*, *Love* within
Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne're is seen

4

Oh take my *Heart*, and by that means you'll prove
Within, too stor'd enough of *Love*
Give me but Yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That *Love* in all my parts shall live
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My *outside Woman*, and your *inside Man*

Glad all in White

I

Fairest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a *white* most perfect show,
Thou must at all *no garment* wear
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Then *Winter* when 'tis clad with snow

2

'Tis not the *Linnen* shews so fair
 Her skin shines through, and makes it bright,
 So *clouds* themselves like *Suns* appear,
 When the *Sun* pierces them with Light
 So *Lillies* in a glass enclose,
 The *Glass* will seem as white as those

3

Thou now *one heap* of *beauty* art,
 Nought outwards, or within is foul
Condensed beams make every part,
 Thy *Body's Clothed* like thy *Soul*
 Thy *soul*, which does it self display,
 Like a *star* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way

4

Such robes the *Saints* departed wear,
 Woven all with *Light* divine,
 Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
 And with such full glory shine
 But they regard not mortals pain,
 Men *pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain

5

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still,
 Thou wouldst not take this garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to *kill*
 Of *Peace* and *yielding* who would doubt,
 When the white *Flag* he sees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving Many

SO Men, who once have cast the *Truth* away,
 Forsook by *God*, do strange wild lusts obey,
 So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t' adore
 One *Deity*, could not stop at thousands more

THE MISTRESS

Their zeal was senseless strait, and boundless grown,
They worshipt many a *Beast*, and many a *Stone*
Ah fair *Apostate*! couldst thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodness*, yet keep *Unity*?
I reign'd alone, and my blest *Self* could call
The *Universal Monarch* of her *All*
Mine, mine her fair *East-Indies* were above,
Where those *Suns* rise that chear the world of *Love*,
Where beauties shine like *Gems* of richest price,
Where *Coral* grows, and every *breath* is *spice*
Mine too her rich *West-Indies* were below,
Where *Mines* of gold and endless treasures grow
But, as, when the *Pellæan Conquerour* dy'd,
Many small *Princes* did his *Crown* divide,
So, since my *Love* his vanquisht world forsook,
Murther'd by poysons from her falshood took,
An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
And rend that glorious *Empire* of her *Heart*

My Heart discovered

HER body is so gently bright,
Clear, and transparent to the sight,
(Clear as fair *Chrystal* to the view,
Yet soft as that, e're *Stone* it grew,)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter *Soul* that dwells within
Our eyes the subtile *covering* pass,
And see that *Lilly* through its *Glass*
I through her *Breast* her *Heart* espy,
As *Souls* in *hearts* do *Souls* descry,
I see't with gentle *Motions* beat,
I see *Light* in't, but find no *Heat*
Within, like *Angels* in the sky,
A thousand *gilded thoughts* do fly
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste, as *Mother-Mind*
But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
Which sighs and crouds to hers so neer?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

'Tis all on flame, and does like *fire*,
To that, as to its *Heaven*, aspire,
The wounds are many in't and deep,
Still does it bleed, and still does weep
Whose ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chuse but grieve to see,
What *pity* in my Breast does rain?
Methinks I *feel* too all its pain
So torn, and so defac'd it lies,
That it could ne're be known by th' eyes,
But, oh, at last I heard it grone,
And knew by th' *Voyce* that 'twas *mine own*
So poor *Alcione*, when she saw
A shipwrackt body tow'ards her draw
Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
Which only then did *Pity* wear
But when the Corps on shore were cast,
Which she her *Husband* found at last,
What should the wretched Widow do?
Grief chang'd her straight, away she flew,
Turn'd to a *Bird* and so at last shall I,
Both from my *Murth'r'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly

Answer to the Platonicks

SO Angels love, so let them love for me,
When I'am *all soul*, such shall my *Love* too be
Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
In a short time (believ't) will *be* one too
But shall our Love do what in Beasts we see?
E'ven *Beasts* eat too, but not so well as *We*
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of *Wine*, because *Beasts Water* use
They taste those pleasures as they do their food,
Undrest they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*
But to us *Men*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
And adds the *poignant sawce* of sharp desire
Beasts do the same 'tis true, but ancient fame
Says, *Gods* themselves turn'd *Beasts* to do the same

THE MISTRESS

The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female bed,
Could *Goddesses* bring forth from out his head,
Chose rather *Mortals* this way to create,
So much he 'esteemed his *pleasure*, 'bove his *state*
Ye talk of Fires which shine, but never burn,
In this *cold world* they'll hardly serve our turn,
As useless to despairing Lovers grown,
As *Lambent flames*, to men 't'h' *Frigid Zone*
The *Sun* does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below,
Such is *Love's* noblest and divinest heat,
That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*
Lust you call this, a name to yours more just,
If an *Inordinate Desire* be *Lust*
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *lustful* was, than the hot youth of *Troy*

The vain Love

*Loving one first because she could love no body, afterwards
loving her with desire*

W^Hat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee,
With thine own *Cold* to *kindle Me*?
Strange art! like him that should devise
To make a *Burning-Glass of Ice*,
When *Winter*, so, the Plants would harm,
Her *snow* it self does keep them *warm*,
Fool that I was! who having found
A rich, and *sunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *hardness* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it shone
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately, and *Monarchical*
All *Gentleness* with that esteem'd
A *dull* and *slavish virtue* seem'd,
Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee,
For who would *serve* one, whom he sees
That he can *Conquer* if he please?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

It far'd with me, as if a *slave*
In *Triumph* led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestick pride
His *Conqueror* through the streets does ride,
Should be *contented* with his wo,
Which makes up such a comly *show*
I sought not from thee a return,
But without *Hopes* or *Fears* did burn,
My *Covetous Passion* did approve
The *Hoarding* up, not *Use* of Love
My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
A *Foolish*, but a *Pleasant* one
From which I'm *wakened* now, but, oh,
Prisoners to *dye* are *wakened* so
For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
Nothing, but *Longings* with *despair*
Despair, whose torments no men sure
But *Lovers*, and the *Damn'd* endure
Her *scorn* I doted once upon,
Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas *something* that I lov'd,
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an *Impossibility*
Desires, which whilst so high they soar,
Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before
What *Lover* can like me complain,
Who first *lov'd vainly*, next *in vain*!

The Soul

I

I F mine *Eyes* do e're declare
They have seen a second thing that's *fair*,
Or *Ears*, that they have *Musick* found,
Besides thy *Voice*, in any *Sound*,
If my *Tast* do ever meet,
After thy *Kiss*, with ought that's *sweet*,

THE MISTRESS

If my 'abused *Touch* allow
Ought to be *smooth*, or *soft*, but *You*,
If, what seasonable Springs,
Or the Eastern Summer brings,
Do my *Smell* perswade at all,
Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call,
If all my *senses Objects* be
Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
And so through *Thee* more powe'rful pass,
As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glass*,
If all things that in *Nature* are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in *Thee* so '*Epitomiz'd*,
That nought *material's* not compriz'd,
May I as worthless seem to *Thee*
As all, but *Thou*, appears to *Me*

2

If I ever *Anger* know,
Till some *wrong* be done to *You*,
If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
Without their *Crowns* crown'd by thy *Love*,
If ever I an *Hope* admit,
Without thy *Image* stamp't on it,
Or any *Fear*, till I begin
To find that *You'r* concern'd therein,
If a *Joy* e're come to me,
That *Tasts* of any thing but *Thee*,
If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
Whilst *You* are *well*, and not *unkind*,
If I a minutes space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the *World*, *My self* and *all*,
And for *Love*, if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a *Toleration*
To the least *glimmering Inclination*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

If thou alone do'st not controul
All those *Tyrants* of my Soul,
And to thy Beauties ty'st them so,
That constant they as *Habits* grow ,
If any *Passion* of my Heart,
By any *force*, or any-*art*,
Be brought to move one step from *Thee*,
Mayst Thou no *Passion* have for *Me*

3

If my busie '*Imagination*
Do not *Thee* in all things fashion ,
So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee* ,
If when She her sports does keep
(The lower Soul being all asleep)
She play one *Dream* with all her art,
Where Thou hast not the longest part
If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
Without some badge of thy resemblance ,
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of *Art* of *Memory*
If my Understanding do
Seek any *Knowledge* but of You,
If she do near thy *Body* prize
Her *Bodies* of *Philosophies*,
If She to the *Will* do show
Ought *desirable* but You,
Or if *That* would not *rebel*,
Should she another doctrine tell ,
If my *Will* do not resign
All her *Liberty* to thine ,
If she would not follow *Thee*,
Though *Fate* and *Thou* shouldst *disagree* ,
And if (for I a curse will give,
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My *Soul* be not entirely *Thine* ,
May thy dear *Body* ne're be *Mine*

THE MISTRESS

The Passions

I

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Passions* else that be,
In vain I boast of *Liberty*,
In vain this *State* a *Freedom* call,
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is all
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag,
That I have no *Disease* besides the *Plague* !

2

So in a zeal the Sons of *Israel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell,
And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Astarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Molock* too
All this *imperfect* *Piety* did no good,
Whilst yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* stood

3

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my *Vine*
With painful art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a tast rich and divine,
Since *Love* by mixing *Poyson* there,
Has made it worse than *Vineger*
Love even the tast of *Nectar* changes so,
That *Gods* choose rather *water* here below

4

Fear, Anger, Hope, all *Passions* else that be,
Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
And practise all your *Tyranny*
The change of ills some good will do
Th' oppressed wretched *Indians* so,
Be'ing slaves by the great *Spanish Monarch* made,
Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their aid

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Wisdom

’TIs mighty *Wise* that you would now be thought
With your grave *Rules* from musty *Morals* brought
Through which some streaks too of *Divinity* ran,
Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan* ,
With tedious *Repetitions* too y’ave tane
Often the name of *Vanity in vain*
Things, which, I take it, friend, you’d ne’re recite,
Should she I love, but say t’ you, *Come at night*
The *Wiseest King* refus’d all pleasures quite,
Till *Wisdom* from above did him enlight ,
But when that gift his ign’orance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac’d them all in *Love*
And if by ’event the Counsels may be seen,
This *wisdom* ’twas that brought the *Southern Queen*
She came not, like a good *old Wife*, to know
The wholesome nature of all *Plants* that grow
Nor did so far from her own Country rome,
To cure scall’d heads, and broken shins at home ,
She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
The art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives*

The Despair

I

Beneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I’ll spend this *voice* in crys,
In tears I’ll waste these *eyes*
By *Love* so vainly fed ,
So *Lust* of old the *Deluge* punished
 Ah wretched youth! said I,
Ah wretched youth! twice did I sadly cry
Ah wretched youth! the fields and floods reply

THE MISTRESS

2

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain*
Never (alas) that dreadful name,
Which fewels the infernal flame
Never, my time to come must waste,
In vain, torments the present, and the past
In vain, in vain! said I,
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry,
In vain, in vain! the fields and floods reply.

3

No more shall fields or floods do so,
For I to shades more dark and silent go
All this worlds noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted *Comedy*
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the *Suns* busie and impertinent Light
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for a while was *dead*,
And my freed *Soul* to a strange *Somewhere* fled

4

Ah sottish *Soul*, said I,
When back to 'its *Cage* again I saw it fly
Fool to resume her *broken chain!*
And row her *Galley* here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to *burn!*
Once *dead*, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,
That thou shouldst come to *live it o're again* in *Me?*

The Wish

I

WELL then, I now do plainly see,
This busie world and I shall ne're agree,
The very *Honey* of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest *cloy*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*

2

Ah, yet, e're I descend to th' Grave
May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have !
And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since *Love* ne're will from me flee,
A *Mistress* moderately fair,
And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Only belov'd, and loving me !

3

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
Oh *Fields* ! Oh *Woods* ! when, when shall I be made
The happy *Tenant* of your shade ?
Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasures* flood,
Where all the *Riches* lie, that she
Has coyn'd and stampt for good

4

Pride and *Ambition* here,
Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear,
Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,
And nought but *Eccho* flatter
The *Gods*, when they descended, hither
From Heav'en did always chuse their way,
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the *way* too *thither*

5

How happy here should I,
And one dear *She* live, and embr[ac]ing dy ?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In *desarts Solitude*
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a *City* here

THE MISTRESS

My Dyet

I

NOW *by my Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,
None loves you half so well as I
I do not ask *your Love* for this,
But for Heave'ns sake *believe me*, or I dye
No *Servant* e're but did deserve
His *Master* should believe that he does serve,
And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *starve*

2

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and sure
I shall not by't too *Lusty* prove,
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*
Being your *Priso'ner* and your *slave*,
I do not *Feasts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water's* all I crave

3

O'n a *Sigh* of Pity I a year can live,
One *Tear* will keep me twenty at least,
Fifty a gentle *Look* will give,
An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feast
A thousand more will added be,
If you an *Inclination* have for me,
And all beyond is vast *Eternity*

The Thief

I

THOU rob'st my *Days* of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou rob'st my *Nights*,
Ah, *lovely Thief* what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of *Heaven* too?
Thou even my *prayers* dost steal from me
And I, with wild *Idolatry*,
Begin, to *God*, and end them all, to *Thee*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Is it a *Sin* to *Love*, that it should thus,
Like an *ill Conscience* torture us?
What e're I do, where e're I go,
(None *Guiltless* e're was haunted so)
Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
And still thy *shape* does me pursue,
As if, not *you Me*, but *I* had *murthered You*

3

From *Books* I strive some remedy to take,
But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make,
What e're 'tis writ, I find That there,
Like *Points* and *Comma's* every where,
Me blest for this let no man hold,
For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Perish by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold*

4

What do I seek, alas, or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my *Deity*,
I gave thee then *Ubiquity*
My pains resemble *Hell* in this,
The *Divine presence* there too is,
But to *torment Men*, not to give them *bliss*

All-over, Love

I

'T Is well, 'tis well with them (say I)
Whose short-liv'd *Passions* with *themselves* can dye
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midst all his ills a time does know
(Though ne're so long) when he shall not be so

90

THE MISTRESS

2

What ever *parts* of Me remain,
Those *parts* will still the *Love* of thee retain,
For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every Part*

3

My '*Affection* no more perish can
Than the *First Matter* that compounds a Man
Hereafter if one *Dust* of Me
Mixt with anothers *substance* be,
'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee

4

Let Nature if she please disperse
My *Atoms* over all the *Universe*,
At the last they easi'ly shall
Themselves know, and together call,
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is stamp'd on all

Love and Life

I

NOW sure, within this twelve-month past,
I' have *lov'd* at least some twenty years or more :
The account of *Love* runs much more fast
Than that, with which our *Life* does score -
So though my *Life* be *short*, yet I may prove
The great *Methusalem* of *Love*

2

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than those our *Being's* measur'd by
But they're more close *compacted* far,
And so in lesser room do lye
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things *solid* take up little place

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
Are not two several things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion* ?
O yes, there may for so the self same *Sun*,
At once does slow and swiftly run

4

Swiftly his *daily* journey 'he goes,
But treads his *Annual* with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred Rounds enclose
Within one yearly Circles space
At once with *double course* in the same *Sphære*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *Walks* the *year*

5

When *Soul* does to *my self* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but slowly move ,
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is *Love*
Love's my *Diurnal* course, divided right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*

The Bargain

I

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering ills* betraid ,
Thy self for *Money* ? oh, let no man know
The *Price* of Beauty faln so *low* !
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *Blind* is by *blind Fortune* led ?

2

The foolish *Indian* that sells
His precious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,
Then thou who sell'st thy self for *Gold*
What gains in such a bargain are ?
Hee'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treasures* far

THE MISTRESS

3

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare ?
The *Sun*, that makes it 's not so fair ,
The *Sun* which can nor *make*, nor ever *see*
A thing so beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the Sea serv'd him for a *Looking-glass*

4

Bold was the wretch that *cheapned* *Thee*,
Since *Magus*, none so bold as he
Thou'rt so divine a thing that *Thee* to *buy*,
Is to be counted *Simony* ,
Too dear he'l find his sordid price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Benefice*

5

If it be lawful *Thee* to *buy*,
There's none can pay that rate but *I* ,
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's most *like* to *Thee*
And that my *Heart* does only bear ,
For there *Thy self*, *Thy very self* is there

6

So much *thy self* does in me live,
That when it for *thy self* I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of *Gold* for this,
Whose *stamp* and *value* equal is
And that full *Weight* too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*, two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The Long Life

I

L *Ove* from *Times* wings hath stoln the *feathers* sure,
He has, and put them to his *own* ,
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to Me
Each *Summers Night* does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winters* day *St Barnaby*

3

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is?
To look into a *glass* I fear,
And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss,
Grey-hairs and *wrinkles* there

4

Th' old *Patriarchs age* and not their *happ'iness* too,
Why does hard fate to us restore?
Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
What the *Flood* *washt* away before?

5

Sure those are happy people that complain,
O' th' *shortness* of the days of man
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary *Span*

6

If when your gift, *long Life*, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be,
Punish me justly, Heaven, make Her to love,
And then 'twill be *too short* for me

Counsel

1

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you your self have made,
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of *your hand* afraid
Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow

THE MISTRESS

2

Do but a while with patience stay ,
For *Counsel* yet will do no good,
'Till *Time*, and *Rest*, and *Heav'n* allay
The violent burnings of my blood,
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men *drunk*, for being so ?

3

Perhaps the *Physick's* good you give,
But ne're to me can useful prove ,
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive* ,
And I'am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in Love
In *Loves Hell*, not his *World*, am I ,
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Dye*

4

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine ?
Ev'n thy *Diswasions* me *perswade*,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy *Commands* are *disobey'd*
In vain thou bidst me to forbear ,
Obedience were *Rebellion* here

5

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Against thine *Eyes* t'assist my *Heart* ,
But different far was his intent
For straight the *Traitor* took their part
And by this new foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left

6

The act I must confess was wise,
As a dishonest act could be
Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too strong for *That*, and *Me*
And part o'th' *Triumph* chose to *get*,
Rather than *be a part* of it

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Resolved to be beloved

1

'TIs true, I've lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more,
I'll love each fair one that I see,
Till I find one at last that shall *love me*

2

That shall my *Canaan* be, the fatal soil,
That ends my wanderings, and my toil
I'll settle there and happy grow,
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow

3

The *Needle* trembles so, and turns about,
Till it the *Northern Point* find out
But constant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his dearest *Pole* as soon may *move*

4

Then may my *Vessel* torn and shipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to *Sea*
It never more abroad shall rome,
Though't could next voyage bring the *Indies* home

5

But I must sweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
Till I a *Competency* get
They're slothful fools who leave a *Trade*,
Till they a moderate *Fortune* by't have made

6

Variety I ask not, give me *One*
To live perpetually upon
The person *Love* does to us fit,
Like *Manna*, has the *Tast* of all in it

THE MISTRESS

The Same

I

FOR Heavens sake, what d' you mean to do?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two,
Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
 The *little Time* that Love does choose,
 If always here I must not stay,
 Let me be gone, whilst yet 'tis *day*,
Lest I faint, and benighted lose my way

2

'Tis dismal, *One* so long to love
In vain, till to love *more* as vain must prove
To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
 Too weary to take others be,
 Alas, 'tis folly to remain,
 And waste our *Army* thus in vain,
Before a *City* which will ne're be tane

3

At several hopes wisely to fly,
Ought not to be esteem'd *Inconstancy*,
'Tis more *Inconstant* always to *pursue*,
 A thing that always *fies* from you,
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless *Round*

4

When it does *Hardness* meet and *Pride*,
My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another side,
But if it ought that's *soft* and *yielding* hit,
 It lodges there, and stays in it
 Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
 That it my *Heaven* may truly be,
I shall be sure to give't *Eternity*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The Discovery

I

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She,
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by Me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're,
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but *Happy Men* must them adore

2

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppose in vain,
To strike sometime does not disdain
The humble *Furzes* of the Plain
She being so *high*, and I so *low*,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such *distance* gives so *sure* a blow

3

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'ards her move,
Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*
Equal to her, alas, there's none,
She like a *Deity* is grown,
That must *Create*, or else must be *alone*

4

If there be man, who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend *equality*,
He deserves her less than *I*,
For he would *cheat* for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief,
To'an *undeserving Beggar* than a *Thief*

Against Fruition

NO, thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e're thou grant
Much of my *Veneration* thou must want,
When once thy *kindness* puts my *Ign'rance* out,
For a *learn'd Age* is always least devout

THE MISTRESS

Keep still thy distance, for at once to me
Goddess and *Woman* too, thou canst not be,
Thou'rt *Queen* of all that sees thee, and as such
Must neither *Tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much,
Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand
Thou'rt yet a *whole world* to me, and do'est fill
My large ambition, but 'tis dang'rous still,
Lest I like the *Pellæan Prince* should be,
And weep for *other worlds* hav'ing conquer'd *thee*,
When *Love* has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much *riches* will decay
Thou in my *Fancy* dost much higher stand,
Than *Women* can be place'd by *Natures* hand,
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change *Thee*, as *Thou'rt there*, for very *Thee*
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That shouldst thou *Nectar* give, 'twould spoil the tast
Beauty at first moves wonder, and delight,
'Tis *Natures juggling trick* to cheat the sight,
We 'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
Admire our selves, for liking it before
Love, like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himself, with his own *Prey*,
Of very *Hopes* a surfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by *Fears* he cast them up again
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone,
If once he lose his *sting*, he grows a *Drone*

Love undiscovered

I

SOME, others may with safety tell
The moderate *Flames*, which in them dwell,
And either find some *Medicine* there,
Or cure themselves ev'en by *Despair*,
My *Love's* so great, that it might prove
Dang'rous, to tell her that I *Love*
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, though of the kindest air

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

I would not have *her know* the pain,
The Torments for her I sustain,
Lest too much *goodness* make her throw
Her *Love* upon a *Fate* too low
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* should be
Weigh'd with her least *Conveniency*
No, let me *perish* rather with my grief,
Then to her *disadvantage* find *relief*

3

Yet when I dye, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all
Like covetous Men who ne're descry,
Their dear hid *Treasures* till they *dye*
Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghost*, to get from *Thee* a *tear* !
But take heed, for if me thou *Pitest* then,
Twenty to one but I shall *live* agen

The given Heart

1

I Wonder what those *Lovers* mean, who say,
They have giv'en their *Hearts* away
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how,
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now

2

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain ?
What courtesie can Love do more,
Than to *join Hearts*, that *parted* were before ?

3

Wo to her stubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
Into the self same room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a *Granado* shot into a *Magazin*

THE MISTRESS

4

Then shall *Love* keep the ashes, and torn parts,
Of both our broken *Hearts*
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th'*Allay*, from mine, the *Metal* take

5

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind
Mine only will remain entire,
No *dross* was there, to perish in the *Fire*

The Prophet

I

TEACH me to *Love*? go teach thy self more wit,
I chief *Professour* am of it
Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
Teach boldness to the *Stews*,
In *Tyrants* Courts teach supple *flattery*,
Teach *Jesuits*, that have *travell'd* far, to Lye
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide,
Teach *Woman-kind* inconstancy and Pride
See if your diligence here will useful prove,
But, pr'*ithee*, teach not me to *Love*

2

The *God of Love*, if such a thing there be,
May learn to love from *Me*
He who does boast that he has bin
In every Heart since *Adams* sin,
I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Mistress* on't, that's more,
I'll teach him things he never knew before,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that *weep*, and *Tears* that *speak*,
I'll teach him *Sighs*, like those in *Death*,
At which the *Souls* go out too with the *breath*,
Still the *Soul stays*, yet still does from me *run*,
As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*

3

'Tis I who *Love's Columbus* am, 'tis I,
Who must new *Worlds* in it descry
Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treasure* more,
Than all that has bin known before
And yet like *his* (I fear) my *Fate* must be,
To find them out for *others*, not for *Me*
Me Times to come, I know it, shall
Loves last and greatest *Prophet* call
But, ah, what's that, if she refuse,
To hear the wholesome *Doctrines* of my *Muse*?
If to my share the *Prophets fate* must come,
Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdome*

The Resolution

1

THE *Devil* take those foolish men,
Who gave you first such pow'rs,
We stood on even grounds till then,
If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*

2

For shame let these weak *Chains* be broke,
Let's our slight bonds, like *Sampson*, tear,
And nobly cast away that yoke,
Which *we* nor our *Forefathers* e're could bear

3

French Laws forbid the *Female Raign*,
Yet *Love* does them to *slavery* draw,
Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all *Mankind* must make a *Salique Law*

THE MISTRESS

Called Inconstant

I

H A' ha' you think y'have *kill'd* my fame,
By this not *understood*, yet *common Name*
A Name, that's *full* and *proper* when assign'd
To *Woman-kind*
But when you call *us* so,
It can at best but for a *Met'aphor* go

2

Can you the shore *Inconstant* call,
Which still as *Waves* pass by, embraces *all*,
That had as leif the same *Waves* always love,
Did they not from him *move*?
Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
For changing course, yet never blame the *wind*!

3

Since *drunk* with vanity you fell
The things turn *round* to you that stedfast dwell,
And you your self, who *from us* take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of sight
So the same error seizes you,
As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too

The Welcome

I

G O, let the *fattid Calf* be kill'd,
My *Prodigal's* come home at last,
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past
No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine*
But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*,
Welcome, I little thought, I'll swear,
(Tis now so long since we did part)
Ever again to see thee here
Dear *Wanderer*, since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead*!

3

Hast thou not found each womans breast
(The *Lands* where thou hast travelled)
Either by *Savages* possess,
Or wild, and *uninhabited*?
What joy couldst take, or what repose
In *Countrys* so *unciviliz'd* as those?

4

Lust, the scorching *Dog-star*, here
Rages with immoderate *heat*,
Whilst *Pride* the rugged *Northern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great
And where these are temp'rate known,
The *Soyl's* all barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone*

5

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd *Heart*,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part*
From *Par'adise* shut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door*?

6

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Disdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
I ne're had seen this *Heart* again,
If any *Fair one* had been kind
My *Dove*, but once let loose, I doubt
Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out

| THE MISTRESS

The Heart fled again

I

False, foolish *Heart*! didst thou not say,
That thou wouldst never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before
I strove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain

2

Even so the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th'ingrateful *Trojan* hoist his sail
Aloud she call'd to him to stay,
The wind bore *him*, and her lost *words* away

3

The doleful *Ariadne* so,
On the wide shore forsaken stood
False Theseus, *whither dost thou go?*
Afar false *Theseus* cut the flood
But *Bacchus* came to her relief,
Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief

4

Ah senseless *Heart*, to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be *froz'n* in every *breast*!
And to be *scorcht* in every *Eye*!
Wandering about like wretched *Cain*,
Thrust out, *ill us'd* by all, but by none *slain*!

5

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,
I'll ev'en to live without Thee try,
My *Head* shall take the greater pain,
And all *thy duties* shall supply,
I can more easily live I know
Without *Thee*, then without a *Mistress Thou*

ABRAHAM COWLEY†

Womens Superstition

I

O R I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
Is a most unintelligible thing
I can no *Sense*, nor no *Contexture* find,
Nor their loose parts to *Method* bring,
I know not what the *Learn'd* may see,
But they're strange *Hebrew things* to *Me*

2

By *Customs* and *Traditions* they live,
And foolish *Ceremonies* of antique date,
We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrines* give
Yet they continue obstinate,
Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* still

3

Before their *Mothers Gods*, they fondly tall,
Vain *Idol-Gods* that have no *Sense* nor *Mind*
Honour's their *Ashtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *Thundring Baal* of Woman-kind
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as *We* do *Them*, adore

4

But then, like *Men* both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their costly *Superstition* loth t'omit,
And yet more loth to issue *Moneys* out,
At their own charge to furnish it
To these expensive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of *Men* they *Sacrifice*

THE MISTRESS

The Soul

I

SOME dull *Philosopher* when he hears me say,
My *Soul* is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in anothers breast does ly,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Assisting* there

2

Will cry, *Absurd* ! and ask me, how I live
And *Syllogisms* against it give,
A curse on all your vain *Philosophies*,
Which on weak *Natures Law* depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, those great *Mysteries*

3

Her *Body* is my *Soul*, laugh not at this,
For by my *Life* I swear it is
'Tis that preserves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
From that proceeds all that I *do*,
Nay all my *Thoughts* and *speeches* too,
And *separation* from it is my *Death*

Eccho

I

TIr'ed with the rough denials of my Prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
That gives *consent* to all I say
Ah gentle *Nymph* who lik'st so well,
In hollow, *solitary Caves* to dwell,
Hei *Heart* being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Complaisant Nymph, who do'est thus kindly share
In griefs, whose cause thou do'est not know!
Hadst thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
How much *compassion* wouldst thou show!
Thy *flame*, whilst *living*, or a *flower*,
Was of less beauty, and less rav'ishing power,
Alas, I might as easilie,
Paint thee to her, as describe Her to Thee

3

By repercussion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflexion *shapes* beget,
The *voyce* it self, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new *voice* is made by it
Thus things by *opposition*
The gainers grow, my barren *Love* alone,
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*

The rich Rival

1

They say you're angry, and rant mightilie,
Because I love the same as you,
Alas! you're very *rich*, 'tis true,
But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me*?
You have *Land* and *Money*, let that serve,
And know you have more by that than you *deserve*

2

When next I see my *fair One*, she shall know,
How worthless thou art of her bed,
And wretch, I'll strike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
With noble *verse* not understood by you,
Whilst thy sole *Rhetorick* shall be
Joynture, and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends* agree

THE MISTRESS

3

Pox o' your friends, that dote and Domineere
 Lovers are better *Friends* than they
 Let's those in other things obey,
The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* must govern here
 Vain names of *Blood*! in *Love* let none
Advise with any *Blood*, but with their *own*

4

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore,
 No other thought has had access!
 Did she now *beg* I'd love no *less*,
And were she'an *Empress*, I should love no *more*,
 Were she as just and true to Me,
Ah, simple soul, what would become of *Thee*!

Against Hope

I

Hope, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,
 Alike if it *succeed*, and if it *miss*,
Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound
 Vain *shadow*! which dost vanish quite,
 Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night*!
The *Stars* have not a *possibility*
 Of blessing *Thee*,
If things then from their *End* we happy call,
'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all

2

Hope, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,
Who whilst thou shouldst but *tast*, *devour'st* it quite!
Thou bringst us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,
By clogging it with *Legacies* before!
 The *Joys* which we *entire* should wed,
 Come *deflower'd Virgins* to our bed,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty *Custom's* paid to Thee
 For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better tast,
 If it take air before, its spirits wast

3

Hope, Fortunes cheating *Lottery* !
 Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be,
 Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'st thy aim so far,
 That still or *short*, or *wide* thine arrows are !
 Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th'eye deceives
 With shapes that our own *Fancy* gives !
 A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in *tears* !
 When thy false beams o're *Reasons* light prevail,
 By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we sail

4

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad !
 The merr'ier *Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad*
 Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire* !
 That blow'st the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers* fire !
 Leading them still insensibly 'on
 By the strange *witchcraft* of *Anon* !
 By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
 Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,
 And th'other chases *Woman*, whilst She goes
 More ways and turns than *bunted Nature* knows

For Hope

I

H *Op*e, of all *Ills* that men endure,
 The only cheap and *Universal Cure* !
 Thou *Captives* freedom, and Thou *sick Mans* Health
 Thou *Losers* *Victo'ry*, and thou *Beggars* wealth !
 Thou *Manna*, which from *Heav'n* we eat,
 To every *Tast* a several *Meat* !
 Thou strong *Retreat* ! thou sure *entail'd Estate*,
 Which nought has power to *alienate* !
 Thou pleasant, *honest Flatterer* ! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone !

THE MISTRESS

2

Hope, thou *First-fruits* of *Happiness* !
Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Success* !
Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
Does *work* too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy ,
Who out of *Fortunes* reach dost stand,
And art a blessing *still in hand* !
Whilst *Thee*, her *Earnest-Money* we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she'her *bargain* break, or else fulfill ,
Thou only *good*, not worse, for *ending* ill !

3

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be !
Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt estate*,
Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great
Happiness it self's all one
In *Thee*, or in *possession* !
Only the *Future's Thine*, the *present His* !
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss ,
Best *apprehender* of our joys, which hast
So long a *reach*, and yet canst hold so *fast* !

4

Hope, thou sad *Lovers* only *Friend* !
Thou *Way* that mayst dispute it with the *End* !
For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
The *Tast* it self less than the *Smell* and *Sight*
Fruition more deceitful is
Than *Thou* canst be, when thou dost *miss* ,
Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and strait flee
Some other way again to *Thee* ,
And that's a pleasant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out

ABRAHAM COWLEY*

Loves Ingratitude

I

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou wouldst e're have grown,
So *false* or *strong* to make it all thine own

2

At mine own *breast* with care I fed thee still,
Letting thee suck thy fill,
And daintily I nourisht Thee
With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie* !
What ill returns dost thou allow ?
I *fed thee* then, and thou dost *starve* me now

3

There was a time, when thou wast *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadst the power of doing ill ,
Into my *bosom* did I take,
This frozen and benumbed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm ,
But now it *stings* that breast which made it *warm*

4

What cursed *weed*'s this *Love* ! but one *grain* sow,
And the whole *field* 'twill overgrow ,
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholesome *herb* and beauteous *flour* !
Nay unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too

5

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
Declare, protest, and threat in vain
Since by my own *unforc'd consent*,
The *Traitor* has my *Government*,
And is so settled in the *Throne*,
That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*

THE MISTRESS

The Frailty

I

I Know 'tis *sordid*, and 'tis *low* ,
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue ,
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the *Weakness*, and the *Baseness* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always so

2

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage sometimes, and bite my *Chain* ,
For to what purpose do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite ?
For if the chiefest *Christian Head*,
Was by this sturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak I* be *slain* ?

Coldness

I

AS *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold* ,
So in *warm Seasons* *Love* does loosely flow,
Frost only can it hold
A *Womans* rigour, and disdain,
Does his swift course restrain

2

Though *constant*, and *consistent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loses it self there
So the *Suns* amorous play,
Kisses the *Ice* away

ABRAHAM COWLEY†

3

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this,
But my *Substantial Love*
Of a more firm, and perfect *Nature* is,
No weathers can it move
Though *Heat* dissolve the *Ice* again,
The *Chrystal* solid does remain

I

Then like some wealthy *Island* thou shalt ly,
And like the *Sea* about it, *I*,
Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailors Sight,
Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in *White*
Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
With loving *Arms* for ever clasping Thee

2

But I'll embrace Thee gentl'er far than so,
As their fresh *Banks* soft *Rivers* do,
Nor shall the *proudest Planet* boast a power
Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one hour,
It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted *Fountain* feeds my Love

3

Such Heat and Vigour shall our *Kisses* bear,
As if like *Doves* we' engendred there
No *bound* nor *rule* my pleasures shall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*
Nought shall my hands or Lips controul,
I'll kiss Thee *through*, I'll kiss thy *very Soul*

4

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our sports shall know,
Night that's both *blind* and *silent* too
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd *Sicilian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the *Sea*,
Than I will do t' *enjoy*, and *feast* on Thee.

THE MISTRESS

5

Men, out of *Wisdom* ; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
The pleasant Thefts of Love do *hide*
That may secure thee , but thou 'hast yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie*
For there's no danger I should tell
The Joys, which are to Me *unspeakable*

Sleep

1

I N vain, thou drowsie God, I thee invoak ,
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
Thou, who *Mans Soul* dost overshade
With a thick *Cloud* by Vapours made,
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his *Spi'rits* to choak,
Whose *flame's* so pure, that it sends up no *smoak*

2

Yet how do *Tears* but from some *Vapours* rise ?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year ?
The fate of *Egypt* I sustain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain*,
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moysture* ow,
To *overflowings* of the *Heart* below

3

Thou, who dost *Men* (as *Nights* to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality*
Come, thou *just God*, and *equal me*
A while to my disdainful *She* ,
In that condition let me ly ,
Till *Love* does the favour shew ,
Love equals all a better way than *You*

ABRAHAM COWLEY⁶

4

Then never more shalt thou be'invokt by me ,
Watchful as *Spirits*, and *Gods* I'll prove
Let her but giant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinsman Death* defy
For betwixt *Thee* and them that love,
Never will an agreement be ,
Thou scorn'st th'*Unhappy* , and the *Happy*, *Thee*

Beauty

I

B*ea*uty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who dost in ev'ry Country change thy shape !
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white ,
Thou *Flatt'r*er which compli'st with every sight !
Thou *Babel* which confound'st the Ey
With unintelligible *variety* !
Who hast no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare
Inconstant, as thy *she-Professors* are

2

Beauty, Loves Scene and *Maskerade*,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Distance* made ,
False *Coy*n, with which th'*Impostor* cheats us still ,
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill !
Which *Light*, or *Base* we find, when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment*, and examine *Thee* !
For though thy *Being* be but *show*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to *Thee* allow
And chuse t'*enjoy* *Thee*, when *Thou* least art *Thou*

3

Beauty, Thou *active*, *passive* Ill !
Which dy'st thy self as fast as thou dost *kill* !
Thou *Tulip*, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for *Physick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Tast*

THE MISTRESS

Beauty, whose *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a *Star*,
Who dar'st not thine own *Home* descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, dost in the *Fancy* lye

4

Beauty, whose *Conquests* still are made
O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or else *betray'd* !
Weak Victor ! who thy self destroy'd must be
When *sickness storms*, or *Time besieges* Thee !
Thou'unwholesome *Thaw* to *frozen Age* !
Thou strong *wine*, which youths *Feaver* dost enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'st no man free !
Thou subtle *thief*, from whom nought safe can be !
Thou *Murth'rer* which hast *kill'd*, & *Devil* which wouldst
Damn me

The Parting

I

AS Men in *Groen-land* left beheld the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* run ,
And thought upon the sad half year
Of *Cold* and *Darkness* they must suffer there

2

So on my parting *Mistress* did I look,
With such swoln eyes my farewel took ,
Ah, my fair *Star* ! said I ,
Ah those blest Lands to which *bright Thou* dost fly !

3

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me ,
And say I'm in a warm *degree* ,
Say what they please, I say and swear
'Tis beyond *eighty* at least, if you're not here

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

It is, it is, I tremble with the *Frost*,
And know that I the *Day* have lost,
And those wild things which *Men* they call,
I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all

5

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *East*,
Of all that shines Thou much the *Best* !
And as thou now *descend'st* to *Sea* ,
More fair and fresh *rise* up from thence to Me

6

Thou, who in many a Propriety,
So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
Adde one more *likeness*, which I'm sure you can,
And let *Me* and my *Sun* beget a *Man*

My Picture

1

Here, take my *Likeness* with you, whilst 'tis so
For when from hence you go,
The next *Suns* rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old
The *Man* who did this *Picture* draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw

2

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this *shadow* smile,
Your *presence* will such vigour give,
(Your *presence* which makes all things live)
And *absence* so much alter *Me*,
This will the *substance*, I the *shadow* be

THE MISTRESS

3

When from your well-wrought *Cabinet* you take it,
And your bright looks *awake it* ,
Ah be not frightened, if you see,
The *new-soul'd Picture* gaze on Thee,
And hear it breath a sigh or two ,
For those are the first things that it will do

4

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossess ,
But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' *substance* dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for *Me*,
Who then shall but my *Pictures Picture* be

The Concealment

1

NO, to what purpose should I speak ?
No, wretched *Heart*, swell till you *break* !
She cannot love me if she *would* ,
And to say truth, 'twere pity that she *should*
No, to the *Grave* thy sorrows bear,
As *silent*, as they will be *there*
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomly the thing contrive,
That she may *guiltless* of it live
So perish, that her killing Thee
May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murder* be

2

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By'her *Beauty*, not her *Anger* dy ,
This will look justly, and become
An *Execution*, that, a *Martyrdome*
The censuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by *Thunder slain*

ABRAHAM COWLEY^c

She must be angry sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being *hers, happ'ier than She*
I will not, 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her *not Loving*, than her *Hate*

3

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will *ominous* to her appear
When, sound in every other part,
Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart*
For the last *Tempest* of my death
Shall sigh out *that* too, with my *breath*
Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
Some *pity*, and some *envy* Me,
Then *She* her self, the *mighty She*,
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas *only Love* destroy'd the gentle *Youth*

The Monopoly

I

What *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breast do ly,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart?
Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of *Vulcans* smoaky art,
Vulcan his shop has placed there,
And *Cupids Forge* is set up here

2

Here all those *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
That flye so thick unseen through yielding air,
The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadness, and Despair
Ah cruel *God*! and why to me
Gave you this curst *Monopolie*?

THE MISTRESS

3

I have the *trouble*, not the *gains* of it ,
Give me but the *disposal* of one *Dart* ,
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my *Heart*
 So sweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly dy

4

Deep into'her bosom would I strike the dart ,
Deeper than *Woman* e're was struck by *Thee* ,
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from th'*Heart*,
They *flutter* still about, inconstantly,
 Curse on thy *Goodness*, whom we find
 Civil to none but *Woman-kind* !

5

Vain God ! who *women* dost thy self *adore* !
Their wounded Hearts do still retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before ,
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
 So 'unjustly are distributed ,
 They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*

The Distance

1

I 'Have followed thee a year at least,
And never stopt my self to rest
 But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before

2

In this our *fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above ,
Our *Stars* that move for ever round,
With the same *Distance* still betwixt them found

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

In vain, alas, in vain I strive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faster to drive,
Since if a round it swifther fly
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*

4

Hearts by *Love*, strangely *shuffled* are,
That there can never meet a *Pare* !
Tamer than *Worms* are *Lovers* slain,
The *wounded Heart* ne're turns to *wound* again

The Encrease

1

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
Then I had done before,
But you as easi'ly might account
'Till to the *top* of *Numbers* you amount,
As cast up my *Loves* score
Ten thousand millions was the sum,
Millions of endless *Millions* are to come

2

I'm sure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow,
Why should my *Love* do so ?
A *real* cause at first did move,
But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my *Love*,
With *shadows* from it self that flow
My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* see,
By *Cyphers* is encreast eternallie

3

So the new-made, and untride *Spheres* above,
Took their first turn from th' hand of *Jove*,
But are since that beginning found
By their own *Forms* to move for ever round
All *violent Motions* short do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to see
That *Love's* a *Motion Natural* to Me

THE MISTRESS

Loves Visibility

I

With much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do

2

The world perceives it, and it may be, *she*,
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*

3

Men without *Love* have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown,
But none who had it ever seem'd t'have *none*

4

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none *sees* it 'cause it *self* is *blind*

5

The very *Eye* betrays our inward smart,
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorow it he past into the *Heart*

6

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like *Drunkenness*, into the *Tongue* t'will get

Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress.

I

These full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on *Heav'en* with mighty *Gulfs* between
Was the great *Misers* greatest pain,
So neer was he to *Heavens* delight,
As with the blest converse he might,
Yet could not get one *drop* of water by't

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Ah wretch ! I seem to *touch* her now , but, oh,
What boundless spaces do us part ?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all earths, empty show
My *Lowness*, and her high *Desert*
But these might conquerable prove ,
Nothing does me so far remove,
As her hard *Souls aversion* from my *Love*

3

So *Travellers*, that lose their way by night,
If from afar they chance t'esp
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Tapers* light,
Take flattering hopes, and think it *nigh* ,
Till wearied with the fruitless pain,
They sit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in *Darkness* and *Despair* remain

Resolved to Love

1

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wise*
Think of all us that *Love* ,
Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move ,
They understand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want ,
Our *Sighs* to them are *unsignificant*

2

One of them saw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand, which I admire ,
My *Soul* was melting strait away,
And dropt before the *Fire*
This silly *Wiseman*, who pretends to *know*,
Askt why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

THE MISTRESS

3

Another from my Mistress' dore
Saw me with eyes all watry come,
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some *smoak* was in the room,
Such *Ign'rance* from *unwounded Learning* came,
He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*

[4]

If *learn'd* in other things you be,
And have in *Love* no skill,
For Gods sake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be *ign'orant* still
Study or *Action* others may embrace,
My *Love's* my *Business*, and my *Books* her *Face*

[5]

These are but *Trifles*, I confess,
Which me, weak Mortal, move,
Nor is your *busie Seriousness*
Less trifling than my *Love*
The wisest *King* who from his sacred brest
Pronounc'd all *Van'ity*, chose it for the *best*

My Fate

I

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forsake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend,
Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make,
Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more ascend
And when these false to their *old Motions* prove,
Then shall I cease *Thee*, *Thee alone* to *Love*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

The fast-link'd *Chain* of everlasting *Fate*
Does nothing tye more strong, than *Me* to *You* ,
My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate* ,
But will be still the same, what e're you do
You cannot *kill* my *Love* with your *disdain* ,
Wound it you may, and make it *live* in *pain*

3

Me, mine example let the *Stoicks* use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
Let all *Prædestinators* me produce,
Who struggle with *eternal bonds* in vain
This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis she must tell,
Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'en*, or *Flames* of *Hell*

4

You, who mens *fortunes* in their faces read,
To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Me* ,
But mark *her Face*, and all the features heed ,
For only there is writ my *Destiny*
Or if *Stars* shew it, gaze not on the *Skies* ,
But study the *Astrol'ogy* of her *Eyes*

5

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear ,
I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
Is writ in *Heav'en* , but, oh *my heav'en* is there
What can men learn from *stars* they scarce can see ?
Two great Lights rule the world, and *her two, Me*

The Heart-breaking

I

I **T** gave a piteous *groan*, and so it broke ,
In vain it something would have spoke
The *Love* within too strong for't was,
Like *Poyson* put into a *Venice-Glass*

THE MISTRESS

2

I thought that *this* some *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still *liv'd*, and still it *stung* in all

3

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart*
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the *Whole* did *kill*

4

Even so rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
And into several *Quarters* get,
Each *Troop* does spoil and ruine moie,
Then all joyn'd in one *Body* did before

5

How many *Loves* reign in my bosom now ?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you ?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*

The Usurpation

I

THou'hadst to my *Soul* no *title* or *pretence*,
I was mine own, and *free*,
Till I had *giv'n* my self to Thee,
But thou hast kept me *Slave* and *Prisoner* since
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depose* thee from thy *Throne*,
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

2

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to Thee fall,
My *Country*, *Kindred*, and my best
Acquaintance were to share the rest,
But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, drav'est out all
Nay more, thou mak'st me worship *Thee*,
And would'st the rule of my *Religion* be,
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd such power as you,
To be both *Emp'rour*, and *Pope* too?

3

The *publick Mis'ries*, and my *private fate*
Deserve some tears but greedy Thou
(*Insatiate Maid*!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should *alienate*
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,
Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since first mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*

4

Thou all my *Joy*s and all my *Hopes* dost claim,
Thou ragest like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *Thee*,
Nought can resist, or *not encrease* the *Flame*
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear
Thy presence, like the crowned *Basilisks* breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to death

5

As men in *Hell* are from *Diseases* free,
So from all other ills am I,
Free from their known *Formality*
But all pains *Eminently* lye in *Thee*
Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain
Since all the *Natives* there thou'st overthrown,
And planted *Gar'isons* of thine own

THE MISTRESS

Maidenhead

I

Thou *worst estate* even of the *sex* that's *worst* ,
Therefore by *Nature* made at first,
T'attend the weakness of our birth !
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed* !
Thou *Case* to buildings not yet finished !
Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though Thou a *point imaginary* be

2

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* so unfit,
That his *first Blessing* ruin'd it
Cold *frozen Nurse* of fiercest *fires* !
Who, like the parched plains of *Africks* sand,
(A *steril*, and a wild *unlovely Land*)
Art always scortcht with hot desires,
Yet *barren* quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and *Serpents* forth thy self to sting !

3

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close *Conjurer* in his *Cell* !
And fear'st the days discovering *Eye* !
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be
Such tedious and unpleasant *Company*,
Who liv'st so *Melancholily* !
Thou thing of *subtile*, slippery kind,
Which *Women lose*, and yet no *Man* can find

4

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee ,
The search it self rewards the pains
So, though the *Chymick* his great *secret* miss,
(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unsought experiments* by the way

ABRAHAM COWLEY

5

Say what thou wilt, *Chastity* is no more,
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door*
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls*,
Them only fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an *open breach* defend
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so *Hated*, and so *Lov'd without*

Impossibilities

1

I *Impossibilities* ? oh no, there's none,
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home,
As easily other dangers were *o'rethrown*,
As *Cæsar* after vanquisht *Rome*,
His little *Asian* foes did overcome

2

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* against them strive,
But *Providence* engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give,
At last *Just Men* and *Lovers* always thrive

3

As *stars* (not powerful else) when they *conjoin*,
Change, as they please, the Worlds estate,
So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
Shall our own fortunes regulate,
And to our *Stars themselves* prescribe a *Fate*

4

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold *Romance*,
That should two kind *examples* shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance,
Not, that I thought that *story true*,
But none should *Fancy more*, then *I would Do*

THE MISTRESS

5

Through spight of our *worst Enemies, thy Friends,*
Through *Local Banishment from Thee,*
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning *Ends,*
As easie shall my passage be,
As was the *Amo'rous Youth's* o're *Helles Sea*

6

In vain the *Winds,* in vain the *Billows* rore,
In vain the *Stars* their aid deny'd
He saw the *Sestian Tower* on th'other shore,
Shall th' *Hellespont* our Loves divide?
No, not th' *Atlantick Oceans* boundless Tide

7

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle *Maid,* do not deny
To let thy *Beams* shine on me from afar,
And still the *Taper* let me 'espy
For when *thy Light* goes out, I sink and dye

Silence

1

Curse on this *Tongue,* that has my *Heart* betray'd,
And his great *Secret* open laid!
For of all persons chiefly *She,*
Should not the ills I suffer know,
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in *Her* to *Pity Me*
Since 'tis for *Me* to *lose* my *Life* more fit,
Than 'tis for *Her* to *save* and ransom it

2

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear
Discourse and *talk* awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain,
That in my *Breast* does raise,
Silence perhaps may make it *sleep*
I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal,
The *Wound,* if once it *Close,* may chance to *Heal*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

No, 'twill ne're heal, my *Love* will never *dye*,
Though it should *speechless lye*
A *River*, e're it meet the *Sea*,
As well might stay its source,
As my *Love* can his course,
Unless it join and mix with *Thee*
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the *Flood* runs still, though *under ground*

The Dissembler

1

U*N*hurt, *untoucht* did I complain,
And terrifi'd all others with the pain
But now I feel the *mighty evil*,
Ah, there's no *fooling* with the *Devil*!
So wanton men, whilst otheis they would fright,
Themselves have met a real *Spright*

2

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly
Had been no *sin* at all in *Poetry*
But now I suffer an *Arrest*,
For words were spoke by me in *jest*
Dull, sottish *God* of *Love*, and can it be
Thou understand'st not *Raillery*?

3

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*.
I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*
Nor meant my Verse should raised be,
To this sad fame of *Prophecie*,
Truth gives a *dull propriety* to my stile,
And all the *Metaphors* does spoil

4

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign*
The *Play* at last a *Truth* does grow,
And *Custom* into *Nature* go
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting Lame*

THE MISTRESS

5

My Lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others fire
And 'twas a *barbarous delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the sight,
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *burning Bull* the first do try

The Inconstant

I

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me,
From fifteen years, to fifties space,
They all victorious be
Love thou'rt a *Devil*, if I may call thee *One*,
For sure in Me thy name is *Legion*

2

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodness, or *Wit* in all I find
In *Motion* or in *Speech* a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind*,
And I'm so weak, the *Pistol* need not be
Double, or *treble charg'd* to murder *Me*

3

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* slays,
• If *Fair*, she's pleasant as the *Light*,
If *Low*, her *Prettiness* does please,
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night*?
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I *Love*, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving *Me*

4

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my heart,
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too so
If *Streight*, her *Body's Cupid's Dart*
To me, if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow*
Nay *Age* it self does me to rage encline,
And strength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

5

Just half as large as *Charity*
My richly-landed *Love's* become,
And judg'd aright is *Constancy*,
Though it take up a larger room
Him, who loves *always one*, why should they call
More *Constant*, than the Man loves *Always All*?

6

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all *Loves Gardens* and his *Fields*,
And, like the wise, industrious *Bee*,
No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with *laden Thighs*

7

My *Soul* at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a *Dart*,
Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*,
But my consum'd and wasted Heart
Once burnt to *Tinder* with a strong Desire,
Since that by every *Spark* is set on Fire

The Constant

1

Great, and wise *Conqu'rour*, who where e're
Thou com'st, dost *fortifie*, and *settle* there!
Who canst *defend* as well as *get*,
And never hadst one *Quarter* beat up yet,
Now thou art in, Thou ne're wilt part
With one inch of my vanquisht Heart,
For since thou took'st it by assault from Me,
'Tis *Garison'd* so strong with *Thoughts* of Thee,
It fears no *beauteous Enemy*

2

Had thy charming strength been less,
I had serv'd e're this an hundred *Mistresses*
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Pris'on* to be a *Vagabound*

THE MISTRESS

A *Pris'on* in which I still would be,
Though every *door* stood ope to Me
In spite both of thy *Coldness* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers side*,
For only *Death* can them *divide*

3

Close, narrow *Chain*, yet soft and kind,
As that which *Spi'rits* above to *good* does bind,
Gentle, and sweet *Necessity*,
Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty*!
Your love on Me were spent in vain,
Since *my Love* still could but remain
Just as it is, for what, alas can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality*?

Her Name

I

W^Ith more than *Jewish Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal,
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
This *Gentle Mystery* to reveal?
When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we possess
That *Christning* as a *Badge of Happiness*?

2

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*,
Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muse* be seen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it shine
Rest, mighty *Name*, till then, for thou must be
Laid down by *Her*, e're taken up by *Me*

3

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring,
Then *Ecchoes* burden it shall be,
Then all the *Birds* in several notes shall sing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee,
Then ev'ry *wind* the Sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper't to some *Angels* Ear

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

Then shall thy *Name* through all my *Verses* be spread,
Thick as the *flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
And, when in future times they shall be read,
(As sure, I think, they will not dye)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* shall quickly know the *Coyne*

5

Mean while I will not dare to *make* a *Name*
To represent thee by,
Adam (*Gods Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough should *signifie*
Astræa or *Cælia* as unfit would prove
For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove*

Weeping

I

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise,
Drops *Tears* more fair than others *Eyes* !
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* see
Th'attire thy *sorrow* wears,
Nor know the *beauty* of thy *Tears*
For shee'l still come to dress her self in *Thee*

2

As *stars* reflect on *waters*, so I spy
In every drop (methinks) her *Eye*
The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays^r
In that illustrious *sphere*,
Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
Whilst in his *flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze

3

Ne're yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together
Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *snow*,
(For some such *Fountain* we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous *stream* below

THE MISTRESS

4

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
Which made this precious *Limb* sweat !
But what, alas, ah what does it avail
That she weeps Tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the *Asses hoof* can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not *Hail*

Discretion

I

D*iscreet* ? what means this word *Discreet* ?
A Curse on all *Discretion* !
This *barbarous term* you will not meet
In all *Loves-Lexicon*

2

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
Houses, Houshold-stuff, or Land,
(The *Low Conveniences* of Fate)
Are *Greek* no *Lovers* understand

3

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a brest,
The two first things it does remove,
Are *Friends* and *Interest*

4

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, scrup'lous *Eyes*,
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in *Love* were *wise*

5

Men, in such tempests tost about,
Will without grief or pain,
Cast all their *goods* and *riches* out,
Themselves their *Port* to gain

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

As well might *Martyrs*, who do choose,
That *sacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they must lose,
When they're bound *naked* to the *Stake*

The Waiting-Maid

I

Thy *Maid*? ah, find some nobler theame
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect *blaspheme*
The glories of thy face

2

Alas, she makes Thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* must disappear
Before thy potent *Light*

3

Three hours each morn in dressing Thee,
Maliciously are spent,
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's else a *Civil Government*

4

The'adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barb'rous skill,
'Tis like the *poys'oning* of a *Dart*
Too apt before to kill

5

The *Min'istring Angels* none can see,
'Tis not their beauty'or face,
For which by men they worshipt be,
But their high *Office* and their *place*
Thou art my *Goddess*, my *Saint*, *She*,
I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*

THE MISTRESS

Counsel

I

AH! what advice can I receive?
No, satisfie me first,
For who would *Physick*-potions give
To one that dyes with *Thirst*?

2

A little puff of breath we find,
Small fires can *quench* and *kill*,
But when they're great, the adverse wind
Does make them *greater* still

3

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But strait I'm just the same,
Alas, th'effect must needs be such
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*

The Cure

I

Come, *Doctor*, use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove,
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my *Love*

2

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to 'a *Feaver* bring,
Compar'd with *Heats* I now sustain,
A *Feaver* is so *Cool* a thing,
(Like *drink* which feaverish men desire)
That I should hope 'twould almost *quench* my *Fire*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The Separation

1
Ask me not what my *Love* shall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of Me)
When I am *separated* from thee,
Alas, I might as easily show,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do,
'Twill *last*, I'm sure, and that is all we know

2
The thing call'd *Soul* will never stir nor move,
But all that while a liveless *Carkass* prove,
For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*,
Not that my *Love* will fly away,
But still continue, as, they say,
Sad troubled *Ghosts* about their *Graves* do stray

The Tree

1
I Chose the flouri'shingst *Tree* in all the Park,
With freshest Boughs, and fairest head,
I cut my *Love* into his gentle Bark,
And in three days, behold, 'tis *dead*,
My very *written flames* so violent be
They've burnt and wither'd up the *Tree*

2
How should I live my self, whose *Heart* is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large *History* of many a *wound*,
Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
With art as strange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put

3
What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
As a strong *Poyson* with one *drop* does make
The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall
Love (I see now) a kind of *Withcraft* is,
Or *Characters* could ne're do this

THE MISTRESS

4

Pardon ye *Birds* and *Nymphs* who lov'd this *Shade* ,
And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree* ,
I thought her *name* would thee have happy made,
And blessed *Omens* hop'd from Thee ,
Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (said I) and grow ,
And with ye let my *Love* do so

5

Alas poor youth, thy love will never thrive !
This blasted *Tree* *Predestines* it ,
Go tye the dismal *Knot* (why shouldst thou live ?)
And by the *Lines* thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the *sad Picture* be
To that unlucky *History*

Her Unbelief

1

'TIs a strange kind of *Ign'orance* this in you !
That you your *Victories* should not spy,
Victories gotten by your *Eye* !
That your bright *Beams*, as those of *Comets* do,
Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who*

2

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
Whilst all the *People* smell and see
The odorous flames, I offer thee,
Thou sit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear
Thy constant zealous *worshipper*

3

They see't too well who at my fires repine,
Nay th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to spy my *Love* ,
Nor does the *Cause* in thy *Face* clearer shine,
Then the *Effect* appears in mine

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

Fair Infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy *incredulitie*?

5

I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltless slain,
O have but *Faith*, and then that you
May know that *Faith* for to be true,
It shall it self by 'a *Miracle* maintain,
And *raise* me from the *Dead* again

6

Mean while my *Hopes* may seem to be o'rethrown,
But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
And thus dispute, that since my heart
Though in *thy Breast*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine *Own*

The Gazers

1

Come let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call,
I've seen *too* much, if this be *all*
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ign'orant Povertie*?
To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my want
For *Love* to *Dye an Infant's* lesser ill,
Than to live long, yet *live in Child-hood* still

2

We've both sate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do
The richest crop of *Joy* is still behind,
And He who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *Blind*
So at first *Pigmalion* lov'd
But th'*Amour* at last improv'd
The *Statue*' it self at last a *woman* grew,
And so at last, my Dear, should you do too

THE MISTRESS

3

Beauty to man the greatest *Torture* is,
Unless it lead to farther bliss
Beyond the tyran'ous pleasures of the *Eye*
It grows too *serious a Cruelty*,
Unless it *Heal*, as well as *strike*,
I would not, *Salamander-like*,
In scorching heats always to *Live* desire,
But like a *Martyr*, pass to *Heav'en* through *Fire*

4

Mark how the lusty *Sun* salutes the *Spring*,
And gently kisses every thing
His loving *Beams* unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the *Treasures*, all the *Sweets* devour
Then on the earth with *Bridegroom-Heat*,
He does still new *Flowers* beget
The *Sun* himself, although *all Eye* he be,
Can find in *Love* more *Pleasure* than to *see*

The Incurable

1

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
Love made them *Non-sense* all
I apply'd *Receipts of Business* to my wound,
But stirring did the pain recall

2

As well might men who in a *Feaver* fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
As well might men, who *mad* in *darkness* ly,
Write the *Dispatches* of a *State*

3

I try'd *Devotion*, *Sermons*, frequent *Prayer*,
But those did worse than *useless* prove,
For *Pray'rs* are turn'd to *Sin* in those who are
Out of *Charity*, or in *Love*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care,
But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire
Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
Did double the *Desire*

5

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
And mixt with pleasant *Companies*,
My *Mirth* did graceless and *insipid* grow,
And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not rise

6

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd
'Gainst this some *new desire* to stir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd
Some faint *Resemblances* of *Her*

7

The *Physick* made me worse with which I strove
This *Mortal Ill* t'expell,
As wholesome *Med'icines* the *Disease* improve,
There where they *work* not well

Honour

I

SHE *Loves*, and she *confesses* too,
There's then at last, no more to do
The happy *work's* entirely done,
Enter the *Town* which thou hast *won*,
The *Fruits* of *Conquest* now begin,
Id Triumph! Enter in

2

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be?
Remains there still an *Enemie*?
Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*,
Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
And shall this *Phantome* me oppose?

THE MISTRESS

3

Noisy Nothing! stalking *Shade*!
By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made?
Empty cause of *Solid* harms!
But I shall find out *Counter-charms*
Thy airy *Devilship* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love*

4

Sure I shall rid my self of *Thee*
By the *Nights* obscurity,
And obscurer *secrecie*
Unlike to every other *sprite*,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor *appear'st* but in the *Light*

The Innocent Ill

I

Though all thy gestures and discourses be
Coyn'd and stamp't by *Modestie*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne're slipt away
One word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not say,
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace
In all thy *speech* appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a *Tempter* worse than *Satan* art

2

Though in thy thoughts scarce any *Tracks* have bin
So much as of *Original* Sin,
Such charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Desires in dying confest *Saints* excite

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Thou with strange *Adulterie*
Dost in each breast a *Brothel keep*,
Awake all men do *lust* for thee,
And some *enjoy* Thee when they *sleep*
Ne're before did *Woman* live,
Who to such *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *cause* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*

3

Though in thy breast so quick a *Pity* be,
That a *Flies Death's* a *wound* to thee
Though savage, and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n *Romanes* woes
Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
Whose rage was of so large extent,
The ills thou dost are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Instrument*,
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too

4

Thou *lovely Instrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our faults create !
Thou *Pleasant, Universal Ill*,
Which *sweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* dost *kill* !
Thou kind, well-natur'd *Tyrannie* !
Thou *chast* committer of a *Rape* !
Thou *voluntary Destinie*,
Which no man *Can*, or *Would* escape !
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) e'ven the *Destroying Angels* are

THE MISTRESS

DIALOGUE.

I

She **W**Hat have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruine her that lov'd Thee?
Me thou' hast *robb'd*, but what art thou
Thy *Self* the *richer* now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd *pleasure*,
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy *Ill-gotten Treasure*

2

He We've done no harm, nor was it *Theft* in me,
But noblest *Charity* in *Thee*
I'll the well-gotten *Pleasure*
Safe in my *Mem'ory* *Treasure*,
What though the *Flower* it self do wast,
The *Essence* from it drawn does long and sweeter last

3

She No I'm undone, my *Honour* Thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore't again
Art and Labour to bestow,
Upon the *Carcase* of it now,
Is but t'embalm a body *dead*,
The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty's* fled

4

He Never, my dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
By *Love*, but *Indiscretion*
To th' *wise* it all things does allow,
And cares not *What* we do, but *How*
Like *Tapers* shut in ancient *Urns*,
Unless it let in *air*, for ever *shines* and *burns*

5

She *Thou* first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it
For *Men*, with *Roman* *pride*, above
The *Conquest*, do the *Triumph* love
Nor think a perfect *Victo'ry* gain'd,
Unless they through the *streets* their *Captive* lead enchain'd

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

[*He*] Who e're his secret joys has open laid,
The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made
Beside what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee*?
'Tis you the *Conquerour* are, 'tis you
Who have not only *ta'ne*, but *bound*, and *gag'd* me too

7

[*She*] Though publick pun'ishment we escape, the *Sin*
Will rack and *torture* us within
Guilt and *Sin* our bosom bears,
And though fair, yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does wast,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at last

8

[*He*] That *Thirsty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I sought,
That *wounded Balm*, is all my fault
And thou in pity didst apply,
The kind and only *remedy*
The *Cause* absolves the *Crime*, since *Me*
So mighty *Force* did move, so mighty *Goodness Thee*

9

[*She*] *Curse* on thine *Arts*! methinks I *Hate* thee now,
And yet I'm sure I *love Thee* too!
I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove,
More *Innocent* than did thy *Love*
Thou hast *this day* undone me quite,
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at *night*

Verses lost upon a Wager

I

AS soon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
'Gainst what an *Oracle* shall say,
Fool, that I was, to venture to deny
A *Tongue* so us'd to *Victory*!
A *Tongue* so blest by *Nature* and by *Art*,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an *Heart*

THE MISTRESS

Though what you said, had not been *true*
If spoke by any else but *you*
Your speech will govern *Destiny*,
And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* should *Ly*

2

'Tis true if *Humane Reason* were the *Guide*,
Reason, methinks, was on my side,
But that's a *Guide*, alas, we must resign,
When th' *Authority's Divine*
She said, she said *her self* it would be so,
And I, *bold unbeliever*, answer'd *No*,
Never so justly sure before
Error the name of *Blindness* bore,
For whatsoe're the *Question* be,
There's no man that has *eyes* would *bet* for *Me*

3

If *Truth* it self (as other *Angels* do
When they descend to humane view)
In a *Material Form* would daign to shine,
'Twould *imitate* or *borrow Thine*,
So daz'eling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear,
Happy the eye which *Truth* could see
Cloath'd in a *shape* like *Thee*,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy *shape naked like Truth* espy!

4

Yet this lost *wager* costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before
Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
Which He were bound howe're to *pay*?
If *Nature* gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse
Thy wondrous Beauty and Thy Wit
Has such a *Sov'reign Right* to it,
That no Mans *Muse* for *publique vent* is free,
Till she has paid *her Customs* first to *Thee*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Bathing in the River

I

THE *fish* around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treach'rous Fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me
For ne're did *Light* so clear
Among the *waves* appear,
Though ev'ry night the *Sun* himself set there

2

Why to *Mute Fish* should'st thou thy self discover,
And not to me thy no less *silent Lover*?
As some from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
To *Ghosts* that have no use of it!
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury, and for ought we know
(Poor *Ignorants*) they're *Mermaids* all below

3

The am'o'rous *Waves* would fain about her stay,
But still new am'o'rous *waves* drive them away,
And with swift curient to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste,
I laught the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas, at *Land* so too,
And still *old Lovers* yield the place to *new*

4

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'orous *Waves*
(My happier *Rivals*, and my *fellow slaves*)
Point to your flowry banks, and to her shew
The good your *Bounties* do,
Then tell her what your *Pride* doth cost,
And, how your *use* and *beauty's* lost,
When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Frost*

THE MISTRESS

5

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
Haste without stop to a *devouring Sea*,
Where they will mixt and *undistinguisht* ly
With all the meanest things that *dy*
As in the *Ocean* Thou
No priviledge dost know
Above th' *impurest streams* that thither flow

6

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one *Rem'edy* to be had,
Shew her how thou, though long since *past*, dost find
Thy self yet still *behind*,
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self-same thing,
But she, fond *Maid*, *shuts* and *seals* up the *spring*

Love given over

I

IT is *enough*, enough of time, and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain,
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy self with *shadows* to deceive,
Think that *already lost* which thou must *never gain*

2

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years,
(Tost in storms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpless *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midst o'the *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears*

3

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart*,
Since *Fate* does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love*
And not one *Star* in heav'n offers to take thy part

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this desire,
If e're it home to its breast retire,
It ne're shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call'd it out
A *Lover Burnt* like me for ever dreads the fire

5

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and ev'ry small disease,
May come as oft as ill *Fate* please,
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by those *Serpents bit*, but we're devour'd by these

6

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing again o'rethrown?
Since such an *Enemy* needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack't*, but quite burnt down the *Town*

FINIS

Pindarique
ODES,
Written in Imitation of the
STILE & MANNER
OF THE
ODES
OF
PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

HOR EP L I 3
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus

LONDON

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew*
Anchor in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange 1668

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had translated *another*, as may appear, when he that understands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Translation of him into *Latin Prose*, than which nothing seems more *Raving*. And sure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit of Poetry* (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more *Distracted* than it is in *Prose*. We must consider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at least the *Colours of Poetry*, the no less difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Customs* of our *Countrys*, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our *Eyes* at so great a distance. And lastly, (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our *Ears* are strangers to the *Musick* of his *Numbers*, which sometimes (especially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent *Poet*, for though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his *Verses* into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the *Greek* and *Latine Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Prose* to our *Ears*. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of *English Poesie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Prose*. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by *Pindar*, all we can adde to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in some measure to be applyed to all *Translations*, and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens

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too in *Pictures*, from the same root of exact *Imitation*, which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble I have seen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poesie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*, but I never saw a *Copy* better than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwise, for men resolving in no case to shoot *beyond the Mark*, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not *short* of it It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called *Translation*, for I am not so much enamoured of the *Name Translator*, as not to wish rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name* I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of *Translating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing *Odes* of *Pindar*, for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter The *Psalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius's* making, the most exalted pieces of *Poesie*) are a great example of what I have said, all the *Translators* of which (even Mr *Sands* himself, for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice to that *Divine Poet*, that, methinks, they revile him worse than *Shimei* And *Bucanan* himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my opinion no less short of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judea* Upon this ground, I have in these two *Odes* of *Pindar* taken, left out, and added what I please, nor make it so much my aim to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of speaking, which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *English*, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse, and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of *Pancriollus*, among the *lost Inventions* of *Antiquity* This *Essay* is but to try how it will look in an *English habit* for which experiment, I have chosen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes*, which are as followeth

THE SECOND
Olympique Ode
OF
PINDAR

Written in praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum (a famous City in Sicily built by his Ancestors) who in the seventy seventh Olympique won the Chariot-prize He is commended from the Nobility of his Race (whose story is often toucht on) from his great Riches (an ordinary Common-Place in Pindar) from his Hospitality, Munificence, and other Virtues The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in Digressions, than in the main subject And the Reader must not be chocqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse, for that is a Liberty which this kind of Poetry can hardly live without

ODE

I

- 1 **Q**ueen of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and Speaking Strings,
2 What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?
What happy Man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice
3 Pisa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Pisa claim thy Song
4 The fair First-fruits of War, th'Olympique Games,
Alcides offered up to Jove,
Alcides too thy strings may move,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

But, oh, what *Man* to join with these can worthy prove!
 Join *Theron* boldly to their sacred *Names*,
Theron the next honour claims,
Theron to no *man* gives place,
 Is first in *Pisa's*, and in *Virtue's Race*,
Theron there, and he alone,
 Ev'n his own swift *Forefathers* has outgone

2

- 1 They through rough ways, o're many stops they past,
 Till on the fatal bank at last
 2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
 Of fair-fac'd *Sicilie*,
 Which does it self i'th' *River* by
 With *Pride* and *Joy* espy
 Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Years* did sing,
 And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*
 Their genuine *Virtues* did more swcet and clear,
 In *Fortunes* graceful dress appear
 3 To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, say
 The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*
 If in *Olympus Top*, where *Thou*
 Sit'st to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
 4 If in *Alpheus* silver flight,
 If in my *Verse* thou dost delight,
 My *Verse*, O *Rhea's Son*, which is
 Lofty as *that*, and smooth as *This*

3

- For the past sufferings of this noble Race
 (Since things once *past*, and fled out of thine hand,
 Hearken no more to thy command)
 Let *present joys* fill up their place,
 1 And with *Oblivions* silent stroke deface
 Of foregone *Ills* the very *trace*
 In no illustrious line
 Do these happy changes shine
 More brightly *Theron* than in thine
 2 So in the *Chrystal Palaces*
 Of the blew-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endless youth does please,
 And *thanks* her fall into the *Seas*

PINDARIQUE ODES

- 3 Beauteous *Semele* does no less
 Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bless,
 Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,
 4 She' enjoys *secure* their Company,
 Plays with *Lightnings* as they fly,
 Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*

4

- But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
 What God (alas) will *Caution* be
 For *Living Mans* securitie,
 Or will *ensure* our *Vessel* in this faithless *Sea* ?
 Never did the *Sun* as yet
 So healthful a fair *day* beget,
 1 That *Travelling Mortals* might rely on it
 But Fortunes *favour* and her *Spight*
 Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*
 Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
 2 Ere since the *fatal Son* his Father slew,
 And did old *Oracles* fulfill
 Of *Gods* that cannot *Lye*, for they foretel but their own *Will*

5

- 1 *Erynnis* saw't, and made in her own seed
 The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,
 2 She slew his wrathful Sons with mutual blows,
 But better things did then succeed,
 3 And brave *Thersander* in amends for what was past arose
 Brave *Thersander* was by none
 In war, or warlike sports out-done
 4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues dost revive,
 He in *my Verse* and *Thee* again does *live*
 Loud *Olympus* happy *Thee*,
 5 *Isthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy see
 For the *well-natur'd* honour there
 Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,
 Was to thee *double* grown
 By not being all thine *Own*
 And those kind pious glories do deface
 The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6

- 1 Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
 The' *Olympique Trophees* shew
 Both their several parts must do
 In the noble *Chase of Fame*,
 This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame*
 Nor is fair *Virtues Picture* seen aright
 But in *Fortunes* golden light
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
 And on *short-Man* long cannot wait
 The Vertuous make of them the best,
 And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*
 With a *frail* good they wisely buy
 The solid *Purchase of Eternity*
 They whilst *Lives* air they breath, consider well and know
 Th'account they must hereafter give below
 Whereas th'unjust and Covetous above,
 In deep unlovely vaults,
 By the just decrees of *Jove*
- 2 Unrelenting torments prove,
 The heavy *Necessary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*

7

- 1 Whilst in the Lands of unexhausted *Light*
 O're which the *God-like Suns* unwearied sight,
 Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *Sleeps* in *Night*,
 An endless *Spring* of Age the Good enjoy,
 Where neither *Want* does pinch, nor *Plenty* cloy.
 There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they plow,
 Nor ought to *Labour* ow
 For *Food*, that whil'st it *nourishes* does decay,
 And in the *Lamp of Life* consumes away
- 2 *Thrice* had these men through mortal bodies past,
 Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,
 Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,
 The *Furnace* had no more to do
 Then in rich *Saturns* peaceful state
- 3 Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'd,
 The *Muse-discovered World* of *Islands Fortunate*

PINDARIQUE ODES

8

Soft-footed Winds with tuneful voyces there
Dance through the perfum'd Air
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,
And *golden Trees* enrich their side
Th'*illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,
And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear
Which by the *Blest* are gathered
For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
I Wise *Rhadamanthus* did the Sentence give,
Who for his justice was thought fit
With *Sovereign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
Since his blest *Mother* (who before
Had try'd it on his *Body* in vain)
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,
That does from *Passion* and from *Vice Invulnerable* make

9

To *Theron, Muse*, bring back thy wandering Song,
Whom those bright *Troops* expect impatiently,
And may they do so long
I How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but cross thine *Eye*?
Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding *Quiver* can ne'er be emptied be,
Let *Art* use *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Natures Alms*, is weak and poor,
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace
Art instead of mounting high,
About her *bumble Food* does hovering fly,
2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noise* does love,
Whilst *Nature*, like the sacred *Bird of Jove*,
3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *silent joy*
The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Defeats the *Strong*, o'retakes the *Flying* prey,
4 And sometimes basks in th'open *Flames* of *Day*,
And sometimes too he shrowds,
His soaring *wings* among the *Clouds*

10

Leave, wanton *Muse*, thy roving flight,
To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
Let [*A*] *grigentum* be the *But*,
And *Theron* be the *White*
And lest the Name of *Verse* should give
Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
By the *Castalian waters* swear,
(A sacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
To take in vain,
1 No more then *Gods* do that of *Styx* piophane)
Swear in no City e're before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd was born,
Swear that *Theron* sure has *sworn*
No man *near* him should be *poor*
Swear that none e'ie had such a graceful ait,
Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
With an *Unenvious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*

11

But in this thankless *world* the *Givers*
Are *envi'd* ev'en by the *Receivers*
'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* fashion,
Rather to *Hide* then *Pay* the *Obligation*
Nay 'tis much worse than so,
It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *outrages* to do,
Lest men should think we *ow*
Such *Monsters*, *Theron*, has thy *Virtue* found,
But all the malice they profess,
Thy *secure Honour* cannot wound
For thy vast *Bounties* are so *numberless*,
That them or to *Conceal*, or else to *Tell*,
Is equally *Impossible*

PINDARIQUE ODES

NOTES

I

PInd 'Αναξιδόρμυγες θυνοί, τίνα θεόν, τίν' ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα λελαδησομεν, ἥτοι Πίσα μὲν Διὸς, Ὀλυμπιαδὰ δ' ἔστα σεν Ἡρακλῆς Ἀλκρόθινα πολέμου, Θήρωνα δὲ τετραορίας Ἐνεκα νικαφόρου Γεγωνητέον ὅπλι Δίκαιον ξένον "Ἐρεισμόν" Ἀκράγατος Εὐωνυμῶν τε πατέρων Ἀωτον, ὀρθόπολιν

Hymni dominantes Cytharæ, quem Deum, quem Heroem, quem Virum celebrabimus? Pisa quidem Jovis est, Olympicum autem certamen instituit Hercules, primitias belli, sed Theronem ob cuius in quadragis victorem sonas oportet voce, justum & hospitalem, columnen Agrigenti, laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium

1 Whereas *Pindar* addresses himself to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muse*, which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιδόρμυξ, then the *Ode* which she makes. Some interpret Ἀναξιδόρμυγες passively (?) as subjects of the *Ἥαιρ*, but the other sense is more *Grammatical*

2 *Horace* translates this beginning, *Lib 1 Ode 12 Quem virum aut Heroa Lyræ vel acris Tibid sumes celebrari Cho Quin Deum cuius resonet jocosa Nomen Imago?* The latter part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the order, but the other is more natural, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man*

3 *Pisa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth year by the *Institution of Hercules*, after he had slain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, surnamed *Olympicus* from the Mountain *Olympus*. which is just by *Pisa*

4 Ἀκρόθινα. *First fruits*, from ἀκρον the *Top*, and θιν an *Heap*, because they were taken from the *Top* of the *Heap* of Corn, &c. Some interpret it, the spoils of war dedicated to the *Gods*, so the old Greek Scholast. I think the *Olympique Games* are so called, because they were sacred exercises that disposed and improved men for the war, a *Sacred bloodless War*, dedicated to the *Gods*

2

Καμύντες, οἱ πολλὰ θυμῷ ἱερὸν ἔσχον οἰκημα Ποταμοῦ Σικελίας τε ἔσαν Ὀφθαλμος, ἄων τ' ἔφε πε μόρσιμος πλοῦτον τε καὶ χάριν ἄγων Ἰγυσίαις ἐπ' ἀρεταῖς, Ἄλλ' ὧ Κρόνιε παῖ Πέας Ἑδὸς Ὀλυμπον νέμων, Ἀέθλων τε κορυφάν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλφειοῦ Ἰανθελς δαυδαῖς Εὐφρων αρουραν ἐτι πα τριαν σφίσιν κόμισον

Qui cum multum laborassent animo, sacrum obtinuerunt sedem fluvii, Siciliæque fuerunt oculus, Vitaque, insequeretur felix, divitiæ & gratiam afferens natus virtutibus Verum O Saturnie fili Rheæ, sedem Olympi habitans, & certaminum summmitatem, viamque, Alphæi, dilectatus Hymnis, benevolus, arum patrum adhuc ipsis cura & postero generi

1 They say, that *Emon* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Cadmus*, having slain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicily*, where he built *Agrigentum*, and from him to *Theron* are reckoned many Generations, but the Progenitors of *Theron* in a right line, came not thither till a long time after

2 I rather chuse to call *Agrigentum*, then *Therons* Ancestors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye of Sicily*. The Metaphor in this sense is more natural

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So *Julian* terms *Damascus*, τῆς ἐώας ἀπάσης ὀφθαλμὸν, The *Eye* of all the *East* So *Catullus*, *Sermion*, *Insularium ocellum*, The *Eye* of Islands *Agrigentum* took the name from the River *Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it stands, that from ἄκρον and γῆ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, An especial soil, or from ἀγρός and γῆ, I and good for the plow I know very well, that it is not certain that this Town was built by *Therons* Ancestoils, neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there nevertheless, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to tal e that sense which pleases me best

3 *Jupiter*

4 The *River* of *Elys*, by the side of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated

3

Λοιπὼ γένοι τῶν δε πεπραγμένων Ἐν δίκῃ τε καὶ παρα δίκαν Ἀπολήτων οὐδ' ἂν Χρόνος ο παντων πατηρ Δυναίτο θέμεν ἔργων τέλος Λάβα δὲ πτόμῳ συν εὐδαίμονι γένοιτ' ἂν, Ἐσλὼν γαρ ὑπὸ χαρματων Πῆμα θνασκει παλὺγκοτον δαμασθεν Ὅταν θεοὺ μοῖρα πέμπῃ Ἀνεκας ὀλβον ὑψηλὸν, Ἐπεται δὲ λόγος ευθρόνοις, Κάδμοιο κουραις ἔπα θον αὶ μεγάλα, πένθος Δε πιτνεί βαρυ Κρεσσόνων πρὸς αγαθὼν, Ζῶει μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις Ἀποθανοῖσα βρόμῳ Κεραυνοῦ τανυέθει ρα Σεμέλῃ, φιλεῖ Δέ μιν Παλλὰς αἰεὶ Καὶ Zeus πατηρ μαλα, φιλεῖ Δε παῖς ο κισσο φόρος Δέγοντι δ ἐν καὶ θαλασσῃ Μετα κόραισι Νηηῆος Ἀλλιας βλοτον ἀφθιτον Ἰνὸς τετάχθαι τὸν δλον αμφὶ χρόνον

Actorum autem vel jure vel injuria infectum ne Tempus quidem omnium patir possit reddere operum finem Sed Oblivio cum sorte prospera fiat Bonus enim a gaudis malum molestum domitum perit, quando divina sors mittit de calo alias divitias Convenit hic sermo Cadmi filibus dono solio collocatis, illa passæ sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis Vivit quidem in calo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis Semele Pallas autem illam amat & maximè Jupiter & filius ejus hederiger Aiumt etiam in mari cum filibus Neiei marinis Inoni vitam immortalem constitutam esse per omne tempus

1 *Euryph* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose,

Ὡ πότνια Διθη τῶν καλῶν ὡς εἰ σοφῇ

Καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχούσιν ευκταία θεῶς!

O *Oblivion* the wise *Disposer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddess* propitious to unhappy men!

2 For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*, because they were both of *Therons* race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus* *Ino*, after her husband *Athamas* in his madness had slun *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild beast, fled with her other Son *Meliceta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea, where, at the desue of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the child a *God*, and her a *Goddess* of the Sea, him by the name of *Palemon*, and her of *Leucothea* See *Ovid Metam* l 4 The Blew ey'd *Nereides* (1) The *Sea Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris* *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self

3 A known Fable See *Ovid Metam* l 3 *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise, that he would deny her nothing, askt that he would lie with her in all his *Majesty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*, which her mortal nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*, but *Bacchus* her child, by *Jupiter*, then in the womb, was saved, for which reason, I call it her *Midwife Thunder*

4 *Secure* Without fear of being burnt again

PINDARIQUE ODES

4

"Ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κέκριται Πείρας οὐ τι θανάτου οὐδ' ασυχιμον αμέραν Ὅποτε παῖδ' ἄλιον Ἀτειρεῖ συν αγαθῷ Τέλειν τασομεν Ροαὶ δ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλαι Εὐθυμῶν τε μέτα και Πόνων ἐς ἀνδρας ἔβαν Ὀυτω δέ μοῖρ' α τε πατρωιον Τόνδ' ἔχει τὸν εὐφρονα πότμον, Θεόρτῳ συν δλβῳ Ἐπί τε και πῆμ' ἄγει Παλιντραπελον ἄλλῳ χρόνῳ, Ἐξ οὐ περ ἔλτεψε Λαιον μόριμος υἱός, Συναυτομενος, ἐν δέ πυ θῶνι χρησθὲν παλαίφατον τέλεσσεν

Certe terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vite, neq, unquam tranquillum diem, filium Solis, stabili cum bono finemus. Sed fluxus alias alia cum volutabatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod pater nam hanc habet jucundam sortem cum divitibus à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo fatalis filius occurrens interfecit Laium, & in Pythone editum Oraculum vetus perfecit

1 Not men that go a journey, but *all men*, who in this life are termed *Viatores, Travellers*

2 *Oedipus Fatal*, because of the *Predictions* *Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocasta* the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsoever she should bring forth, but she moved with natural compassion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, caused one of her servants to expose it in the woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his *feet*, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Headman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth* passing by, found the *Child*, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*, who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son, who being come to mans age, and desirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*, and was answered, that he should meet his Father in *Phocis* whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly slew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocasta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Therons* Ancestor

5

Ἰδοῖσα δ' ὄξεϊ Ἑρμνυς, Πέφνεν εὐὶ συν ἀλλαλο φονία γένος ἀρριον, Λεῖφθῃ δὲ Θέρσανδρος, ἐ ριπόντι Πολυνείκει, Νέοις ἐν αέθλοισ, Ἐν μάχαις τε πολέμου Τιμωμενος Ἀδραστιδιᾶν Θάλας ἀρωγὸν δόμοις Ὅθεν σπέρματος ἔχον τα βίβαν, πρέπει Τὸν Ἀνωσιδαμου Εὔκωλῶν τε μελέων λυρὰν τε, τυγχανέμεν Ὀλυμπία χῆρ γαρ αὐτος, Γέρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι, δ' Ὀμόκλαρον ἐς ἀδελφῶν Ἰσθμοὶ τε κοιναὶ χάρι. τες ἀνθεα τεθρίππων δυωδεκαδρόμων ἀγαγον

Sed intulit Acris Erminys interfecit ea per mutuan cædem prolem maritiam, at relictus est Thersanderi interfecto Polynici juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, ger men auxiliare Adrastum domui, à quo seminis habentem iaducem decet filium Anesidami encomiastica carmina lyrasq, consequi, nam apud Olympiam ipse præmium accepit, apud Pythonam autem & Isthmum communis gratiæ ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim cuius conficiendum

1 One may ask, Why he makes mention of these tragical accidents and actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praise of *Theron* and his Ancestors? I answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them, for which cause, he attributes them to *Fatality*, and to mitigate the thing yet more I adde, *The innocent Participle*

2 *Eteocles* and *Polynices* The War of which two *Brethren*, and their

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slaughter of one another, is made so famous by *Statius* his most excellent *Poem*, that it is needless to tell their *History*

3 *Thersander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army against *Thebes*, to revenge their Fathers deaths, and took it After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at last chosen for his valour to be one of the persons that were shut up in the belly of the wooden *Horse*, and so enter'd the *Troyn* Virg l 2 *Æn*

—*Latæ se robore promunt,*

Thersandrus, Sthenelusq, Dives, & divus Ulysses

4 There are several great actions of *Theron* mentioned in *History*, besides his successes in the *publick Games*, which were in that age, no less honourable than *Victories* in *War*, as that he expelled *Tenillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had usurped, and defeated *Hamilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicily*, the same day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Persians* in that memorable battel of *Salamis*, Herod l 7

5 Because in the *Olympique Games* he obtained the victory alone, in those of *Nemea* and *Isthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the expence of setting forth the Chariots

6

Τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν Πειρώμενον ἀγωνίας Παραλύει δυσφρονῶν Ὁ μὲν πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς Δεδαδαλμένος, Φέρει τῶν τε καὶ τῶν Καιρῶν, βαθεῖαν υπέχων Μέριμναν ἀγροτέραν Ἀσσηρ ἀρίστηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἄνδρ' ἐφέγγος, εἰ δέ μιν ἔχει Τίς, οἶδεν τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μὲν ἐν θάδ' αὐτῇ ἀπάλαμνοι φρένες Πιοινὰς ἔτισαν τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε διὸς ἀρχᾷ Ἄλιτρα λατα γὰς δικάζει τις ἐχθρᾷ λόγον φράσις ἀνάγκη

Successus ceptaminus dispellit molestias, divitæ autem virtutibus ornatae afferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem, sustinentes profundam sollicitudinem (O Divitæ) stella præfulgida, verum hominum lumen! quæ eas habet, citius futurum novit, quod mortuorum hæc intractabiles mentes pœnas luunt, & quæ fiant in hoc Jovis imperio scelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ sententiam pronuntians necessitate

1 The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obscure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendered without much *Paraphrase*

2 This is not a Translation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε διὸς ἀρχᾷ, &c for that is rendered by (*Above*) but an innocent addition to the *Poet*, which does no harm, nor I fear, much Good

7

Ἴσον δὲ νυκτεσσιν αἰεὶ Ἴσον ἐν ἀμέραις ἀλὶ οὐ ἔχοντες ἀπονέστερον Ἑσολοί νέμονται βλο τον οὐ χθόνα ταρᾶσσον τες ἀλκᾷ χερῶν, οὐδὲ πόντιον ὕδωρ, Κεῖνὰν παρα δῖαιταν ἀλ λα παρα μὲν τιμίοις θεῶν οἷτινες ἔχαι ρον ευορκίαις Ἀδακρῶν νέμονται Διῶνα τοι δ' ἀπροσόρα τον ὀκχέοντι πόνρον, Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρις Ἐκατέρωθι μειναντες Ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχειν Ψυχάν, ἔτειλαν διὸς Ὀδὸν παρα Κρόνου τυρσιν

At æqualiter noctu semper, æqualiter interdiu Solem habentes non laboriosi boni degunt vitam, neq, terram neq, marinam aquam vexantes iobore manuum inopem propter vicium, sed apud honoratos deos (vel, Cum is qui honorantur a Diis) illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrymabili fruuntur ævo, alii autem intolerabilem visu patiuntur cruciatum Quicumq, sustinuerunt ter commotiati continere animam ab omnibus injustis peregrerunt Jovis viam ad Saturni ubem

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1 A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner *Valeat Hac Lucet una latè Igne Dei, donec silvas & amana piorum Deveniant, campisq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies*

Virg *Æn* 6 *Devenere locos latos & amana vieta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesq; beatas,
Lai gior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemq; suum, sua sidera norunt*

In which *Homer* shews the way to *Pindar*, and all *Odyss* 4

Ἀλλὰ σ' ἐς Ἠλυσιον πεδὸν καὶ πέλατα γαίης
'Αθάνατοι πέψουσιν, δέῃ ξανθὸς Ραδάμανθους,
Τῇ περ ῥήσῃσι βίωσι πέλει ἀνθρωποισιν,
Οὐ νικητὸς, οὐτ' ἄρ' χειμῶν πολὺς, οὔτε ποτ' οὐμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφυροιο λίγυ πνέοντας ἄγρας
Ἠκεανὸς ἀνίσχιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους

2 According to the opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that souls past still from one body to another, till by length of time, and many pinnances, they had purged away all their imperfections *Virg Æn* 6

—*Pauci læta arva tenemus,
Donec longa dies perfectæ temporis orbe,
Concietam exemit labem, purumq; reliquit
Ætherium sensum atq; auræ simplicis ignem*

And a little before, —*Animæ quibus altera fuit
Corpora debentur*

But the restriction of this to the *third Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else It may be *thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the *Poets*

3 *Saturn* is said to govern here, because the *Golden Age* was under his reign, from the resemblance of the condition of mankind then, to that of the *Blessed* now in the other World

8

Εὐθα μακάριον Νᾶσον Ἠκεανίδες Αἰῶραι περιπνέουσιν, ἀνθεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει Τὰ μὲν χερσὸθεν ἀπ' α' γλαῶν δένδρεων ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει Ὀρμοισι τῶν χέρας ἀνα πλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνοις βοιλαῖς ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ραδάμανθους Ὀν πατὴρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἐτοῖμον αὐτοῦ παρέδρον Πόσις ο' πάντων Ρέας ὑπέρτατον ἐχολόσας θρόνον, Πηλεὺς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται Ἀχιλλεῖα τ' ἐνέικ' ἐπεὶ Ζηρὸς ἦτορ λιταῖς ἐπέισε μάτηρ

Ubi beatorum Insulam Oceanides auræ perfiant, floresq; auri coiscent, alii quædam in limbo ab illustribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum momilibus manus implicant & corollis (capita) juxta iecta decreta Rhadamanthi, quem pater Saturnus maritus Rheæ omnium supremum habentis solum, dignum sibi habet Assessoriem, Peleus, & Cadmus inter hos recensentur, Achillemq; eo transtulit mater, postquam Jovis animum precibus flevit These follows a Description of *Achilles*, from the slaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus*, and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out, and instead of it, to add by what means *Theus* made his *Soul*, that was before so tainted with Anger, Pride, and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this place, which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as she had formerly done his *body*, all but his *heel*, by which she held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable* That the water of *Styx* might have the

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like effects upon his *Soul*, I am authorized to feign, by the common Tradition of the water of *Lethe* whose power upon the *Soul* is no less

1 Of the *three Judges* of the *Dead*, he names only one *Virg En 6*

Grossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, &c

And the Grammarians derive his name from *peia* and *damaw*, from taming men by the severity of his justice *Cadmus* was chosen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent reason, *Theion* being descended from him, as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cruse The *Poets* imitate some times the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *mercy* on whom they *will have mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar merit It was not hard indeed for those two to be admitted here, for *Æacus*, one of the *three Judges*, was *Father* to the *one*, and *Grandfather* to the *other* I make bold to adde, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindars* *honour*, that I may not say, for *mine own*

9

Πολλά μοι νη' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη "Ενδον ἐντι φαρέτρας φωνῶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς Δὲ τὸ παν ἐρμηνέω χατίζει, σοφὸς ὁ πολὺ λα εἰδὼς φύῃ Μᾶθόντες δὲ λαβροὶ Παγ γλωσσία κόρακες ὡς Ἀκράντα γαρυετον, διδὸς πρὸς ὀρνικα θεῖον

Multa mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ intus à Pharetram sunt sonantes prudentibus, apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent Sapiens est qui multa novit naturæ viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut Corvi irrita clamant adversus Jovis Avem divinam

1 The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obscure This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him *Olymp 13* 'Εμὲ δ' ἐνδὺν ἀκόντων ἰέντα ῥόμβον παρὰ σκοπὸν οὐ χρὴ τὰ πολλὰ βέληα καρτύνειν ῥεοῦν *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem prælei scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus* The like is in the first *Olympique*, and divers other places *Horace* in imitation

Prome reconditum Thalia telum, &c

2 *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the first *Nemæan Ode*, &c The Scholast says, he does it in derogation from his adversary *Bacchilides* The comparison of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very nobly extravagant, but it was necessary to enlarge it

[3] The *Poets* feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Joves Thunder*, because of the strength, courage, and swiftness of that Bird They likewise feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a most beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he feasted, and for a more ungodly use *Hor*

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo

4 Nothing but the *Eagle* is said to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that trial of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so

10

"Ἐπεχε νῦν σκοπῷ τόξον "Αγε θυμὲ τίνα βάλλομεν "Εκ μαλθακᾶς αὐτὲ φρενὸς ευκλέας ὁίστους "Ιέντες ἐπὶ τοι "Ακραγαντι τανυσσάμευς ἀνδραῖοι ἐνὲρκιον Δόγον ἀλαθεὶ νόῳ Τεκεῖν μὴ τιν' ἑκατόν Γε ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἄνδρα μᾶλλον Εὐεργέταν πραπίσιν, ἀφ' θορότερόν τε χεῖρα

Intende nunc arcum in scopum agendum anime mi, Quem petimus ex molli mente gloriosas sagittas mittentes? In Agumentum dirigens proferam veia mente iusjurandum pepesisse nullam centum annis civitatem tuam amicus magis benevolunt pectore, & minus invidum manu

PINDARIQUE ODES

I Vllg — *Stygamq, paludem*

Du cujus juuare timent & fallere numen

Castalian waters A fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnassus*, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*, so called from the *Virgin Castalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain*

II

Ἄλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κορος οὐ δίκῃ συναντόμενος ἀλ' ἁ μαργων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλα
γῆσαι θέλων Κρυφὸν τε θέμεν ἐσλῶν κακοῖς ἔργοις, ἐπεὶ ψαμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέ
φεν γεν, ἐκεῖνος ὅσα χαρματ' ἄλ' τοις ἔθηκεν τις ἀν φράσαι δύναιτο

*Sed Invidia laudem invasit iniuste occurrentis, à furiosis viris tumultuari
volens, & occultare beneficia injuriis Siquidem aliena numerum refugit, ille
quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit?*

THE FIRST

Nemeæan Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Chromius, the Son of Agesidamus, a young Gentleman of Sicilie, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-Race in the Nemeæan Games (a Solemnity instituted first to celebrate the Funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honor to the Conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion, the Poet begins with the commendation of his Country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an Island belonging to Sicilie, and a part of Syracuse, being joyned to it by a Bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made Governour of that Town by Hieron From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius his person, which he draws from his great endowments of Mind and Body, and most especially from his Hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches He likens his beginning to that of Hercules, and according to his usual manner of being transported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, passing into a Digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two Serpents in his Cradle, concludes the Ode with that History

ODE

I

- 1 **B**Eauteous Ortygia, the first breathing place
- 2 Of great *Alpheus* close and amorous race,
- 3 Fair *Delos* Sister, the Child-Bed
- 4 Of bright *Latona*, where she bred
- 4 The Original New-Moon,
- Who saw'st her tender *Foie* e'ere the *Horns* were grown

PINDARIQUE ODES

- 5 Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly started out,
 From *Syracusa's* side dost *sprout*
 [6] Thee first my *Song* does greet
 With numbers smooth and fleet,
 As thine own *Horses* airy feet,
 When they young *Chromus* Chariot drew,
 And o're the *Nemeæan* race triumphant flew
 Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
 7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*

2

- 1 With *Jove*, my *Song*, this happy man,
 Young *Chromius* too with *Jove* began,
 From hence came his success,
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,
 Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*
 For whom should we esteem above
 The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*
 'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve
 Lo how it makes this victory shine
 2 O're all the fruitful Isle of *Proserpine* !
 The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
 When the ravisht *Maid* she sought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,
 But cast a weaker light,
 Through *earth*, and *ayr*, and *Seas*, and up to th'*heavenly*
Vault

3

- 1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
 Said *Jove*, and as he said,
 2 Smil'd, and bent his gracious *Head*
 And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
 And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive
 As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
 The *Countrey* thick with *Towns* be set,
 And numberless as *Stars*
 Let all the *Towns* be then
 Replenish'd thick with *Men*,
 Wise in *Peace*, and Bold in *Wars*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*
Nor let their *warlike Lawrel* scorn,
3 With the Olympique *Olive* to be woin,
Whose gentler *Honors* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace* adorn

4

- 1 Go to great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
At *Chromius* Hospitable Gate
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyres* voyce shall but begin
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within
The *Tyrian Beds* thou shalt find ready drest,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feast
The *Table* which is free for every *Guest*,
No doubt will *thee* admit,
And feast more upon *Thee*, then *Thou* on it
Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
2 For as by *Nature* thou dost *Write*,
So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*

5

- 1 *Nature* herself, whilst in the *womb* he was,
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *forming Mass*,
They mov'd the *vital Lump* in every part,
And carv'd the *Members* out with wondrous art"
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit
For the great *Dowre* which *Fortune* made to it
'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,
And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain,
To lose th' *Occasion Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain
Even for *self-concerning ends*,
'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*
Though *Happy men* the *present goods* possess,
Th' *Unhappy* have then share in *future Hopes* no less

PINDARIQUE ODES

6

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
 The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,
 And born the noble *Prize* away,
 Whilst other youths yet at the *Barriere* stay?
 1 None but *Alcides* e're set earlier forth than *He*,
 The *God*, his *Fathers*, Blood nought could restrain,
 'Twas *ripe at first*, and did disdain
 The slow advance of dull *Humanitie*,
 The big-limm'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
 Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurses* hands,
 Wrapt in purple swadling-bands
 When, Lo, by jealous *Juno's* fierce commands,
 Two dreadful *Serpents* come
 Rowling and hissing loud into the roome
 To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* way,
 Forth from their flaming *eyes* dread *Lightnings* went,
 Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts*
 present

7

1 Some of th' amazed *Women* dropt down dead
 With fear, some wildly fled
 About the room, some into corners crept,
 Where silently they shook and wept
 All naked from her bed the *passionate Mother* kept
 To *save* or *perish* with her *Child*,
 She *trembled*, and she *cry'd*, the mighty *Infant* *smil'd*
 2 The *mighty Infant* seem'd well pleas'd
 At his gay gilded foes,
 And as their spotted necks up to the *Cradle* rose,
 With his young warlike hands on both he seis'd,
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hist,
 In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,
 And angry *Circles* cast about,
 Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and poy's'nous *Soul* he squeezes
 out

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8

- 1 With their drawn Swords
 In ran *Amphitryo*, and the *Theban Lords*,
 2 With *doubting Wonder*, and with troubled joy
 They saw the *conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
 Where in deaths pangs, and their own gore they folding lay
 3 When wise *Tiresias* this beginning knew,
 He told with ease the things t'ensue,
 4 From what *Monsters* he should free
 5 The *Earth*, the *Ayr*, and *Sea*,
 6 What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,
 Greater *Monsters* far then *They*
 7 How much at *Phlægras* field the distrest *Gods* should ow
 To their great *Off-spring* here below,
 And how his Club should there outdo,
 8 *Apollo's* silver Bow, and his own *Fathers Thunder* too

9

- 1 And that the *grateful Gods* at last,
 The race of his *laborious Virtue* past,
Heaven, which he *sav'd*, should to him give,
 Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he should for ever live,
 Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his senses please
 In their harmonious golden *Palaces*
 Walk with ineffable Delight
 Through the thick *Groves* of never-withering *Light*,
 And as he walks affright
 [2] The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there

PINDARIQUE ODES

NOTES

I

1 " *Ἀμπνευμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφειοῦ* *Respiramen reverendum Alphæi* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the Poets feigned to have fallen in love with the Nymph *Arelhusa*, whom when he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*, which lest her *Lover* should mix his waters with hers, fled by secret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicilie*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* also followed, and there mingled with her

2 *Δάλου κασιγνήτα* *Delo soror* The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia* I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born, *Sisters* Hom Hymn

χαῖρε μακαρ' ὦ Ἀητοῖ ἐπεὶ τέκες ἄγλαα τέκνα

Ἀπόλλωνα τ' Ἀνακτα καὶ Ἀρτεμιν Ἰοχέαιραν

Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὸν δὲ κραναῇ ἐνὶ Δηλῷ

Which for *Pindars* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cycliades* of the same name

[3] *Δέμιον Ἀρτέμιδος* *Cubile Artemidis* Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it, *Latona's Child Bed*, than her *Bed*

4 Because other *New Moons* seem but returns of *Diana* (which is the same with the Goddess *Luna*) then she had her beginning

5 *Κλειῶν Συρακοσσῶν βαλος* *Germen incliyarum Syracusarum*, for the reason mentioned in the Argument

6 *Σέθεν ἡδυεπὴς ὄμος ορμάται θέμεν ἄλινον δειλοπόδων μέγαν ἱππῶν Ζητος Αἰναιῶν χάριν* *Ἄρμια δ' ὄρνυει χρομίον Νεμέα θ' ἔργμασιν νικαφόροις Ἑγκωμιῶν ζευξας μέλος* *A te suavis loquens Hymnus cum impetu aggeredatur exponere magnam laudem procellipedum equorum in Jovis Ætnæi gratiam, Curri us etiam Chionni & Nemea me iuvant ut adjungam meum laudatorum melos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus*

7 In *Nemea*, because *Hercules* having slain the *Nimæean Lyon*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeæo*, and dedicate the Games to him In *Thee* For having given this Island to *Proserpine*, for *Ceres* sake, for the birth of *Diana*, for being himself surnamed (as before) *Ætnean Jupiter*, from *Ætna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forged

2

1 *Ἀρχαὶ δὲ βέβληνται θεῶν Κελνοῦ συν ἀνδρὸς δαιμονίαις ἀρεταῖς* *"Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πανδοξίας ἄκρον*

Proemia sumpta sunt à Dns & illius viri felicitibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloriæ

2 Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Ætna*, and carried with her all about the world in the search of *Proserpine*, *Claudian* speaks thus, *L. 3 de R Proserp*

—Quacumq, ut, in æquore fulvis

Adnatai umbra fretis, extremâq, lucis imago

Italiam Lybiâmq, ferit, clarescit Hetruscum

Littus, & accenso resplendent æquore Syrtis

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipped, her *Statue* was made with *Torches* in her hands See *Full 4 Act in Veri*

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3

1 Νῦν ἔχειρ ἀγλαὰν τινα νασφ Ταν Ολύμπου δεσπότης Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν
Περσεφόνη κατένευ σὲν τέ οἱ χαίταις ἀριστ εὖοισαν ευκαρπου χθονὸς Σικελίαν
πλείραν ὀρθῶ σεν κορυφαῖς πολλῶν ἀφνεαῖς ὠπασε δε κρονίων Πολέμου μναστήρα
οἱ χαλκεντέος Λαὸν ἱππαιχμον, θαμα δη καὶ Ολυμ. πιάδων φυλλοῖς ἐλαῖδν
χρυσέοις μυχθέντα

*Nunc excita splendorum aliquem Insula quam Olympi Dominus Jupiter
dedit Proserpine & annuit capillis se principem fertilis soli Siciliam pinguem
exaltatum culebris fastigis civitatum, deditiq, eis Saturnius populum equis
gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui sæpè etiam foliis aureis Olympiacarum
Olivarum se innuisceret*

2 Κατένευσέν τέ οἱ χαίταις Is very eloquent in the Greek, but I knew
not how to render it but by *Head* Homer expresses the same sense most
excellently Π 1

Ἡ καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεύσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβροσίου δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρωσαντο ἀνακτος
Κρατος ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο

3 Pindar in his third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Error* (but
pardonable in those times) says, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hyperboreans* at
the Fountain of *Ister*, or the *Danube* Plants of *Wild Olive*, to set about the
Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*, and ordained, that the *Conquerors* in those Games
should alwaies be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be askt,
in the celebration of a *Nemeæan* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique*
Prizes born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? Some say, that in
the *Nemeæan Games* too, the like Olive Garlands were used at first before those
of *Agium*, which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate
a funeral, as the general opinion is I think he chuses the *Olympique Games*,
only because they were the most famous of all

4

1 Ἔσταν δ' ἐπ' αὐλαῖς θυραῖς Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξένου καλὰ μελπόμενος, Ἐνθα
μοι ἀρμόδιον Δείπνον κεκόσμηται, θαμὰ δ' ἀλλοδαπῶν οὐκ ἀπειρατοὶ δόμοι ἐντὶ

*Stetit autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi convivens
cæna adornata est, neq, enim frequentium peregrinorum ignara sunt aedes ejus*

2 Τέχραι ἐπ' ἐτέρων ἑτεραι χρῆ δ' ἐν ευθείαις ὁδοῖς Στείχοντα μάρνασθαι
φουσι Αἰῶς αἰσίου αἰες σὺντ, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantiem naturā
pugnare

5

1 Πράσσει γὰρ ἔργῳ μὲν σθένος Βουλαῖσι δὲ φρήν ἐσδόμενον προιδεῖν Συγγενὲς
οἷς ἔπειτα, Ἀγασιδάμου παῖ σέο δ' ἀμφὶ τρώπῳ τῶν τε καὶ τῶν χρήσιες οὐκ ἔραμαι
πολὸν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον καταρτυφαις ἔχειν Ἀλλ' ἐόντων εὐ τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκοῇ
σαι φίλοις ἐφαρκέων κοιναὶ γὰρ ἔρχοντ ἐλπίδες Πολυπύωνων ἀνδρῶν *Auxiliatur
enim operi quidem iobui, consiliis autem mens, quibus naturalis est futurorum
providentia, Tuus autem in moribus, o Agesidami fili, horum & illorum est
usus Non cupio multas in aedibus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex us quæ
adiuvant bona percipere, & bene audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt
spes ærumnosorum*

6

1 Ἐγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέος ἀντέχομαι προφρόνως Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρετῶν μεγάλαις
Ἀρχαῖον ὠτρυνων λόγον, &c

*Ego autem Herculem amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis
antiquum proferens sei monem, &c*

PINDARIQUE ODES

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the story of *Hercules*, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous

7

1 Ελ δ' ἀρ ἀπ' αἴατον δέος Πλάζε γυναικάς οσαι τυχόν Ἀλκμηνας ἀρηγοῖσαι
λέχει· Καὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ ποσσὶν ἀπεπλος ορούσαις' ἀπὸ στραμνῶς οἷως Ἀμνυν υβριν
κνωδάλων

*Intolerabilis melius percussit mulieres quæ inseruebant Alcmenæ lecto,
quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus prosiiciens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam
bestiarum*

2 Ες θαλάμου μυχὸν ευρὺν ἔβαν Τέλνοισιν ὠκείας γυναικας Ἀμφίλκασθαι
μεμῶτες, ο δ' ὅρ θον μὲν ἀντεινεν κἀρα Πειρῶτο δὲ πρῶτον μαχῆς *In thalami
penetratitia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille
rectum extendit caput, & spectamen primum pugna edidit* I leave out the
mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would
but embroil the story, and adds nothing to the *similitude* *Pherecidis* writes,
that *Amphitryo* himself put these *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was
his, and which *Jupiter's* Son

8

1 Ταχὺ δὲ Καδμείων ἀγοὶ χαλ κέοις συν ὅπλοις ἀθρόοι ἐδραμον Ἐν χερὶ δ'
Ἀμφιτρων κολεοῦ γυμνὸν ξίφος ἐκνωσάσων *Iket' ὀξείας ἀνίσαι τυποῖς* *Con
festini autem Cadmaeorum duces ævis cum armis accurrerunt, Amphitryo quoq;
nudum vaginâ enseni quatrens venit acutis doloribus sauciis* I leave out a
sentence that follows, which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose
in that place

2 This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἔστα δὲ θαμβεὶ δυσφόρῳ
Τερπνῶ τε μυχθῆις, *Constitit autem stupore acerbo delectabilis permixtus*

3 Τείτονα δ' ἐκκάλεσαν διδς νῦν στου προφάταν ἔξοχον Ὀρθόμαντιν Τηρησίαν
ο δὲ οἱ φράζε καὶ παντὶ στρατῷ Ἰλλοῖς ομιλήσει τυχαις *Vicinum itaq; adeo
cauti Jovis altissimi Prophetam eximium vera vaticinantem Tiresiam, hic autem
ei dixit totiq; turba in quibus versaturus esset fortunis*

4 Ὅσσους μὲν ἐν χέρῳ κτανων Ὅσσους δὲ πόντῳ θήρας αἰδροδικας Καὶ τινα
συν πλᾶγλῳ Ἀνδρῶν κορυφαίοντα τον ἐχθροτατον φᾶσέ νιν δώσωεν μῆρον Καὶ
γὰρ οταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ φλέγρας γιγαντῶσιν μαχῶν Ἀνταγῶσεν βελῶν ὑπὸ ρι
παῖσι κελνὸν φαίδιμαν γαῖα πεφυρσεσθαι λόβαν *Quot in terra interfecti irus esset
quot in mari belluas perniciosas, & civium hominum cum obliquâ insolentia in
cedentis immensus moiem daret, quinetiam cum Di cum Gigantibus in campo
Phlegrae praelio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu procliam pulveri commixtum
ire illorum comam* Where I have ventured to change what he says of his
Darts, into his *Club*, that being his most famous Weapon

5 The *Earth*, as the *Erymanthian Bore*, the *Nemæan Lyons* The
Air, as the *Stymphalian Birds* And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the
Scholiast says he slew, and cites *Homer* for the Story

6 As *Antæus*, *Busiris*, *Augias*, &c

7 The place of the battle between the *Gods* and the *Giants*, was *Phlegra*,
a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounced an Oracle, that the *Giants*
could not be destroyed, but by the help of *two Heroes*, or *Half Gods*, for
which purpose, the *Gods* made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their
assistance got the victory *Phlegra* is called so, ἀπο τοῦ φλέγεσθαι, *To burn* or,
perhaps, because of the *Giants* being destroyed there chiefly by *Thunder*, or,
as others, from *Baths of Hot water* which arise there *Eustathius* says, it was

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likewise called *Pallene*, and give occasion to the Fable of the *Gyants* fight, from the wickedness of the Inhabitants

8 According to *Homer's* ordinary *Epithete* of *Apollo*, *Αργυρότοξος*, *Silver bow'd*

9

1 *Αὐτὸν μὲν ἐν εἰρῇ καὶ τὸν ἀπαντὰ χρόνον σκερῶ Ἕσυχίαν καμάτων
μεγάλων ποῖαν λαχόντα ἐξαίροντα Ὀλβίους ἐν δώμασι δεξαμένον θαλερὰν Ἥβαν
ἄκοιτιν καὶ γαμὸν δάσαντα παρ Διὶ Κρονίδῃ Σεμνὸν αἰνήσειν δόμον Ἰψὺν
vero in pace omne tempus deinceps ætium, tranquillitatem magnorum labo-
rum præmium eximium consequutum, receptâ in beatis ædibus Hebe conjuge
florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo Jovis venerandi quam ipse administratione
videt*

2 The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the *Astronomers* They might be fought by *Hercules*, because he was the famous *Monster Killer*

The Praise of Pindar

In Imitation of *Horace* his second *Ode*, B 4

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c

I

1 *Pindar* is imitable by none,
The *Phoenix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone*
Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindars unnavigable Song
Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along,
The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice*
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise

2

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
1 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,
Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
2 Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul

PINDARIQUE ODES

- Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings
 In a no less *Immortal strain*,
- 3 Or the great *Acts of God-descended Kings*,
 Who in his Numbers still survive and *Reign*
 Each rich embroidered *Line*,
 Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
 By his sacred Hand is bound,
- 4 Does all their *starry Diadems* outshine

3

- Whether at *Pisa's* race he please
- 1 To *carve* in polisht *Verse* the *Conque'rors Images*,
 2 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skulful*, or the *Strong*,
 Be crowned in his *Nimble, Artful, Vigorous Song*
- 3 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
 In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
 Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing* words,
 As *joy* to'his *Mothers* and his *Mistress grief* affords
 He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
- 4 Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*
 The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,
 So *small* is *Deaths*, so *great* the *Poets* power

4

- Lo, how th'obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Ayr*
- [1] The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
 Into the *walks of Clouds*, where he does play,
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way
 Whilst, alas, my *tim'rous Muse*
Unambitious tracks pursues,
 Does with weak unballast wings,
 About the *mossy Brooks* and *Springs*,
 About the *Trees* new-blossom'd *Heads*,
 About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
 About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
 And all *inferior beauteous things*
 Like the laborious *Bee*,
 For little drops of *Honey* flee,
 And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Industrie*

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NOTES

I

I **P**indar was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they saw more in him than we do now. Insomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite buint and destroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander the Great*) both times the *House* wherein he had lived was alone preserved by publick Authority, as a place sacred and inviolable. Among the very many Elogies of him, I will only cite that of *Quintilian* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better Judge) L. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lynceorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententis, figuris beatissimus, rerum veiorumq; copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applies *Horace* his similitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*, but it is such a *River*, as when *Poetical Fury*,

*Tanquam fera diluvies quætetum
Irritat animum.* *Hor.*

And like the rest of that description of the *River*,
*Nunc pace delabentis Hetruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis undâ non sine montium
Clanione vicinâq; silvâ.*

For which reason, I term his Song *Unnavigable*, for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not strong built and well ballasted. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*, from the unexhausted abundance of his *Invention*.

2

I There are none of *Pindar's Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, δις ἐς θυρὰν ἀναβαίνειν, come into the world through two Doors, his *Mother Semeles Womb*, and his *Father Jupiters Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verse, which others also attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himself in the 13. *Olymp* seems to give the *Invention* to the *Corinthians*. Ταὶ Διονυσίου πόθεν ἐξεφάναν συν βοηλάτῃ χαρίτες Διθυράμβῳ. Unde *Bacchi exortæ sunt venustates cum Boves agente Dithyrambo*. For it seems an *Ox* was given in reward to the *Poet*, but others interpret βοηλάτῃ παρὰ τὴν βοῆν, from the loud repeating or singing of them. It was a bold, free, enthusiastic kind of Poetry, as of men inspired by *Bacchus*, that is, *Half Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*

Διθυραμβοποιῶν νοῦν ἔχεις ἐλάττωνα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet*.

And another,

Οὐκ ἐστὶ Διθυραμβος ἂν ὕδωρ πίνη

There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking water.
Something like this kind (but I believe with less *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19. *Ode* of the 2. B.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.*

PINDARIQUE ODES

And neerer yet to it comes his 25 Ode of the 4 B *Quo me Bacche raptus tui plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is presently *half mad*, and promises I know not what,

*Dicam usigne recens,
Indictum ore alio And,
Nil parvum aut humilit modo,
Nil mortale loquar*

And then he ends like a man ranting in his drunk, that falls suddenly asleep

[2] *Banks, natural, Dikes, artificial* It will neither be bounded and circumscribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*

3 Almost all the ancient *Kings* to make themselves more venerable to their subjects, derived their pedigree from some *God*, but at last that would not content them, and they made *themselves Gods*, as some of the *Roman Emperours*

4 *Diadems* (which were used by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark of Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribbon* about the head, set and adorned with precious stones, which is the reason I call them *Starry Diadems* The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about*

3

1 The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique Games*, were not only Crowned with a *Garland of Wild Olive*, but also had a *Statue* erected to them

2 The chief Exercises there were *Running, Leaping, Wrestling*, the *Discus*, which was the casting of a great round Stone, or Ball, made of Iron or Brass, The *Cestus*, or *Whorle bats*, *Horse Races* and *Chariot Races*

3 For he wrote *Threnes*, or *Funeral Elegies* but they are all lost, as well as his *Hymns, Tragedies, Encomia*, and several other works

4 So *Hor* 1 4 Od 25

Stellis inserere, & concilio Jovis

4

1 From the *Fabulous*, but universally received *Tradition* of *Swans singing* most sweetly before their *Death* (though the truth is *Geese* and *They* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have assumed to themselves the title of *Swans*, *Hor* 1 2 Od 20 would be believed to be *Metamorphosed* into one, *Jani, jam, residunt cruribus æpeiæ Pelles, & album mutior in autem Superne* (or *Superna*) *nascunturq, leves Per digitos humerósq, plumæ* The *Anthologie* gives the same name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγγύλης ἐλικωνίος ἱσθάρου κυκνος, Ἰλνδαρος ἱμερόφωρος Sweet tongued *Pindar* the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes* So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*, *Theocritus* terms the *Poets*, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muses*, which the *Commentators* say, is in allusion to *Swans*, to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσῶν ὀρνιθες, and in another place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος παρέδροι A bold word, which I know not how to render but they were consecrated to *Apollo*, and consequently beloved by the *Muses* and *Poets*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The Resurrection

I

- I **N**ot *Winds* to *Voyagers* at *Sea*,
Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more necessary be,
(*Heav'ens* vital seed cast on the *womb* of *Earth*
To give the fruitful *Year* a *Birth*)
Then *Verses* to *Virtue*, which can do
The *Midwives* Office, and the *Nurses* too,
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And when it dyes, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
That never will decay
Till *Heaven* it self shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay

2

- Begin the *Song*, and strike the *Living Lyre*,
Lo how the *Years* to come, a numerous and well-fitted *Quire*,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my *Song* with smooth and equal measures dance
[1] Whilst the *dance* lasts, how long so e're it be,
My *Musicks* voyce shall bear it companie
Till all gentle *Notes* be diown'd
In the last *Trumpets* dreadful sound
[2] That to the *Spheres* themselves shall *silence* bring,
Untune the *Universal String*
Then all the wide extended *Sky*,
And all th'*harmonious Worlds* on high,
And *Virgils* sacred *work* shall dy
3 And he himself shall see in one *Fire* shine
Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*

3

- I Whom *Thunders* dismal noise,
And all that *Prophets* and *Apostles* louder spake,
And all the *Creatures* plain *conspiring voyce*,
Could not whilst they *liv'd*, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When *Dead* t'arise,
And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*

PINDARIQUE ODES

2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thousand years
 This mightier *Sound* shall make its *Hearers Ears*
 Then shall the scatter'd *Atoms* crowding come
 Back to their *Ancient Home*,
 Some from *Birds*, from *Fishes* some,
 Some from *Earth*, and some from *Seas*,
 Some from *Beasts*, and some from *Trees*
 Some descend from *Clouds* on high,
 Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
 And where th'*attending Soul* naked, and shivering stands,
 Meet, salute, and joyn their hands
 As disperst *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call,
 Hast to their *Colours* all
 Unhappy most, like *Tortur'd Men*,
 Their *Joynts* new set, to be new rackt agen
 To *Mountains* they for *shelter* pray,
 The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less *confus'd* then *They*

4

Stop, stop, my *Muse*, allay thy vig'orous heat,
 Kindled at a *Hint* so Great
 Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,
 Which does to *rage* begin,
 And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,
 'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Mouth'd Horse*,
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,
 Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*
 Now *prauces* stately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
 Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *pace*,
Conscious and *proud* of his own *natural force*
 'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,
 But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*

NOTES

I

1 THIS Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14 *Olymp* Εστιν ανθρωποις ανεμων δε πλειεστα χοησις, εστι δ' ουρανιων υδατων ομβριων παιδων νεφελας Ει δε συν πονω τις εθ' πρασσοι μελιγαρνες υμνοι υστερων αρχαι λογων τελλεται και πιστον ερκειον

ABRAHAM COWLEY

μεγαλαὶ ἀρεταὶς *Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum celestium, filiarum nubes, sed siquis cum labore recte faciat dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futura gloria, & factus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus*

1 Whilst the *Motion of Time* lasts, which is compar'd to a *Dance*, from the regular measures of it

2 According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better besit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*

3 Shall see the whole *world burnt* to ashes like *Troy*, the destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands* The walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*

3

1 No natural effect gives such impressions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder*, as we may see by the examples of some wicked Emperours, who though they were Atheists, and made *themselves Gods*, yet confess a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves

Hic erat *Cælo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem*

And *Lucret* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very sound of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

Quem neq, fama Deum, neq, fulmina, nec minitanti

Murmure compressit calum, &c

Yet the *Prophets* and *Apostles* voyce is truly term'd *Louder*, for as *S Paul* says, the voyce of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable *world*, *Εἰς πᾶσαν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθγγος αὐτῶν*

2 The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is, that the world is to last six thousand years (*Ἐκτὴ ἐν γενεῇ καταπαύσεται κόσμος*) and that the *seventh Thousand* is to be the *Rest or Sabbath of Thousands* but I could not say, *Sluggards of Six thousand years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept it all The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five Thousand*

The Muse

I

1 **G**O, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare,
The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the all,
Unruly *Phansie* with strong *Judgment* trace,
Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* joyn with it,
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
Harness all the *winged race*
Let the *Postillion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coachman Art* be set

PINDARIQUE ODES

And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside,
 Make a long row of *goodly pride*
Figures, Comets, Raptures, and Sentences
 In a well-worded *dress*
 And *innocent Loves*, and *pleasant Truths*, and *useful Lies*,
 In all their gaudy *Liveries*
 Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
 And bid it to put on,
 For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,
 And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *winters Day*

2

Where never *Foot* of *Man*, or *Hoof* of *Beast*,
 The passage prest,
 1 Where never *Fish* did *fly*,
 And with short silver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*
 2 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did nere
Row through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*
 Where never yet did pry
 The busie *Mornings* curious *Ey*
 The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free,
 And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*
 3 Whatever *God* did *Say*,
 Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *way*
 Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
 Thou 'hast thousand *worlds* too of thine *own*
 Thou speakst, great *Queen*, in the same *stile* as *He*,
 And a *New world* leaps forth when *Thou* say'st, *Let it Be*

3

1 Thou fadom'est the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* past,
 And canst pluck up with ease
 The *years* which Thou dost please,
 Like shipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast
 Long since into the *Sea*,
 Brought up again to *light* and publique *Use* by *Thee*
 Nor dost thou only *Dive* so low,
 But *Fly*
 With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
 2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

There into the close *Nests* of *Time* do'st peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *shell*, and the thick *White* do'st spie,
Years to come a forming lie,
[3] Close in their sacred *Secondine* asleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat
Which o're them yet does *brooding* set
They *Life* and *Motion* get,
And *ripe* at last with vigorous might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*

4

And sure we may
The same too of the *Present* say,
If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey
Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make
This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,
1 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*
The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,
Men scarce can see it, much less *tast*,
Thou *Comfitest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*
This shining piece of *Ice*
[2] Which melts so soon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Verse* does solidate and *Chrystallize*,
Till it a lasting *Mirror* be
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,
3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*

NOTES

I

1 *Phindar* in the 6 *Olymp* has a *Phansie* somewhat of this kind, where he says, ὦ φίλτις ἀλλὰ ζεύξον ἡδὴ μοι σθένος ἡμιόνων Ἄ τάχος ὄφρα κελευθῶ τ' ἐν καθαρῇ βασίμην ὁκχον Sed, ὁ Phinty, *junge jam mihi robur Mularum quibus celeritas est, ut viâ puiâ ducamus currum* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he speaks to his own Soul O, my *Soul*, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair way Some make *φίλτις* to be a Dialect for *φίλτις* as if he should say, Oh my friend

PINDARIQUE ODES

Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot driver*. The *Aurea Carm* use the same *Metaphor*, *Ἡρώων ἡνδρῶν ὁρῶας καθυπερβον ἄπλοτον* *Aurighi supernè constitutè optimè ratione*, Making right *Reason* the *Chariot driver* of the *Soul* *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, *Ὅχημα τῆς ψυχῆς*, The *Chariot* of the *Soul*

2

1 For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *Wings* do to *Buds*, and the *Scripture* it self gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low Sky*, where it says, *Gen 1 6 Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters*

2 This *Metaphor* was used by the ancient *Poets*, *Virg Æn 1*
Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum
 And elsewhere *Lucret* before him, *L 6*

Remigi oblata pennarum
Ovid in his *Epistle* applies the same to *Mens Arms*
Remis ego corporis utar
 I'll use the *Bodies Oars*

[3] *Whatsoever God made*, for his saying, *Let it be*, made all things The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Faires*, &c makes *persons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beasts*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and insensible things to act above the possibility of their natures, as to *understand* and *speak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of *Invention*

3

1 That is The subject of *Poetry* is all *Past*, *Futur e* and *Present Times*, and for the *Past*, it makes what choice it pleases out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion*

2 According to the vulgar (but false) opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over mens *actions* and *Fortunes* There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding*

3 The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *womb*, so called, because it *follows* the *Child* In *Latine Secunda*, as in the 9 *Epistle* of *Seneca*, where he says "most admirably Sed ut ex barbè capillos detonsos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem quo receptaculum suum referatur, ignis illud exurat, an feræ distrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad se pertinet e iudicat quam *Secundas* ad editum infantem

4

1 A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the *year*

2 Because the course of the *Sun* seems to consume *Time*, as the *Beams* of it do *Ice*

3 There are two sorts of *Eternity*, from the *Present backwards* to *Eternity*, and from the *Present forwards*, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte post* These two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Present Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but *Poetry* makes it extend to all *Eternity to come*, which is the *Half Circle*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To Mr Hobs

I

V Ast *Bodies* of *Philosophie*
I oft have seen, and read,
But all are *Bodies Dead*,
Or *Bodies* by *Art* fashioned,
I never yet the *Living Soul* could see,
But in thy *Books* and *Thee*
'Tis onely *God* can know
Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show
Agree intirely with his *own* or no
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so *like Truth* 'twill serve our turn as well
Just, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
As full of *Concord* their *Variety*,
As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* rest,
And all so *Solid* are that they at least
As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness* detest

2

- 1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *universal Intellectual* reign,
- 2 Saw his own Countreys short-liv'd *Leopard* slain,
- 3 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftner *renewed* his *Age*, and saw that *Dy*
- 4 *Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet* possest,
And chas'd by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place
So did this noble *Empire* wast,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the *School-mens* hands it perisht quite at last
Then nought but *Words* it grew,
And those all *Barb'arous* too
It *perisht*, and it *vanisht* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air*

PINDARIQUE ODES

3

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
 Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,
 In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
 And boast of *past Fertility*,
 The *poor relief* of *Present Poverty*
 Food and *Fruit* we now must want
 Unless new *Lands* we *plant*
 We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands*,
 Old *Rubbish* we remove,
 To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,
 I And with fond *Divining Wands*
 We search among the *Dead*
 For *Treasures Buried*,
 Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold
 So many *Virgin Mines* of undiscover'd *Gold*

4

[1] The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*,
 And slender-limb'd *Mediterranean*,
 Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit
 For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*
 Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,
 And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
 Till unknown *Regions* it descries,
 Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of new *Philosophies*
 Thy task was harder much than his,
 For thy learn'd *America* is
 Not onely found out first by *Thee*,
 And rudely left to *Future Industrie*,
 But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,
 Has *planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd* it

5

[1] I little thought before,
 (Nor being my *own self* so *poor*
 Could comprehend so vast a *store*)
 That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,
 Could have afforded half enuff,
 Of *bright, of new, and lasting stuff*,
 To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

[2] Thy solid *Reason* like the *shield* from heaven
 To the *Trojan Heroes* given,
 Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
 Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,
 And *Wonders* on it grave'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,
 A *shield* that gives delight
 Even to the *enemies* sight,
 Then when they're sure to *lose* the *Combat* by't

6

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed
 Upon thy reverend *Head*,
 Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
 But all which thou hast *bin*,
 And all that *Youth* can *be* thou'rt yet,
 So fully still dost *Thou*
 Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
 And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Fever* too
 [1] So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* top conspire,
 Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*
 A secure *peace* the *faithful Neighbors* keep,
 Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flame* does *sleep*
 And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Causes*, we shall see
 That thus it *needs must be*,
 To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to *Dye*, for ever must be *Young*

NOTES

2

1 *Aristotle*, So called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, situated near the Bay of *Sirimon* in *Macedonia*

2 Outlasted the *Græcian Empire*, which in the Visions of *Daniel*, is represented by a *Leopard*, with four wings upon the back, and four heads, *Chap* 7 v 6

3 Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out lived it

4 For *Aristotles Philosophy* was in great esteem among the *Asiabans* or *Saracens*, witness those many excellent Books upon him, or according to his principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others *In sight of Mahumet* because his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those people he had first to deal withall, and aiming only at greatness of

PINDARIQUE ODES

Empire by the Sword, forbids all the studies of *Learning*, which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continued so, till it was extinguish'd with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations* *Mecha*, is the *Town* in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born

3

1 *Virgula Divina*, or a *Downing Wand* is a two forked branch of an *Hazel tree*, which is used for the finding out either of *Venus*, or hidden *Treasures* of *Gold* or *Silver* and being carry'd about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the place where they lye

1 All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in these *Seas* they seldom ventur'd into the *Ocean*, and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coast about near the shoie

5

1 The meaning is, that his *Notions* are so *New*, and so *Great*, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out *words* to express them clearly, as no *Wardrobe* can furnish *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before, for the *Cloaths* were made according to some *Measure* that then was

2 See the excellent description of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan* at the request of *Venus*, for her Son *Aeneas*, at the end of the 8 Book of *Æn*

—*Et clypeus non enarrabile textum,*

Whereon was graven all the *Roman History*, and withal, it was so strong, that in the 12 B when *Turnus* strook with all his force (which was not small you may be sure in a *Poetical Hero*)

—*Corpore toto*

Alid sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem

Insomuch, that it frighted all *Aeneas* his friends

(*Exclamant Troes trepidiq, Latini*)

Instead of piercing through these arms,

Pes fidus ensis

Frangitur, in medioq, ardentem deserit ictu,

Ne fuga subsidio subeat

Which is just the case of mens arguing against *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reason*, for when their argumentation is broken, they are forced to save themselves by flight, that is by *evasions*, and seeking still new ground, and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good service upon the rest of the *Trojans*

Isq, dru, dum tega dabant palantia Teucri

Suffecit, postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,

Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu fuitis ictu

Dissiliuit

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*

6

1 The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud L 1 de Raptu Pros*

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,

Scit nubibus servare fidem, pariterq, favillis

Durescit glacies, tanti secuta vaporis

Arcano defensa gelu, fumoque, fidei

Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy
Do Thou nor grieve nor blush to be,
As all th'inspired tuneful Men,
And all thy great Forefathers were from Homer down to Ben

NOTES

I

1 **T**His *Ode* is written upon an extravagant supposition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Chess*, which if they did, the spectators would have reason as much to believe, that the pieces moved themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Man/ind*, when we see them exercise so many, and so different actions. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Di nos quasi Pila homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they strike away at last, and still call for new ones. And *S Paul* says, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter*.

2 For a *Pawn* being the least of the pieces, if it can get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then has both another name, and other *Motions* and *Powers*, for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to such an height.

3 *Manum injucientibus fati* (says *Amm. Marcellin*) *hebetantur sensus hominum & obtunduntur*. When the *Fates* lay hold on a Man, when they arrest him, he's confounded, and loses his wits. And *Vell. Patere* speaking of the defeat of *Quintil. Varus*. *Prævalebant jam fata consiliis omnemq; animi vim perstrinxerant, quippe id se res habet, ut qui fortunam rutaturus sit, etiam consilia corrumpat*. *Fatality* grew too strong for *Humane Counsels*, and dazzled the sight of his judgment, for so it also happens, that the *designs* and *counsels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to perish*.

2

1 *Αἰεὶ γὰρ ἐν πλείουσιν οἱ θεῶν κύβοι*. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never fling out. *Thucydides* says, with admirable shortness and weight, *Δεινὰ γὰρ ὥρπα ξλαὶ συγκρῆσαι καὶ συκιδᾶσαι τὰ ἐκδοτῶν ἀμαρτήματα*. Which *Sallust* imitating, renders yet shorter, and beats him, as *Seneca* says, at his own weapon. *Res secunda mirè vitis sunt oblitus*. *Faults* are not visible through *Prosperity* and therefore the old *Greek Verse* is not much mistaken, that says,

Θέλω τύχης σταλαγμὸν, ἢ φρεῶν πλῆθον

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *Wisdom*

PINDARIQUE ODES

Brutus

I

Excellent *Brutus*, of all humane race,
The best till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
Till men above *themselves Faith* raised more
Then *Reason* above *Beasts* before
Virtue was thy *Lifes Center*, and from thence
Did *silently* and *constantly* dispense
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*
And all the *parts* upon it lean'd so easilie,
Obey'd the mighty *force* so *willinglie*
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their *Contrarietie*
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more *mov'd* then the *whole World* could be.

2

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(*Mistaken Honest men*) in *Cæsars* blood,
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrants Life* deserve,
From him who kill'd *Himself* rather then *serve*?
Th'*Herouick Exaltations* of *Good*
•Are so far from *Understood*,
We count them *Vice* alas our *Sight's* so ill,
That things which swiftest *Move* seem to *stand still*
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*
But as her *Beams* reflected pass
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Customs Glass*
And 'tis no wonder so,
If with dejected *Ey*
In standing *Pools* we seek the *sky*,
That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

Can we stand by and see
Our *Mother* robb'd, and bound, and ravisht be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd *Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful *Brutus* do they call?
Ingrateful *Cæsar* who could *Rome* enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th'exact ballance of true *Virtue* try'de)
Then his *Successor Nero's Parricide*!
There's none but *Brutus* could deserve
That all men else should *wish* to *serve*,
And *Cæsars* usurpt place to him should proffer,
None can deserve't but he who would *refuse* the *offer*

4

Ill Fate assum'd a *Body* thee t'affright,
And wrapt itself i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the *Spright*,
I'll meet thee there, saidst *Thou*,
With such a *voice*, and such a *brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden flight,
It vanisht as a *Tapers* light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in sight
One would have thought t'had heard the *morning crow*,
Or seen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar
Nor durst it in *Philippi's* field appear,
But *unseen* attack'd thee there
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes
Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be
A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far then *He*

5

What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odde events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?

PINDARIQUE ODES

When we see
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus*, conquer *Thee*?
What can we say but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee
As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deitie*,
By this fatal proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*,
Hold noble *Brutus* and restrain
The bold voyce of thy generous *Disdain*
These mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*
The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell
Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *Rebell*
Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,
And new *Philosophies* reveal
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'ed,
Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
And shew'd thee a *God crucified*

To Dr Scarborough

I

How long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
When *Slaughter* all the while
Seem'd like its *Sea*, embracing round the *Isle*,
With *Tempests*, and *red waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from *white*!
What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Aire*
Sure the unpeopled *Land*
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had *Gods* All-mighty hand
At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage
Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage
But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
This *Desolation* to prevent,
A *Medicine* and a *Counter-poyson* to the *Age*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
Then *Thou* didst *save*,
By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *care*
The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou dost alone repair

2

- 1 The *Inundations* of all *Liquid pain*,
And *Deluge Dropsie* thou do'est drain
Feavers so hot that one would say
Thou mightst as soon *Hell-fires* allay
(The *Damn'd* scarce more incurable then *They*)
2 Thou dost so temper, that we find
Like *Gold* the *Body* but refin'd,
No unhealthful dross behind
The subtle *Ague*, that for sureness sake
Takes its own times th' *assault* to make,
And at each *battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
When thy strong *Guards*, and *works* it spies,
Trembles for it self, and flies
The cruel *Stone* that restless pain
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
3 But still, like *Sisyphus his stone*, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd *Juyces* force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
4 Then *Hannibals* by *Vinegar*)
Oppressed *Natures* necessary course
It stops in vain, like *Moses*, Thou
Strik'st but the *Rock*, and straight the *Waters* freely flow

3

The *Indian Son of Lust*, (that foul *Disease*
Which did on this his *new-found World*, but lately seise,
Yet since a *Tyrannie* has planted here,
As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
Is so quite rooted out by Thee,
That thy *Patients* seem to be
Restor'd not to *Health* onely, but *Virginitie*
The *Plague* it self, that proud *Imperial Ill*
Which destroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,

PINDARIQUE ODES

If thou but succour the *besieged Heart*,
Calls all its *poysons* forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy *Art*,
Then *Aarons Incense*, or then *Phineas dart*
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous *Lexicon*
Of Mans *Infirmities*?
At thy strong charms it must be gon
Though a *Disease*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Leagion*

4

From creeping *Moss* to soaring *Cedar* thou
Dost all the powers and several *Portions* know,
Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
On their green *Infants* here bestow
Can'st all those *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
That keep *Disease*, and *Death* in aw
Who whilst thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they see,
Fear lest the *Tree of Life* should be found out by Thee
And Thy well-travell'd knowledge too does give
No less account of th'*Empire Sensitive*,
Chiefly of *Man*, whose *Body* is
That active *Souls Metropolis*
I As the great Artist in his *Sphere of Glass*
Saw the whole *Scene* of Heav'nly *Motions* pass,
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some *living Chrystal Man* thou'dst seen

5

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
I But whole *Apollo* is thine owne
His gentler *Arts*, *belov'd* in vain by *Mee*,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by *Thee*
Thou'rt by this noble Mixture free
From the *Physitians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantastick Incivilitie,
There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
As if they *took* each morn worse *potions* then they *gave*
And this great race of *Learning* thou hast runne,
E're that of *Life* be half yet done

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Thou see'st thy self still fresh and strong,
And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conquests* long
2 The first fam'd *Aphorism* thy great *Master* spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of Man report,
For thou do'est make *Life* long, and *Art* but short

6

- Ah, learned *friend*, it grieves me, when I think
That *Thou* with all thy *Art* must dy
As certainly as *I*
1 And all thy noble *Reparations* sink
Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality*
Like *Archimedes*, hon'orably in vain,
2 Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be *ta'ne*,
And *Thou* thy self their great *Defender* slain
Let's ev'en compound, and for the *Present Live*,
'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give,
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy *Friends* so happy be
T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee*
Some hours at least to thine own pleasures spare
Since the whole *stock* may soon exhausted be,
Bestow't not all in *Charitie*
Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please,
When all's done, *Life* is an *Incurable Disease*

NOTES

2

- 1 **G** *Owts*, and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from *moysture*, and affecting one or some parts of the *Body*, whereas the *Diopsie* swells the whole *Inundation* signifies a less overflowing than *Deluge*
2 *Find, Refind* These kind of Rhymes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhymes*, but I do not allow of them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhyme* to answer to both, as in the ninth staffe of the *Nemeæan Ode*, *Delight*, *Light*, *Affright* In the third staffe to *Mr Hobbs*, *Ly*, *Fertility*, *Poverty* They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good authority for us now There can be no *Musick* with only one *Note*

PINDARIQUE ODES

3 The Fable of *Sisyphus* is so known, that it deserves not to be repeated He was in his life a most famous *Covener* and *Robber* Ovid *Metam* 13

Quid sanguine cretus

Sisyphus, furtis ac fraude similimus illi?

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thrust a great rolling stone up an hill, which still fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill success of all his subtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured incessantly to no purpose

4 *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his passage on the *Alps*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of *Vinegar* upon it, by which it being softned and putrified, the *Souldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it See *Livy* the 1 Book of the 3 *Decade* Juven

Et montem rupit aceto

4

1 *Archimedes* of which Sphere see *Claudians Epigram* The like Sphere of Glass one of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and motions of the heavenly Bodies

5

1 For *Apollo* is not only the *God of Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Flourid Learning*

2 The first *Aphorism* in *Hypocratus*, *Arts longa, vita brevis* Known to all men

6

1 For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations of life*, and draining the *Radical moisture*, which is the *Well* that the Town lives by

2 The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verres*, *Urbs omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatissimam*) sustained a Siege of three years against *Marcellus* and the Roman Forces, almost only by the art and industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*, but at last, by the treason of some Commanders, it was entred and taken by the Romans, and in the confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common *Souldier*, who knew him not, for there had been particular order given by the Roman *General* to save him See this at large in *Plut* the life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5 B of the 3 *Dec*

Life and Fame

I

- 1 O H Life, thou *Nothings younger Brother* !
So like, that one might take *One* for the *other* !
- 2 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body* ?
- 3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,
 As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to Be*
 4 *Dream* of a *Shadow*! a *Reflection* made
 From the false glories of the gay *reflected Bow*,
 Is a more *solid* thing than *Thou*
 5 Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise
 Up betwixt two *Eternities*,
 Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
 But *broken* and *orewhelm'd*, the endless *Oceans* meet again

2

- And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,
 Our *selves* then to *survive*?
 Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well befit
 That *Nothing Mans no Wit*
 Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,
 And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live*
 Here lies the *Great*—False *Marble*, where?
 Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lies there
 Some build enormous *Mountain-Palaces*,
 The *Fools* and *Architects* to please
 A lasting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear
 1 So he who on th' *Egyptian* shore,
 Was slain so many hundred years before,
 Lives still (Oh *Life* most *happy* and most *dear*!
 2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
 Lives in the *dropping Ruines* of his *Amphitheater*

3

- 1 His *Father in Law* an higher place does claim
 2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame*
 He since that *Toy* his *Death*,
 Does fill all *Mouths*, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath*
 'Tis true, the two *Immortal Syllables* remain,
 But, Oh ye learned men, explain,
 What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,
 What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypostasis*
 In *Six poor Letters* is?
 In those alone does the *Great Cæsar* live,
 'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give

PINDARIQUE ODES

We *Poets* madder yet then all,
 With a refin'd *Phantastick Vanitie*,
 Think we not onely *Have*, but *Give Eternitie*
 Fain would I see that *Prodigal*,
 Who his *To-morrow* would bestow,
 For all old *Homers Life* e're since he *Dy'd* till now

NOTES

I

1 Because *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*, which perhaps is the sense of the Distinction of *Days* in the story of the *Creation*, *Night* signifying the *Privation*, and *Day*, the subsequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed first, Gen 1 5 *And the Evening and the Morning were the first day*

2 Τι δὲ τίς, τί δ' οὗτος Σκιάς ἄναρ ἀνθρώπου Pindar, *Quid est Aliquis, aut quid est Nemo?* *Somnium Umbra Homo est*

3 The Distinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for some are better *woven*) either because of the too much fineness of the work which makes it slight, and able to catch only little Creatures, or because they take not the materials from *Nature*, but spin it out of *Themselves*

4 The *Rainbow* is in it self of No Colour, those that appear are but *Reflections* of the *Suns* light received differently

Mille trahit varios adverso Sole Colores

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*, And yet this *shadow*, this almost *Nothing* makes sometimes another *Rainbow* (but not so distinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*

5 *Isthmus* is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninsula* from the *Continent*, and is betwixt two Seas, Ἡ ἀμφιθαλασσα In which manner this narrow passage of *Life* divides the *Past Time* from the *Future*, and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity*

2

1 *Pompey the Great* 2 An *Irony*, that is, Oh *Life* which *Exposes* laugh at and condemn

3

1 *Cæsar*, whose Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey*, an Alliance fatal to the Commonwealth, which as *Tully* says, ought never to have been made, or never ended

[2] Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The Extasie

I

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below ,
I have no time in *Complements* to wast,
 Farewel to'ye all in hast,
 For I am call'd to go
 A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
 Th'official *Clouds* beneath them meet
 And (Lo !) I *mount*, and (Lo !)
How small the biggest Parts of *Earths* proud *Tittle* show !

2

Where shall I find the noble *Brittish* Land ?
Lo, I at last a *Northern Spec* espie,
 Which in the *Sea* does lie,
 And seems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand* !
For this will any *sin*, or *Bleed* ?
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed* ?
 And is it this, alas, which we
(Oh *Irony* of *Words* !) do call *Great Britanie* ?

3

I pass by th'arched *Magazins*, which hold
Th' eternal stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow* ,
 Dry, and *secure* I go,
 Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*
 Without *affright* or *wonder*
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
 And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmless *Lambent Fiers* about my *Temples* play

4

Now into'a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*
I'm *plung'ed*, and still mount higher there,
 As *Flames* mount up through *aire*
 So perfect, yet so tame,
 So great, so pure, so bright a fire
 Was that unfortunate desire,
 My faithful *Breast* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*

PINDARIQUE ODES

5

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
 Where I behold distinctly as I pass
 The *Hints* of *Galilæos Glass*,
 I touch at last the spangled *Sphære*
 Here all th'extended *Skie*
 Is but one *Galaxie*,
 'Tis all so bright and gay,
 And the joynt *Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*

6

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here,
 An unexhausted *Ocean* of *delight*
 Swallows my *senses* quite,
 And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*
 Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,
 And this great *Worlds Columbus* was,
 The *tyrannous pleasure* could express
 Oh 'tis too much for *Man*! but let it ne're be less

7

The mighty' *Elijah* mounted so on high,
 That second *Man*, who leapt the *Ditch* where all
 The rest of *Mankind* fall,
 And went not *downwards* to the *skie*
 With much of pomp and show
 (As *Conquering Kings* in *Triumph* go)
 Did he to *Heav'en* approach,
 And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*

8

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
 Of *Essences* of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
 Was its *substantial mold*,
 Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* art
 Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas silver'd bright,
 There double-gilt with the *Suns* light
 And mystique *Shapes* cut round in it,
Figurs that did transcend a *Vulgar Angels* wit

ABRAHAM COWLEY

9

The *Horses* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
Of all that in *Heav'ens* beauteous *Pastures* feed,
The noblest, sprightfulst breed,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd
They all were shod with *Diamond*,
Not such as *here* are found,
But such *light solid* ones as shine
On the *Transparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Chrystalline*

10

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the skies,
Astonisht Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,
Or that which so they call,
Wondred from hence to see one *rise*
The soft *Clouds* melted him a way,
The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay
A while the sacred *footsteps* bore,
The *Wheels* and *Horses Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them ore

11

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'ed,
And their *Astrologers* amaz'd
With th'unexampl'd sight
But where he stopt will ne're be known,
Till *Phoenix Nature* aged grown
To'a better *Being* do aspire,
And mount *herself*, like *Him*, to' *Eternitie* in *Fire*

To the New Year

I

I **G**reat *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistris* view
With *all thine eyes*, yet think'st them all too *few*
If thy *Fore-face* do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Then did thy *Face behind*,
If still her *Breast* must *shut* against me be

PINDARIQUE ODES

- 2 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
Oh let my *Life*, if thou so many *deaths* a coming find,
With thine *old year* its *voyage* take
Born down, that *stream* of *Time* which no *return* can make

2

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
Th'old avaritious year
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a *part* of *Me* away
His well-horst *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
Though never any where they stay,
Make in their *passage* all their *Prey*
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march 'th' *Rear* can find
Nought of *Value* left behind
All the good *Wine* of *Life* our *drunken youth* devours,
Sowreness and *Lees*, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to *Drink*
Until some one offended with the taste
The *Vessel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run at last

3

If then, *young year*, thou needs must come,
(For in *Times* fruitful *womb*
The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,
Nor ever can *miscarry*)
Choose thy *Attendants* well, for 'tis not *Thee*
We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*,
Let neither *Loss* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
Nor pining *Sickness*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
Nor *Sadness*, nor uncleanly *Povertie*,
Be seen among thy *Train*,
Nor let thy *Livery* be
Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *vamitie*,
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle *Year*,
Let not so much as *Love* be there
Vain fruitless *Love*, I mean, for, gentle *Year*,
Although I feare,
There's of this *Caution* little need,
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed

ABRAHAM COWLEY

How thou dost make
Such a *Mistake*
Such *Love* I mean alone
As by thy cruel *Predecessors* has been shown,
For though I have too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it

4

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
And seek to *Antedate* our *Misery*?
Like *Jealous men* why are we longing still
To *See* the thing which only *seeing* makes an *Ill*?
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*, for 'twere a *Sight*
That would even *Happiest men* affright,
And something still they'd spy that would destroy
The *past* and *Present Joy*
In whatsoever *Character*,
The *Book of Fate* is writ,
'Tis well we *understand* not it,
We should grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foresee*,
Undecently and foolishlie
We should stand *shivering*, and but slowly venter
The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we must do it,
They feel least *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it

NOTES

I

- 1 *J*anus was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Festival*, and the first *Month* was denominated from him, for which cause he was represented with *two Faces*, to shew that he looked both *Backward* upon the time past, and *Forward* upon the time to come, and sometimes with four *Faces*, to signify (perhaps, for I know other Reasons are given) the *four Seasons* of the year,

*Annuum nitidum, sator pulcherrime Munda,
Publica quem primum vota precesq, canunt* Mart

- 2 This alludes to that most notorious custom of *shutting up Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *peace*, as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus's* *Reign* and when any *War* began it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magistrate*, from which opening and shutting of his *Temple Gates*, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed, *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter*

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Life

Nascentes Morimur Mani

- 1 **W**E're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd,
 We are abus'd by *Words*, grosly abus'd,
 From the *Maternal Tomb*,
 To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
 We call here *Life*, but *Life's* a name
 That nothing here can truly claim
 This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*
 We call our *Dwelling-place*,
 We call one *Step* a *Race*
 But *Angels* in their full enlightned state,
Angels who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
 2 Who all the *nonsense* of our *Language* see,
 Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn *Pictures* scorn,
 When we by'a *foolish Figure* say,
 3 *Behold an old man Dead* then they
 Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child* born

2

- My *Eyes* are opened, and I see
 Through the *Transparent Fallacie*
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like *men* of *business*, and for *business* walk
 From place to place,
 And mighty *voyages* we take,
 And mighty *Journeys* seem to make,
 1 O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *space*
 Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain,
 Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain*
 Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,
 Rich, valiant, wise, and vertuous seem to grow,
 Because we draw a long *Nobilitie*
 2 From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Herauldrie*,
 And *impudently* talk of a *Posteritie*,
 3 And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
 Who write of twenty thousand years,

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4 With *Maravedies* make the' account,
That *single Time* might to a sum amount,
We grow at last by *Custom* to believe,
That really we *Live*
Whilst all these *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Deaths sleep* we make

3

But these fantastique errors of our *Dream*,
Lead us to solid wrong,
We pray God, our Friends torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them,
To be as long a *Dying* as *Methusalem*
The ripened *Soul* longs from his pris'on to come,
But we would *seal*, and *sow* up, if we could, the *Womb*
We seek to close and plaster up by Art
The *cracks* and *breaches* of the' extended *Shell*,
And in that narrow *Cell*
Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part

NOTES

I

¹ **P**lato in *Timæus* makes this distinction *That which Is, but is not generated, and That which is generated, but Is not* *Ὁν δε οὐδέ ποτε* This he took from *Tismegistus*, whose *Sentence* of God was written in the Egyptian Temples, *Εγω εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς καὶ ὃν καὶ εὐόμενον*, I am all that *Was, Is, or shall be* And he drew this from the very fountain where he calls himself, *Ἐξὸς 3 12* *O ὦν, I am that I am, or, That which is* This doctrine of *Plato*, that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers* *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation*, or *Not Being* then of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*, and again, That which is in a perpetual *Flux* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*, and therefore never properly *Is* Now because this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) so far as *Plato*

² That the *Gods* call things by other names than we do, was the fancy of *Homer*

Ὁν Ζανθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἀνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,
Ὁν Βριάρευν καλέουσι θεοί, θνητοὶ δ' ἄνθρωποι
Ἀλγιάωνα

PINDARIQUE ODES

And the like in several other places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l 7 c 9 *Ovid Metam* &c and this is likewise drawn from Scripture, for *Isaiah* (Chap 40 v 36) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*

3 So *Euripid*

Τὴς οἶδεν εἰ το ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καθανεῖν
Το καθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Dye*, and to *Dye* to *Live*?

2

1 Isa 40 26 *Behold the Nations are as the drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the small Dust of the Ballance, &c*

2 Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures* of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians

3 An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain* The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynasties before *Alexander's* time, 5355 years, others content not themselves with so small a *Number*, for *Diod* says, *lib* 1 from *Osyris* to *Alexander*, they reel on above ten thousand years, or as others will have it, little less than 23 thousand See the Egyptian Priests discourse to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus* But these vast accounts arose from the equivocal term of a *year* among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *Four*, sometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One month* *Xenoph de Tempore Aquæ Solin* c 7 *Plin* l 7 c 11 *Macrobi* in *Sonn Scipion* &c

4 A Spanish Coyn, one of the least that is

The 34 Chapter of the Prophet *Isaiah*

I

1 **A**Wake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsie *World*, for it concerns thee near,

Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from *God*, I, his loud *Prophet*, tell
Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voyce
Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,

2 Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motions* birth,
A dreadful *Host* of *Judgments* is gone out,
In strength and number more

Then e're was rais'd by *God* before,
To scourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about

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2

- [1] I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above,
 And from it streams a dismal ray,
 2 I see the *Scabbard* cast away
 How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
 How will it sweat and reek in blood!
 3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be o'regorged with his food!
 And devour all the mighty *Feast*!
 Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest
God does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare,
 4 But not of *Oxen*, nor of *Rams*,
 Not of *Kids*, nor of their *Dams*,
 Not of *Heifers*, nor of *Lams*
 The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
 Since wicked *Mens* more guilty blood to spare,
 The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed bin,
 Since *Men* their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,
 5 'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,
 And *Sacrificed Men* their better *Brethren* save

3

- So will they fall, so will they flee,
 Such will the *Creatures* wild distraction be,
 When at the final *Doom*,
Nature and *Time* shall both be *Slain*,
 Shall struggle with *Deaths pangs* in vain,
 And the whole *world* their *Funeral Pile* become
 The wide-stretcht *Scrawl* of *Heaven*, which we
 1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
 2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it
 With such deep *Sense* by *Gods* own *Hand* were writ,
 Whose *Eloquence* though we *understand* not, we admire,
 Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
 3 Like *Parchment* in a fire
 4 Th'exhausted *Sun* to th'*Moon* no more shall lend,
 But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend
 The glittering *Host*, now in such fair array,
 So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,

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Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'ne,
 5 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slaine,
 6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
 With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all*

4

And Thou, O cursed *Land*,
 Which wilt not see the *Præcipice* where thou dost stand,
 Though thou standst just upon the brink,
 Thou of this poisoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt drink
 Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so
 With humane blood oreflow,
 That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corps away,
 Which in the fields around unburied lay,
 And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their prey
 The rotting corps shall so infect the aire,
 Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venomes* there,
 That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain,
 All thy few *Living* that remain
 1 As one who buys, *Surveys* a ground,
 So the *Destroying Angel* measures it around
 So careful and so strict he is,
 Lest any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss
 He walks about the perishing *Nation*,
 Ruine behind him stalks and empty *Desolation*

5

1 Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*
 Be choakt with *Brambles* and oregrown with *grass*
 The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,
 And in thy lower rooms the *Wolves* shall howl,
 2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,
 And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the aire,
 Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there
 The *Lyon* then shall to the *Leopard* say,
 [3] *Brother Leopard* come away,
 Behold a Land which God has giv'en us in prey!
 Behold a Land from whence we see
Mankind expulst, *His* and *Our* common *Enemie*!
 The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay

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6

- 2 The gluttred *Vulturs* shall expect in vain
 New *Armies* to be slain
 Shall find at last the business done,
 Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone
 3 Th'unburied *Ghosts* shall sadly moan,
 The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan
 The *Evil Spirits* that delight
 To dance and revel in the *Mask of Night*,
 The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Speētators* shall affright
 And if of lost *Mankind*
 Ought happen to be left behind,
 If any *Reliques* but remain,
 They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces* shall raign

NOTES

I

- [1] *C*ome near ye *Nations* to hear, and hearken ye people, let the *Earth*
 hear*, and all that is therein, the world, and all things that come
 forth of it 2 For the Indignation of the Lord is upon all
 Isa chap 34 Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies, he hath
 ver 1 utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter

* Terra & plenitudo ejus

The manner of the *Prophets* writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to me very like that of *Pindar*, they pass from one thing to another with almost *Invisible connexions*, and are full of words and expressions of the highest and boldest flights of *Poetry*, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever, and the connexion is so difficult, that I am forced to adde a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not used to that elevated way of expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the destruction of *Judaea*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others, the rest understand it as a *Prophesie* of the Day of *Judgment*. The design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great desolations and ruines to all *Countrys*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judaea*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the world, as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun, and to illustrate these confusions by the similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the subject to the similitude, for the old fashion of writing, was like *Disputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supplied by the Hearer ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is exprest

2 For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *Natural Motion* is regular I think I have read it somewhere called ἀκίνητον χάος The Scripture says, And darkness was upon the face of

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the Earth, and the spirit of God moved upon the waters So that the first Motion, was that of the Spirit of God upon Chaos, to which succeeded the Motion in Chaos And God said (that is, the motion of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his will to an outward Effect) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is, the first Motion of Chaos)

2

[1] For my sword* shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumæa, and upon the people of my curse to Judgment Ver 5

6 The sword of God is filled with blood, *it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams, for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bosrah, and a great slaughter in the Land of Idumæa * Quoniam inebriatus est in celo gladius meus, & sup populum interfectiones mere ad iudicium— * Incrassatus est adipe

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses, in which, where the Prophet says *Urnicornis* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a Metaphor only of Great Tyrants, and men of the mightiest power, the *Horn* signifying that in Hebrew, and other Languages too, as Horace,

Addet cornua pauperi, &c

And the year of recompences for the controversie of Sion, *Annus retributionis iudici Sion* This makes Vatabl Montan Sanchez, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgement which God shall exercise against the *Idumæans* in revenge of Sion, but I take it rather to be, This is the year when Sion shall be judged for her judgment, that is, for the condemnation and execution of her Messias, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isarah*, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, and even in the same manner, part of the threatnings seeming to belong particularly to Jerusalem, and part being only applicable to the Day of Judgment Observe this remarkable conformity in the 24 of Matthew

2 As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled, in which sense it was said, as I take it, to the great Duke of Guise, that he who draws his sword against his Prince, should fling away the Scabbard

3 For the Text says, it is made drunk with blood, and made fat with flesh Like the rich Glutton in the Gospel, who is described to be cloth'd with Purple

4 The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, *It shall be made fat with fatness and with the blood of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams, &c* But the names of Beasts in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for Men, all sorts of Men Corniel à Lap says, that by Lambs are signified the Common People, by Goats, the Captains and Princes by Rams, the Magistrates But these two last interpretations of Goats and Rams, seem very slight and forced the meaning is, that all sorts of men shall be sacrificed to Gods justice, as Lambs, Goats, and Rams were wont to be It may be askt, why Idumæa and Bosra (the Metropolis of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with allusion to the Names? for Idumæa (or Edom) signifies Red, a Country that shall be red with bloodshed, and Bosra signifies a Strong fortified Place So that in the Psalm 108 v 10 where we read, *Who will bring me into the strong City?* the Hebrew is, *Who will bring me into Bosra?* From which word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong Castle of Carthage, which was founded by the Phœnicians, and therefore it is more likely the Castle should have a Phœnician (which Language is said to have been little different from the Hebrew) than a Græcian name, to wit, from Bupsa, an Hide, because Dido is reported to have bought of Iarbas as much

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ground as could be compast with an *Oaes Jude*, which cut into very narrow thongs, took up the whole space where she built the *Castle Virg*

*Meicatq, solum factu de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quanto possent circumdare tergo*

Wherefore under the name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all strong Places, and more especially of *Judaea*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Country*

5 Though *Beasts* were first created in time, yet because *Man* was first and chiefly designed, and they only in order to him, the right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him, and therefore all *Beasts* at first obeyed and feared him We need not be angry, or ashamed to have them called our *Brothers*, for they are literally so, having the same *Creator* or *Father*, and the *Scripture* gives us a much worse kindred, *I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister, Job 17 v 14*

3

*And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, * and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their Host shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the Fig tree*

* Et complicauntur sicut Libei coeli, &c D *Thomas Hug* and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* expression of the calamities of those times, which shall be so great, that men shall think the world at an end, and shall be so distracted, that the heavens shall seem to be rolled together, and the stars to fall But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real description of the end of the world, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illustrate the confusions that are foretold

1 The vulgar opinion, and that of *Aristotle*, and most *Philosophers*, has always been, that the Heavens are *Immutable* and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*, in which, though experience it self of visible *Mutations* in them (as the production and extinction two years after of the *New star* in *Cassiopea*, 1572) might sufficiently by natural reason convince them, yet some men are so given up even to the most *reprobate senses* of *Aristotle*, that not so much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it, as in this point *Suarez*, and many others, are so far from the opinion of the Heavens being now *Corruptible* and *Mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *Accidentally* (as they call it) and not *Substantially* at the last Day Of which *Maldon* upon *S Matth* says well, That he had rather believe *Christ* who affirms it, than *Aristotle* who denies it

2 The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the Heavens are called a *Scroul*, or *Book*, in which perhaps *Mens fortunes*, *Gods Glory* is certainly written, and in this sense the *Psalmist* speaks, *The heavens shall declare his righteousness* *Origen* cites a Book of great authority in his days, called *Narratio Joseph*, in which *Jacob* says to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis celi quacumq, contingunt vobis & filius vestris*

3 The Text is rolled up like a *Scroul*, or rather *Book*, for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into leaves, but made of sheets, of skins, or parchment, and rolled upon a *clinder*, after the fashion of our *Maps* So that when they had read them, they rolled them up again, as *God* will the Heavens, when he has done with them But I thought that this comparison of *Parcment* that shrivels up in the Fire does more represent the violence of their destruction, which is to be by burning

4 He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by reflection from him, but then shall want light for himself *In those days the Sun shall be darkened,*

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and the Moon shall not give her light Mat 24 Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*, even her own little Light for I believe the Moon and Stars not to be totally opaque and dark bodies

Truly is *Emphatical*, for according to the Fables, whensoever he sets, he descends into the Sea, but now he really does so, that is, he will be mingled with the Sea and Earth, and all other things that must then be dissolved And the Heathens had both this opinion of the end of the world, and fell almost into the same expressions As *Lucan*

Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum

Astra potent—

St *Matthew* and *Mark*, And the stars of heaven shall fall, and here, *Their host shall fall down &c* Sen ad Marc *Sidera sideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante materia, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex disposito lucet, ardebit* And one might cast up a pedantic heap of authorities to the same purpose

5 It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable Reader, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Numbers*, that produced this *Stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, And truly then headlong into the Sea descend And several others in my book of the like kind

6 That of the wind is added to the Text here, but taken out of another just like it in the Revelations, Chap 6 v 13 And the Stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind And there follows too the similitude of the Scroll

4

1 Verse 11 And he shall stretch out upon the Line of confusion, and the stones of Emptiness The Latine very differently, *Et extendetur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendicularum in desolationem* The Metaphor is, that as a Carpenter draws a Line to mark exactly the space that he is to build, so God does here, to mark that which he is to destroy

Our Translation follows *Vatabi Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, & lapidis vacuitatis* Which stones of Emptiness may have two interpretations, either making the Stones, *Termini* that is Bound stones of Desolation, as if he should say, This is the Land of Desolation, and I have set these bounds and limits to circumscribe it Or else he says, the Stones of Emptiness, as an effect of Desolation, for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows stony. According to the vulgar Latine Translation it is very like another Text of *Isaiah*, Ch 28 v 17 Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and righteousness to the Plummeth Which is no more in plain language, than, I will be exact in Judgment and Righteousness There is a much harder Text with the same Metaphor in 2 Sam Ch 8 Verse 2 And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the ground, even with two lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive, And so the Moabites became Davids servants and brought gifts, Which some interpret, that he put two parts of them to the Sword, and saved the third, who became his servants And that he did this, not by a just account, or polling of them (for the number was too great) but by measuring out the Land into three parts, and destroying two of them, 2 King 21 13 I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummeth of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping and turning it upside down The Latine, *Pondus domus Ahab* and instead of a dish uses a more noble Metaphor of a Table boot *Delebo Jerusalem sicut deleri solent Tabula, & delens veritatem, & ducam crebrius stilum super faciem ejus*

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5

I Verse 11 *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it* V [13] *And thorns shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof, and it shall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericus, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in ea, V 13 Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticæ, & palurus in munitonibus ejus & erit cubile Draconum & pascua Struthionum The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from *Ovos* an *Ass*, and *κρόταλος*, Noise because it makes a noise like the braying of an Ass I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a *Bittern*, or the Latin, which calls it *Ericus*, an *Hedge Hog* *Ericus* among the Classick Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with iron Pikes, like Palissadoes sticking out of it Some think a *Percullus*, from the similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latine, called *Ericus* *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork most known in *Egypt*, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of *Serpents*, which would else infest the Country We erroneously translate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards I do not use the same names of Beasts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does nor is that material, for the meaning only is, that the Land shall be possessed by *Beasts* instead of *Men*

2 Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries* Some were called *Oscines*, from whose *voices* they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpeter*, from their manner of *flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls and such like, were counted mauspicious Birds, and others (as Vultures) in some cases portended good, and in others evil

3 Though the *Lion* might call any *Beast Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*, for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoness*, and a he *Panther*, which is called *Pardus*

6

Verse 14 *The wild beasts of the Desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the Islands, and the Satyre shall cry to his fellow, the Skrich Owl shall also rest there, and find for her self a place of rest* V 15 *There shall the great Owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow, There shall the Vultures also be gathered every one with her Mate* V 14 Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentaurs, & Pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum, Ibi cubavit *Lamia* & invenit sibi requiem V 15 Ibi habuit fovæm *Ericus*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus, illuc congregati sunt Milvi, alter ad alterum

Here is a great difference between the two *Translations*, and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly understood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor many other places From whence they give the fabulous *Greek* names, as those of *Satyrs*, *Lamia*, *Onocentaurs*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleiades*, and the like, to several *Hebrew* words, whose true signification was lost, which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latin* we have much ado to translate all the names of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Herbs, &c and I am afraid we are often mistaken in them So the Septuagint in Job 42 v 14 translate the name of *Jobs* third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a *Græcian* fable born long after *Jobs* time Κέρας Αμάλθειας, which the Latin *Cornu stibini* the *Horn of Antimony*, perhaps because *Antimony* is accounted by some the Mother of Metals We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the signification, but the word of the *Hebrew* It seems by the *Greek*, that *Jobs* three Daughters names signified *Sweetness*, *Light*, or *Beauty*,

PINDARIQUE ODES

Plenty, or Fruitfulness So in the 15 of *Judith* it is translated, *Nec filii Tiran percusserunt eum* when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that slew him, but, &c. *Not great strong men*, but a weak woman

2 The Latin says *Milvi* which Translation is best I know not, nor does it import The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called *ράφοι ἐμψυχῶν*, *Living Tombs* They are said to assemble themselves together by a natural *Devonatory Instinct* in the places where any great slaughters are to be made, which *Tradition* arises, because they use to follow *Armies*, not as fore seeing the day of *Battel*, but because even in the marches of *Armies* there are always a great many men, horses, and other beasts, that fall here and there by the way *Job* has the like description of the *Eagle*, Ch 39 v 30 *And where the slain are, there is she*

3 The *English* mentions only *Satyrs*, the Latin besides that (for *Pilos*, are the same) *Damona*, and *Lamiae*, *Hobgoblins* The Hebrew is said to signify *Nocturnum spectrum*, An appearance of something in the Night From whence the Chald Transl it, An *Owl*, the English a *Scritch Owl* Whether there be any such creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c I will not determine S *Antony* seeking S *Paul* the *Hermite* is reported by *Athanasius* to have met with a *Monster* half *Man*, and *Beast*, which he drove away with the sign of the *Cross*, and S *Hierom* in the Life of the *Hermite*, says that such a kind of *Monster* was in his time brought to *Alexandria* *Pliny* testifies, that he himself saw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preserved in honey, and brought to *Claud Cusar*, but I am sorry he does not describe the form of it, *Lib 7 Cap 3*

The Plagues of Egypt

I

IS this thy *Braw'ery Man*, is this thy *Pride*?
Rebel to God, and *Slave* to all beside!
Captiv'd by everything! and onely *Free*
 To fly from thine own *Libertie*!
 All *Creatures* the *Creator* said *Were Thine*,
 No *Creature* but might since, say, *Man is Mine*!
 In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lie,
 And sweat and toil in the vile *Drudgerie*
 Of *Tyrant Sin*,
 To which we *Trophees* raise, and wear out all our *Breath*,
 In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*,
 We, the *choise Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!
 In vain the *Prophets* and *Apostles* come
 To call us home,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above,
Which does with nourishing *Milk*, and pleasant *Honey* flow,
And ev'n i'th'way to which we should be fed

With *Angels* tasteful *Bread*

But, we, alas, the *Flesh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks* and sordid *roots* below

2

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* see,
In vain did *God* to descend hither dain,
He was his own *Ambassador* in vain,
Our *Moses* and our *Guid* himself to be

We will not let our *selves* to go,
And with worse hardned hearts do our own *Pharaohs* grow,
Ah, lest at last we perish so !

Think, stubborn Man, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,
(Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not so hard as Thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
The feeble arguments that humane pow' er could show,

Think what *Plagues* attend on Thee,
Who *Moses* *God* dost now refuse, more oft then *Moses* He

3

If from some *God* you come (said the proud *King*)

- 1 With half a smile and half a Frown,
2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown ?)
3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring ?

- Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
Cries *Moses*, and casts down th' *Almighty Wand*
4 Th' *Almighty Wand* scarce toucht the Earth,
When with an undiscerned birth
Th' *Almighty Wand* a *Serpent* grew

And his long half in painted folds behind him drew
Upwards his threatning *Tail* he threw,
Upwards he cast his threatning *Head*,

- He gap'd and hist aloud,
With flaming *Eyes* survey'd the trembling croud,
And like a *Basilisk* almost lookt the Assembly dead,
5 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards* before him fled

PINDARIQUE ODES

4

- 1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* stopt their flight,
 And with proud words allay'd th'affright
 The *God of Slaves* (said they) how can he be
 More powerful then their *Masters Deitie* ?
 And down they cast their *Rods*,
 2 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the *servile Gods*
 The evil Spirits their charms obey,
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the *Rods* away,
 3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Fuglers* lay
 Serpents in *Egypt's* monstrous land,
 Were ready still at hand,
 And all at the *Old Serpents* first command
 And they too gap'd, and they too hist,
 And they their threaten'g Tails did twist,
 But strait on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew,
 Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it slew,
 And both almost at once devour'd,
 So much was over-power'd
 By *Gods* miraculous *Creation*
 His *Servants Natures* slightly-wrought, and feeble *Generation*

5

- 1 On the fame'd bank the *Prophets* stood,
 Toucht with their *Rod*, and wounded all the *Flood*,
 Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*
 The helpless *Fish* were found
 In their strange *Current* drown'd,
 The Herbs and Trees washt by the mortal *Tide*
 About it blusht and dyed
 Th'amazed *Crocodiles* made haste to ground,
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
 Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried
 2 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou*
 Oh *King*, couldst ever show
 From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his course,
 Of this new *Nile* thou seest the sacred *Source*,
 And as thy Land *that* does oreflow,
 Take heed lest *this* do so
 3 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall ?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The *Hebrew Infants Murder* stains them all
The kind, *instruſting Punishment* enjoy,
Whom the *Red River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red-sea* shall *Destroy*

6

- The *River* yet gave one *Inſtruction* more,
1 And from the rotting *Fish* and unconcocted *Gore*,
Which was but *Water* juſt before,
A loathſome *Hoſt* was quickly made,
That ſcale'd the *Banks*, & with loud noiſe did all the *Country*
invade
As *Nilus* when he quits his ſacred *Bed*
2 (But like a *Friend* he viſits all the *Land*
With welcome *presents* in his hand)
So did this *Living Tide* the *Fields* oreſpread
In vain th'alarmed *Country* tries
To kill their noiſome *Enemies*,
From th'unexhausted *Sourſe* ſtill new *Recruits* ariſe
Nor does the *Earth* theſe greedy *Troops* ſuffice,
The *Towns* and *Houſes* they poſſeſs,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear,
Both their importune croakings hear
Unſatiate yet they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-born Frog* durſt to aſpire,
And in the ſilken *Beds* their ſlimy *Members* place,
A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*

7

- The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce,
But both were to no uſe
As yet the *Sorcerers* *mumick power* ſerv'd for excuse
Try what the *Earth* will do (ſaid *God*) and, Lo!
They ſtroke the *Earth* a *fertile bow*
And all the *Duſt* did ſtrait to ſtir begin,
One would have thought ſome ſudden *Wind* t'had bin,
But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
1 And every *Duſt* did an arm'd *Vermine* prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* nor *find*

PINDARIQUE ODES

The wretched shameful *Foe* allow'd no rest
 Either to Man or Beast
 Not *Phar[ao]* from th'unquiet Plague could be,
 With all his change of Rayments free,
 The *Devils* themselves confest
 This was *Gods Hand*, and 'twas but just
 To punish thus mans pride, to punish *Dust* with *Dust*

8

- Lo the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
 And swarming Clouds of *Insects* fill the Air
 With sullen noise they take their flight,
 And march in *Bodies* infinite,
 In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis still *beneath* them *Night*
 1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberless,
 Compos'd this mighty *Armies* spacious boast,
 Of different *Manners*, different *Languages*,
 And different *Habits* too they wore,
 And different *Arms* they bore
 And some, like *Scythians*, liv'd on *Blood*,
 And some on *Green*, and some on *Flow'ry Food*,
 2 And *Accaron*, the *Amy Prince*, led on this *various Host*
 Houses secure not Men, the populous ill
 Did all the Houses fill
 The Country, all around,
 3 Did with the cries of tortured *Cattel* sound,
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,
 And wisht the *Plague* that was t'ensue

9

- 1 From *poysinous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came
 (The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
 A skilful *Angel* did th'Ingredients take,
 And with just hands the sad *Composure* make,
 And over all the Land did the full *viol* shake
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*,
 On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall,
 With *deform'd Death* the Countrey's covered all

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow* ,
 The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
 Sink, and prevent the *lifted blow*
 The generous *Horse* from the *full Manger* turns his Head,
 Does his Lov'd Floods and Pastures scorn,
 Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,
 Nor can his lifeless Nostril please,
 With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled *Mistresses*
 The starving *Sheep* refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent Souls out into air,
 The faithful *Dogs* lie gasping by them there,
 Th'astonisht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful *Reed*

IO

Thus did the *Beasts* for *Mans Rebellion* dy,
 God did on *Man* a Gentler *Medicine* try,
 And a *Disease* for *Physick* did apply
 Warm ashes from the Furnace *Moses* took ,
 The *Sorcerers* did with wonder on him look ,
 And smil'd at th'unaccustom'd *Spell*
 I Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell
 He flings the *pregnant Ashes* through the Air,
 And speaks a mighty Pray'er,
 Both which the *Ministring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear
 As gentle western Blasts with downy wings
 Hatching the tender *Springs*
 To the'unborn *Buds* with vital whispers say,
 Ye *living Buds* why do ye stay ?
 The passionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way
 So wheresoere this tainted *Wind* but blew,
 Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew ,
 It from the body call'd all *sleeping Poysons* out,
 And to them added new,
 2 A noysome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did sprout

II

Heaven it self is angry next ,
 Wo to *Man*, when *Heav'en* is vex'd
 With sullen brow it frown'd,
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound

PINDARIQUE ODES

Till *Moses* lifting up his hand,
 Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
 And all the full-charg'd *clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
 And fill the spacious *Plains* above
 Through which the rowling *Thunder* first does play,
 And opens wide the *Tempests* noisy way
 And straight a *stony shower*
 Of monstrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
 Such as nere *Winter* yet brought forth
 From all her stormy *Magazins* of the *North*
 It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,
 1 O're the defaced corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
 The houses and strong-body'd *Trees* it broke,
 Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* stroke
 The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
 The *Hail* alone the work could do
 The dismal *Lightnings* all around,
 Some flying through the *Air*, some running on the *ground*,
 Some swimming o're the *waters* face,
 Fill'd with *bright Horror* every place
 One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have seen,
 The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it self had *kindled* been

12

- 1 The Infant *Corn*, which yet did scarce appear,
 Escap'd this general *Massacer*
 Of every thing that grew,
 And the well-stored *Egyptian year*
 Began to cloath her *Fields* and *Trees* anew
 2 When, Lo ! a *scorching wind* from the burnt *Countrys* blew,
 And endless *Legions* with it drew
 3 Of greedy *Locusts*, who where e're
 With sounding wings they flew,
 Left all the *Earth* depopulate and bare,
 As if *Winter* it self had marcht by there
 What e're the *Sun* and *Nile*
 Gave with large *Bounty* to the thankful soil,
 The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
 And the whole *Summer* was their *Prey*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Till *Moses* with a prayer
 Breath'd forth a violent Western wind,
 Which all these *living clouds* did headlong bear
 (No *Stragglers* left behind)
- 4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there bestow
 On the luxurious *Fish* a Feast they ne're did know
 With *untaught joy*, *Pharaoh* the News does hear,
 And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him*, and *His* so near

13

- What *blindness* or what *Darkness* did there e're
 Like this *undocil King's* appear?
 What e're but that which now does represent
 And paint the *Crime* out in the *Punishment*?
- 1 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
 Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaime,
Privation's empty Name,
 Through secret conduits monstrous *shapes* arose,
 Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppose,
 They with a *Solid Cloud*
 All Heavens *Eclipsed Face* did shrowd
 Seem'd with large *Wings* spred o're the Sea and Earth
 To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed birth
- 2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
 Did at the dreadful sight *wink* and *expire*,
 To th'*Empyrean Sourse* all *streams* of *Light* seem'd to retire
 The *living Men* were in their *standing-houses buried*,
 But the *long Night* no *slumber* knows,^r
 But the *short Death* finds no *repose*
- [3] Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
 And *Ghosts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured
 And *Fancies* multiplying sight
 View'd all the *Scenes Invisible* of *Night*

14

- Of *Gods* dreadful anger these
 Were but the first light *Skirmishes*,
 The *Shock* and bloody *battel* now begins,
 The plenteous *Harvest* of full-ripened Sins

PINDARIQUE ODES

- 1 It was the time, when the still *Moon*
 Was mounted softly to her *Noon*,
 And dewy *sleep*, which from *Nights* secret *springs* arose,
 Gently as *Nile* the land oreflows
- 2 When (Lo!) from the high Countreys of *refined Day*,
 The *Golden Heaven* without *allay*,
 Whose *dross* in the *Creation* purg'd away,
 Made up the *Suns* adulterate ray,
- 3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
 Swift as the journeys of the *Sight*,
 Swift as the race of *Light*,
 And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding sky
 He past throw many a *Star*, and as he past,
 Shone (like a *star* in them) more brightly there,
 Then *they* did in their *Sphere*
 On a tall *Pyramids* pointed *Head* he stopt at last,
 And a mild look of sacred *Pity* cast
 Down on the sinful *Land* where he was sent,
 T'inflict the *tardy punishment*
 Ah! yet (said *He*) yet stubborn *King* repent,
 Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
 Ere the keen *Sword* of *God* fill my commanded *Hand*,
 Suffer but yet *Thy self*, and *Thine* to live,
 Who would, alas! believe
 That it for *Man* (said *He*)
 So hard to be *Forgiven* should be,
 And yet for *God* so easie to *Forgive*!

15

He spoke, and downwards flew,
 And ore his shining *Form* a well-cut *cloud* he threw
 Made of the blackest *Fleece* of *Night*,
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
 Yet wrought so *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*
 But through the *Key-holes* and the chinks of *dores*,
 And through the narrow'est *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
 He past more swift and free,
 Then in wide air the wanton *Swallows* flee

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- 1 He took a *pointed Pestilence* in his hand,
 The *Spirits* of thousand mortal poysons made
 The strongly temper'd *Blade*,
 The sharpest *Sword* that e're was laid
 Up in the *Magazins* of God to scourge a wicked Land
 Through *Egypt's* wicked Land his march he took
- 2 And as he marcht the *sacred First-born* strook
 Of every womb, none did he spare,
- 3 None from the meanest *Beast* to *Cenchres purple Heire*

16

- The swift approach of endless *Night*,
 Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling *Eyes*,
 They'awake the rest with dying cries,
 And *Darkness* doubles the affright
 The mixed sounds of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,
 And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*
 Louder then all the shrieking *Womens* voice
 Pierces this *Chaos* of confused noise
 As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
 Clear, and distinguisht through the *Day*
- 1 With less complaints the *Zoan Temples* sound,
 - 2 When the adored *Heifer's* drownd,
 And no true markt *Successor* to be found
 Whilst *Health*, and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does possess
 The festal *Hebrew Cottages*,
 The blest *Destroyer* comes not there
 To interrupt the sacred cheare
 - 3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*
 Upon their doors he read and understood,
 Gods Protection writ in *Blood*,
 Well was he skild i'th' *Character Divine*,
 And though he past by it in haste,
 He bow'd and worshipt as he past,
 The mighty *Mysterie* through its *humble Signe*

17

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,
 Longer with it's edge to play,
 No Diligence or Cost they spare
 To haste the *Hebrews* now away,

PINDARIQUE ODES

Pharaoh himself chides their delay,
 So kinde and bountiful is *Fear* !
 But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow,
 Is but like *Fire* struck out of *stone*
 So hardly got, and quickly gone,
 That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*
 Sorrow and fear soon quit the *Tyrants* brest,
Rage and *Revenge* their place possest
 With a vast Host of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,
 And all his powerful Kingdoms ready force
 The travelling *Nation* he pursues,
 Ten times oecome, he still th' unequal war renews
 Fill'd with proud hopes, At least (said he)
 Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magick* free
 Will now revenge *Themselves* and *Me* ,
 Behold what passless *Rocks* on either hand
 Like *Prison* walls about them stand !
 Whilst the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,
 And in our injur'd *justice* they must find
 A far worse stop then *Rocks* and *Seas* behind
 Which shall with crimson gore
 1 New paint the *Waters Name*, and double dye the shore

18

He spoke, and all his Host
 Approv'd with shouts th' *unhappy boast*,
 A bidden *wind* bore his vain words away,
 And drown'd them in the neighb'ring *Sea*
 No means t' escape the faithless *Travellers* spie,
 And with degenerous fear to die,
 Curse their new-gotten *Libertie*
 But the great *Guid* well knew he led them right,
 And saw a *Path* hid yet from humane sight
 He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
 Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide,
 And backwards press, as in some solemn show
 The crowding *People* do
 (Though just before no space was seen)
 To let the admired *Triumph* pass between

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The *wondring Army* saw on either hand
 The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Crystal* stand
 They marcht betwixt, and boldly trod
 The *secret paths* of God
 And here and there all scatter'd in their way
 The Seas old spoils, and gaping *Fishes* lay
 Deserted on the sandy plain,
 The *Sun* did with astonishment behold
 The inmost *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
 For whatsoere of old
 By his *own Priests* the *Poets* has been said,
 He never sunk till then into the *Oceans Bed*

19

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
 To th'other shore at Morning Dawn they came,
 And saw behind th'unguided Foe
 March disorderly and slow
 The *Prophet* straight from th'*Idumæan* strand
 Shakes his *Imperious Wand*
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
 The beckning *Wand* espie
 Straight their first right-hand *files* begin to move,
 And with a murmuring wind
 Give the word *March* to all behind
 The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,
 But with a joyful louder noise
 Answer their distant fellows voice,
 And haste to meet them make,
 As several *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take
 What tongue th'amazement and th'affright can tell
 1 Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
 When on both sides they saw the roaring *Main*
 Broke loose from his *Invisible Chain*?
 They saw the *monstrous Death* and watry *War*
 Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar
 In vain some backward, and some forwards fly
 With helpless haste, in vain they cry
 2 To their *Cœlestial Beasts* for aid,
 In vain their guilty *King* they'upbraid,

PINDARIQUE ODES

In vain on *Moses* he, and *Moses* God does call,
 With a *Repentance* true too late,
 They're compast round with a *devouring Fate*
 That draws, like a strong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them All

NOTES

3

1 **L**ike that of *Virgil*,
Subridens mistâ Mezentius ira
 And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq*,
Deum Mezentius *Exod* 5 2 And (*Pharaoh*) answered, *Who is the Lord, that*
I should hear his voice, and let Israel go I know not the Lord, neither will
I let Israel go

2 For no Nation under the Sun worshipt so many Gods as *Egypt* so that
 probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one,
Jehovah

3 That *Pharaoh* askt a sign, appears by *Exod* 7 9 And when *Pharaoh*
 shall say to you, *Shew me a sign*, &c

4 *Almighty*, as it was the *Instrument* of the *Almighty* in doing wonders,
 for which it is called the *Rod* of the *Lord*, as well as of *Moses* and *Aaron*,
 and in this sense *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil* *Omnipotens*

5 We may well suppose that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the
 sight, since *Moses* himself did so at first, *Exod* 4 2 And it was turned into a
Serpent, so that *Moses* fled from it

4

1 So the *Apostle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs* *Magicians* 2 *Tim* 3 8
 but S *Hieron* translates their names *Johannes* and *Nambres* and they say
 there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhani* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaohs*
Magicians, said to *No es*, Thou bringest straw into *Ephraim* which was where
 abundance of Corn grew as if they should have said, to bring your Magical
 Arts hither, is to as much purpose, as to bring water to *Ailus* *Jannes* was
 famous even among Heathen Authors *Plin lib* 3 c 1 *Est & alia Magices*
factio, à Mose, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens And *Numenius* the
Pythagorean names him in *Euseb* 1 9 *Præparat Eriang* They here are
 called by several names, in several Translations, by the Septuag *Φαρμακοί*,
Venefici, *Poisoners* and *Ἐναγοοί*, *Incantatores* *Inchanters*, by *Sulpitius*
Severus, *Chaldaeans* that is, *Astrologers*, by others, *Sapientes & Malefici*,
Wisemen (that is, Men esteemed so among the *Egyptians*) *Philosophers* and
Witches

2 *Fecerunt etiam ipsi per incantationes Aegyptiacas & arcana quædam*
simuliter Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we
 find them *threatned* by the *Conjurors*, and forced whether they will or no, by
 the power of Spells to do what they are commanded *Tiresias* in the 4 *Theb*
 because they did not obey him at first word, speaks to them like a School
 master, with a rod in his hand,

—Et nobis sævire jacultas

—An *Scythicus* quoties armata veniens

ABRAHAM COWLEY

*Colchus aget trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Nostra cura minor? &c*

And *Lucan* says of *Erichtho*,

*Omne nefas superi primò jam voce precantis
Concedunt, carmenq, timent audire secundum*

And the *Witches* used alwaies some obscure murmurings in their charms So of *Erichtho*,

*Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Dissona, & humanæ multum discordia Lingua*

3 There are four opinions concerning this action of the *Magicians*, the first that their Rods appeared *Serpents* by an *Illusion* of the sight This was *Josephus* his opinion, for he says βακτηριαί αὐτῶν ὡς ὀφίδες ἐδόκουν, and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyssen*, are cited for it too *Sedulius* in lib 4 *Carm*
—Sed imagine falsâ
Visibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras

This I like not, by no means, for if the appearance of the *Serpents* was an *Illusion*, so was the devouring of them too by *Moses* his *Serpent* Therefore the second opinion to salve this difficulty, says, that the Devil for the *Magicians*, did really on the sudden make up some bodies that looked like true *Serpents*, but were not so, and those bodies were truly devoured by *Moses* his true *Serpent* But it does not fully answer the objection, and besides by this *Deceit*, they might as well have imitated the other miracles The third is *Thom Aquinas*, and *Cajetan*, and *Delius*, and divers others, That they were true *Serpents*, not Created in an instant by the Devil (for that is granted by all to exceed his power) but Generated in a moment of Time by application of all things required to the generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* sometimes The fourth is of *Pererius Abulensis*, and many more, that the Devil snatcht away the Rods, and had true *Serpents* there in readiness to put in their place, and this agrees better with the swiftness of the action, for which, and some other reasons, I follow it

5

1 The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous River in the world, whether we consider the greatness and length of it (for it runs about 900 German miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it It is therefore called absolutely in the Scripture, *Machal Misraim*, *The River of Egypt* From whence the word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal*, *Naal*, *Neel*, *Neil*, as *Bahal*, *Baal*, *Beel*, *Bel*, *Bēlos* and *Pompon Mela* reports, l 5 c 10 That the fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians* Now whereas God says to *Moses*, Go to Pharaoh in the morning, when he shall go forth to the Water I believe, as the *Persians* worshipt every morning the rising Sun, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*, and that this going forth of the King to the River, was a constant act of Devotion, *Theodore* μέγα ἐπὶ τῷ ποταμῷ καὶ τὸν θεὸν τοῦτον ἐνέμυσον Nay I doubt whether *Osyris* (their great Deity) be not worshipped for *Nilus* *Seld de Dus Syris*

2 The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the mountains called *Luna montes*, and one of the Titles of *Prestor John* is, King of *Goyome*, where *Nile* begins, but the Ancients were totally ignorant of it, insomuch that this was reckoned among the famous proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its

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Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*, of which see *Lucan* in the 10 Book, where among other things, he says most admirably of *Nilus*,

—*Ubique, videntis,*
Quæreris, & nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo sit lata suo

3 *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, says thus of this change of *Nilus*, μεταβληθεὶς εἰς το αἷμα τῆς γεγεννημένης κατηγορεῖ παιδοκτονίας Being changed into *Blood* it accused the Egyptians of the *Infants Murder*, and the Book of *Wisdom* in Chap 11 makes the same observation

6

1 *Computruit flu ius*, and before the Septuag *υποξωσει δ ποταμὸς* where the vulgar Edition says, *Computrescent aquæ*, that is, *fervebit, et effervesceat fluvijs*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *Boils* and burns as it were in the Veins when the water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*, but the wonder consists in that the number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produced upon the action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature they came to molest the Egyptians in their very houses The like judgment with this we find in proane Histories, and to be attributed to the same hand of God, though the *Rod* was *In visible* *Athenaus* in his 8 Book, Ch 2 reports, that in *Paonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddenly produced after great showers) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private houses, that their domestical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their meat, and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at last to forsake their Country And *Pliny* reports in his 8 B Ch 29 That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away by *Frogs*, and another in *Africke* by *Locusts*, and many examples of this kind might be collected

2 *Sen l 4 Quæst Natur c 11 Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirsty and sandy soil, for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the clefts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways, both by *overflowing* and by *manuring* it So that *Herod* calls it Εργατικόν The Husbandman *Tibul Te propter nullos Tellus tua potulat mares*, And *nec pluvio supplebat herba fovi*, for which reason *Lucan* says, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

—*Nihil indiga mercus*
Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo

And one in *Athenæus* bolder, yet calls *Nilus* excellently well, Αἰγυπτίε Ζεὺ Νεῖλε *O Nilus thou Egyptian Jupiter* nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themselves, Αἰγύπτιος τοῦ οὐρανοῦ *The River that emulates and contends with Heaven*

7

1 What kind of *Creature* this was no man can tell certainly The Sept translate it both here, and in the *Psalm* 105 Σκρίπες And so *Philo*, and the vulgar edition retains the word, *Scirphes*, *Cimiphes*, or *Kniphes*, seem to come from the word, κνίξω, which signifies to *Prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat* and *Pliny* renders them *Culices multiones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*, as likewise *Columella Dioscorid* cap 112 terms them, θηρία κωνωποειδῆ And *Hesych* Κνίψ ξῶον πτηνόν, ὁμοιον κωνωπι So *Isidor* l 12

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Origen and *Oros* 7, 8 and so *Origen* Yet *Junius* and *Tremel* and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Luce*, and *Luce* too might have wings, for *Diad. Sicul.* l 3 c 3 speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of *Locusts*, says, that when they grow old, their bodies breed a kind of winged *Luce*, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of Creature, called analogically by an old known name, which is *Pererius* his conjecture, and is approved by *Rivet*. And this I take to be the reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this miracle, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable cause than the pleasant fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devils* power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a *grain of Barley* or than *S. Augustines* allegorical reason, and too poetical even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the *Magicians* failed in the third *Plague*, to shew the defect of humane *Philosophy*, when it comes to the mystery of the *Trinity*, but such pitiful allusions do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

8

1 A grievous Swarm of *Flies*—So our *English Translation*, *St Hier* *Omne genus muscarum* All sorts of *Flies*. The *Septuag* *Κυνόβρυαι*, *Canina Musca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read *Κυνόβρυαι*, which may signifie *Aquila*s, *Παμμυια*. Some translate this place, *A mixture of Beasts*. The *French*, *une melée de bestes*. *Jun* and *Tremel* *Colluvium* and it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of wild *Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, *ὄφρων παντοίων καὶ πολυτρόπων* and *Pagninus*, *Omne genus ferarum*, which is not very probable, for the punishments yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this punishment of infinite numbers of small *Tormentors*, is so great a one, that God calls them his *Army*, *Joel*, 2 25 nay, his *Great Army*, *The Locust, the Canker worm, and the Caterpillar, and the Palmer worm, my great Army, which I sent among you*.

2 The God of *Flies*, *Belzebub*, a Deity worshipped at *Accaron*, *Jupiter*, *ἀπὸ βρυβίου*, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of *Flies*, *Plin* lib 10 c 28 Those of *Cyrene* worship the God *Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* causing there a Pestilence which presently dy upon the sacrificing to this God, where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the Sea Coasts of *Africke*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar* at the Temple of *Ælian Apollo* they sacrificed an Ox to *Flies*. And *Ælian*, l 11 de *Animal* c 8 θύοντο βοῶν ταῖς μύλαις Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrificed the Ox, not to the flies themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, *απομύλι*, *Pausan* l 5 *Ἡλείους θύειν τῷ Ἀπομυλίῳ Διὶ, ἐξελαννοντι τῆς Ἡλείας Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μύλας*. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the Drivver away of flies) for the driving away of *Flies*, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his Labours, *Plin* l 29 c 6 No living creature has less of understanding, or is less docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the sacrificing of an Ox to the God whom they call *Myiodes* whole clouds of them fly out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, *κορυννῶν*, the Drivver away of Gnats, with the *Erythreans* of *Hercules* *ἰνδοκτόνος*, the killer of Worms, that hurt the Vines and many more Deities of the like honourable employment are to be found among the ancients.

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3 Many sorts of *Flies* molest the Cattle, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad Fly*) *Virg Georg 3*

*Oestrum Græci verture vocantes,
Asper acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvæ
Diffugiunt armenta—*

Wisht the Plague that was to ensue, that is, not in the sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto's Hor es*,

Crastina venturæ expectantes gaudia prædæ
For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wisht for death*

9

1 (1) *Poisoning* The conjunction of which produce *Poisons* (1) In feckious diseases according to the received opinion of Astrologers *Virgil* says By the *si h*, or *Diseased Heaven*, that is, which causes diseases, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*

*Hic quondam Monbo cali miseranda coorta est
Tempesta totoq Autumni incanduit æstu, &c*

Where see his most incomparable description of a Pestilence

10

1 No Books or Writings of the *Rites of Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*

2 It is called by *Moses Chap 9 10* *Ulcus inflationum Germians in homine, &c* Sprouting out with blains, &c which *Jun* and *Tremel Erumpens multis pustulis* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the curses with which the disobedience to God is threatned *Chap 18 27* *The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c* From hence, I believe, came the calumny, that *Trog Pompeius, Diod Siculus, Tacitus*, and other Heathens cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being scabbied and leproous which mistake was easie, instead of being dismiss for having brought those diseases upon the *Egyptians*

11

1 Not each one like a *Monument* for that *Metaphor* would be too big, but many of them together like a *Monument*, and the most ancient Monuments, we know, were *heaps of stones*, not great *Tomb stones*

12

1 (2) The Wheat and Rye See *Chap 9 v 32*

2 *Ch 10 v 13* Our Translation has *East wind And the Lord brought an East wind upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c* The vulgar has *ventum orientem* The Septuagint a *South wind* And *Eugub* says There is no doubt but it was a *South wind* which opinion I follow (though the Jews unanimously will have it to be an *East wind*) because the Southern parts of *Africke* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some places the chief food of the inhabitants so that from thence they might easily be fetcht, for I cannot agree with some, who imagine, that the hot wind blowing all day and night produced them

3 Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of Armies of *Locusts* and of the order and regularity of their marches *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That in the year 852 they were seen to fly over twenty miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army divided into several squadrons, and having their quarters apart when they rested That the *Captains*, with some few, marcht a days journey before

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the rest, to chuse the most opportune places for their *Camp* That they never removed till Sun rising, and just then went away in as much order as an *Army*, of men could do That at last having done great mischief wheresoever they past, after prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again by the Sea upon the shore, caused a great Pestilence in the Country Some adde that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time St *Hier* upon *Joel*, speaks thus, When the Armies of Locusts came lately into these parts, and filled all the air they flew in so great order, that slates in a pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one inch out of their ranks and files There are reckoned thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three foot long The same Author adds, of *Locusts* (*Lib* 11 cap 29) *That they pass in troops over great Seas enduring hunger for many days together in the search of forreign food They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods, for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a noise with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for Birds They overcast the Sun, whilst people stand gazing with terrour, lest they should fall upon their lands—out of Afrique chiefly they infest Italy, and the people are forced to have recourse to the Sybils Books, to enquire for a remedy In the Country of Cyrene, there is a Law to make war against them thrice a year, first by breaking their eggs, then by killing the young ones, and lastly, the old ones &c*

4 The *Red Sea*, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple*, than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea so,

Εἰς ἀλα πορφύρεην

Virg In *Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis*
Pliny says, *Purpuram uati maris faciem refert* And *Theophr* Πορφυροῦται ἡ θάλασσα, όταν τα κυματα μετεωρίζομενα σκιασθῇ

13

1 Chap v 21 *Even darkness that may be felt* The *Vulgar*, *Tam densa (tenebrae) ut palpari queant* Whether this darkness was really in the air, or only in their eyes, which might be blinded for the time Or whether a suspension of *Light* from the act of Illumination in that Country or whether it were by some black, thick and damp vapour which possess all the air, it is impossible to determine I fancy that the darkness of Hell below, which is called *Utter Darkness*, arose and overshadowed the Land, and I am authorized by the *Wisdom of Solom* Chap 17 v 14 where he calls it a night that came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable Hell, and therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) An *Image* of that darkness which should afterwards receive them

2 That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text, for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom of Solom* Chap 17 5 *No power of the fire might give them light*

3 See the above cited, Chap 17

14

1 *Midnight*, called also by the Latines *Meridies Noctis*

2 It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first day It seems to me to be the most probable opinion, that it was the *Empyran* heaven, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth day and therefore before I say, that all *Light* seemed to be returned to the *Empyran* or highest heaven from whence it came at first

PINDARIQUE ODES

3 Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the Egyptians immediately himself, because he says, *Chap 11 v 4 About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt* And to the same effect, *Chap 12 12* but it is an ordinary manner of speech to attribute that to God, which is done by one of his Angels, and that this was an Angel appears out of *Chap 12 23 The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you* From which place, and *Psalms 78 v 49* where it is said (of the Egyptians) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble by sending evil Angels among them*, Some collect, that God used here the ministry of an Evil or Evil Angels, but I cannot believe, that God and the Magicians had the same Agents and that Text of the Psalm is perhaps ill translated Jun and Tremel understand by it Moses and Aaron, as *Vultus Malorum*, and if we interpret it (as others) of Angels, it were better rendered in English, *Destroying or Punishing Angels*, Inflictors of Evil upon them I attribute this infliction to the Archangel Michael first, because it was he (by name) who fought with the Dragon, and smote him and his Angels, *Revel 12 7* Secondly because in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an Angel of War *Chap 10 v 13* And lastly, because the very name is said to signify *Percussio Dei* The Smiting of God The Wisdom of Solomon, *Chap 18 v 14, 15, 16* gives a little hint of the fancy of this Stanza *For whilst all things were in quiet silence, and that the night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leapt down from heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce man of war into the midst of a Land of destruction And brought thine unfeigned command as a sharp sword, and standing up, filled all things with death, &c*

15

1 That this Plague was a Pestilence is the opinion of Josephus, and most Interpreters

2 The Law of consecrating all first borns to God, seems *Exod* the 13 to be grounded upon this slaughter of the Egyptian First born But that was rather the addition of a new cause why the Hebrews should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole reason of it for even by natural right, the First born, and First Fruits of all things are Sacred to God, and therefore anciently, not only among the Jews but also other Nations, the Priesthood belonged to the Eldest Sons

3 The Name of that Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea There is great confusion in the succession of the Egyptian Kings, and divers named by some Chronologers, that are quite omitted by others, as Amenophis, whom Mercator, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the Red Sea, but that it was Cenchres, is the most probable, and most received opinion

16

1 That Zoan, or Tzoan, was the place where Moses did his miracles, and consequently the City where Pharaoh Cenchres lived, we have the Authority of *Psalms 78 12* It was likewise called Tanis (by the Grecians) and from it that mouth of the Nile near which it stood, *Ostium Taniticum* So that they are mistaken, who make Noph, or Moph that is Memphis, the place where Pharaoh kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more Southward

2 The Adored Heifer Apis, and Serapis, and Osyris (who was Misraim) I conceive to have been the same Deity among the Egyptians, known by other Nations by the names of Mithra, Baal, Tamuz, Adonis, &c and signifying

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the *Sun*, the great lamentations for the disappearing or loss of *Osyris*, *Tamus*, and *Adonis*, and rejoicing for their return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The Egyptians under *Aps*, or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus* and their *Αφανισμός* and *Εύρησις* signified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the shape of an *Ox*, and not, I believe, as *Vossius*, and some other learned men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine. Besides, the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and worshipped it with great reverence, and made infinite lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the death or disappearing,

—*Quo se gurgite Nil*

Condat adoratus tepidis pastonibus Aps Stat

The Marks were these. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white streak along the back, a white mark like an Half moon on his right shoulder, two hairs only growing on his tail, with a square blaze in his forehead, and a bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his tongue. By what art the *Priests* made these marks, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calif*, or *Heisen*, both by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latines. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calif*, *Psal* 106 renders an *Ox*.

3 See *Chap* 12 2. From this time the Hebrews had two computations of the beginning of the year, the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*. The *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Aequinoctial*, and all civil matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the year. The *Sacred*, to which all Festivals, and all Religious matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Aequinoctial*, and was instituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17

1 Give a new occasion for it to be called the *Red Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the opinions are very different, that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumaea*, and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*, and the *King Erythra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it was *Esau*, and *Erythraa* his Country, *Idumaea*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*, but because that opinion of the *Redness* of the shore in some places has bin most received, and is confirmed even to this day by some Travellers, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

[19]

1 *Plutarch* de *Is & Osyr* testifies, that *Xnula* was an ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*, that is, the Country of *Cham*. As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psal* 105 *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham*. From whose son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians Mesre* to this day.

2 *Beasts* that were deified by the Egyptians, who chose at first the figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the worship came even to be terminated in them.

FINIS

Davideis,
A
SACRED POEM
OF THE
TROUBLES
OF
DAVID

In FOUR BOOKS

VIRG GEORG 2

*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, Cæliq, vias ac Sidera monstrent*

LONDON

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew*
Anchor in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange, 1668

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phesie Saul among the Prophets He is compared to Balaam,
whose Song concludes the Book*

DAVIDEIS.

The first Book

1, 2 **I** Sing the *Man* who *Judahs Scepter* bore
 In that right hand which held the *Crook* before,
 Who from best *Poet*, best of *Kings* did grow,
 The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow
 Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
 Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* crost his strong fate in vain
 Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford,
 Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword*,
 So long her *Conque'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd,
 Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd
 All homebred Malice, and all foreign boasts,
 Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*
 Thou, who didst *Davids* royal stem adorn,
 And gav'st him *birth* from whom thy self was't *born*
 Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
 And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,
 Whilst *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold;
 The glorious light he forfeited of old,
 Who *Heav'ns glad burden* now, and justest pride,
 Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side,
 (Where hallowed *Flames* help to adorn that Head
 Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,
 Till crimson drops of precious *blood* hung down
 Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*)
 Ev'en *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of *Davids Lyre*,
 Guid my bold steps with thine old *trav'elling Flame*,
 3 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame*,

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

Lo, with *pure bands* thy heav'only *Fires* to take,
My well-chang'd *Muse* I a chast *Vestal* make!
From earths vain joys, and loves soft witchcraft free,
I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee!

Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praise,
On polisht *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchsafe to dwell,

- 4 It *Solomons*, and *Herods* shall excel
Too long the *Muses-Land* have *Heathen* bin,
Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ls*, and *Virtues Sin*,
But *Thou*, *Eternal Word*, hast call'd forth *Me*
5 Th' *Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*,
T' unbind the charms that in slight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is truest *Poesie*

The malice now of jealous *Saul* grew less,
O'recome by constant *Virtue*, and *Success*,

- 6 He grew at last more weary to *command*
New dangers, than young *David* to withstand
Or *Conquer* them, he fear'd his mastring *Fate*,
And envy'd him a *Kings* unpowerful *Hate*
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'oppression speed,
7 *Victorious*, and the *Victors* sacred *Meed*!

The *Burden* lifts them *higher* Well did he know,
How a tame *stream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjust force, he now with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling *Banks*, and glides away,
But his known *Channel* stopt, begins to roare,

- 8 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore
His mutinous waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighboring fields with violent course

This knew the *Tyrant*, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought
He old kind vows to *David* did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For *David* all men lov'd, and *Saul* they fear'd
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- From mans *agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take ,
 And *Quiet* here, does there new *Business* make
 Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,
 Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does see,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*
- 9 Beneath the dens where *unfletcht Tempests* lye,
 And infant *Winds* their tender *Voyces* try,
 Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy *Caves*,
- 10 Beneath th' eternal *Fountain* of all *Waves*,
 Where their vast *Court* the *Mother-waters* keep,
 And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep,
 There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
 Which genuine *Night* and *Horroure* does o'reflow ,
- 11 No bound controls th' unwearied space, but *Hell*
Endless as those dire *pains* that in it dwell
 Here no dear glimpse of the *Suns* lovely face,
 Strikes through the *Solid* darkness of the place ,
 No dawning *Morn* does her kind reds display ,
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*
 No gentle *stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
 Offend the tyr'amous and unquestion'd *Night*
 Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns ,
Proud, 'midst his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*
 Once *General* of a guilded *Host* of *Sprights*,
 Like *Hesper*, leading foith the spangled *Nights*
 But down like *Lightning*, which him struck, he came ,
 And roar'd at his first plunge into the *Flame*
 Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there ,
 With dropping *Lights* thick shone the singed *Air*
 Since when the dismal *Solace* of their wo,
 Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo ,
Themselves at first against *themselves* they 'excite,
 (Their dearest *Conquest*, and most proud delight)
 And if those *Mines* of secret *Treason* fail,
 With open force mans *Vertue* they assail ,
 Unable to *corrupt*, seek to *destroy* ,
 And where their *Poysons* miss, the *Sword* employ
 Thus sought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *Davids* fall ,
 And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'eful rage of *Saul*

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace,
He saw the nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
Great *Gifts*, which for Great *Works* he knew design'd
He saw (t'ashame the strength of *Man* and *Hell*)
How by's young hands their *Gathite Champion* fell
He saw the reverend *Prophet* boldly shed

1 Sam 16
12

12 The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head*

1 Sam 16

13 And well he knew what *Legacy* did place,
The sacred *Scepter* in blest *Judahs* race,
From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to spring,
A *Knowledge* which new *Hills* to *Hell* did bring!
And though no less he knew himself too weak
The smallest *Link* of strong-wrought *Fate* to break,
Yet would he rage, and struggle with the *Chain*,
Lov'd to *Rebel* though sure that 'twas in vain
And now it broke his form'd design, to find
The gentle change of *Sauls* recover'ing *Mind*
He trusted much in *Saul*, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great *Deceiver*) to be Himself *Deceiv'd*
Thrice did he knock his *Lion* teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl
His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the *Night*,
And with worse *Fires* the trembling *Ghosts* affright
A Troop of gastly *Fiends* compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound

13
Gen 49 10

Are he such *Nothings* then (said *He*) Our will
Crosth by a *Shepherds Boy*? and you yet still
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies*? are ye grown
Benumb'd with *Fear*, or *Virtues* sprightless cold,
You, who were once (I'm sure) so *brave* and *bold*?
Oh my ill-chang'd condition! oh my fate!

14 Did I lose *Heav'en* for this?

With that, with his long tail he lasht his breast,
And horribly *spoke* out in *Looks* the rest
The quaking Pow'ers of *Night* stood in amaze,
And at each other first could only gaze
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of *Hells* face,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
 So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore,
 No hiss of *Snakes*, no clank of *Chains* was known,
 The *Souls* amidst their *Tortures* durst not groan

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
 Of all the direful'st, her black locks hung long,
 Attir'd with curling *Serpents*, her pale skin
 Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within,
 And at her breast stuck *Vipers* which did prey
 Upon her panting heart, both night and day
 Sucking black *bloud* from thence, which to repair
 Both night and day they left fresh *poysons* there
 Her garments were deep stain'd in humane gore,
 And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
 A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
 Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood swim
 With which when she was drunk, she furious grew
 And lasht *herself*, thus from th' accursed crew,
Envy, the worst of *Fiends*, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she herself torments

Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (said she)
 Upon so poor a cause, shall *Mighty We*
 The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
 Are *We* not *Furies* still? and *you* our *Lord*?
 At thy dread anger the fixt *World* shall shake,
 And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake
 Do *Thou* but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
 And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky,
 Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,
 As shall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright
 Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
 Shall at thy *Voice* start, and misguide the *day*
 The jocond *Orbs* shall break their measur'd pace,
 And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted place
Heav'ens guilded *Troops* shall flutter here and there,
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*,
 15 Nay their *God* too—for fear *he* did, when *We*
 Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyrannie*,
 So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,
 That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

There was a *Day*! oh might I see't again
 Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in!
 And can such pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood?
 Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebles* do him good?
 What th' untam'd *Lyon*, whet with hunger too,
 And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* shall do
 I'll soon dissolve this *Peace*, were *Sauls* new *Love*
 (But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* shall prove,
 Before *their Sun* twice be gone about,
 I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out

16 By Me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brothers* gore,

Gen 4 8

A *Sacrifice* far worse than that before,
 I saw him fling the *stone*, as if he meant,
 At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
 And laught to see (for 'twas a goodly show)
 The *Earth* by her first *Tiller* fatned so
 I drove proud *Pharash* to the parted *Sea*,
 He, and his *Host* drank up cold death by *Me*,
 By Me rebellious Arms herce *Corah* took,
 And *Moses* (curse upon that *Name*!) forsook,

Ib v 2
 Exod 14 23

17 Hither (ye know) almost *alive* he came

Num 16 1

Ib 31

Through the cleft *Earth*, Ouis was his *Fun'eral Flame*
 By *Me*—but I lose time, methinks, and should
 Perform new acts whilst I relate the old,
David's the next our fury must enjoy,
 'Tis not thy *God* himself shall save thee, *Boy*,
 No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*,
 May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* cease,
 And banisht from this potent Court below,
 May I a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow

She spoke, all star'd at first, and made a pause,
 But strait the general murmur of applause
 Ran through Deaths Courts, she frown'd still, and begun
 To *envy* at the praise *herself* had won

18 Great *Belzebub* starts from his burning Throne

To' embrace the *Fiend*, but she now furious grown
 To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled,
 The *Snakes* all hist, the *Fiends* all murmured

It was the time when silent night began
 T'enchain with *sleep* the busie *spirits* of Man,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- And *Saul* himself, though in his troubled breast
 The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle rest
 So did not *Envy*, but with haste arose,
 And as through *Israels* stately Towns she goes,
 She frowns and shakes her head, shine on (says she)
Ruines e're long shall your sole *Mon'uments* be
 The silver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
 And neighbring *Hermon* sweated flowry dew,
 Swift *Jordan* started, and straight backward fled,
 Hiding among thick reeds his aged head,
- 19 Lo, at her entrance *Sauls* strong *Palace* shook,
 And nimbly there the reverend shape she took
 Of *Father Benjamin*, so long her beard,
 So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd
- 20 Just like his *statue* which *bestrid* *Sauls* gate,
 And seem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*
 In this known form she approacht the *Tyrants* side,
 And thus her words the sacred *Form* bely'd
- Arise, lost *King* of *Israel*, can'st thou lie
Dead in *this sleep*, and yet thy *Last* so nigh?
 If *King* thou be'st, if *Fesses* race as yit
 Sit not on *Israels Throne*¹ and shall he sit?
 Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?
 From the mild *Brickhills* nobler *slavery*?
 For this did *Seas* your pow'rful *Rod* obey?
 Did *Wonders* guid, and feed you on your way?
 Could ye not there great *Pharaohs* bondage beare,
 You who can serve a *Boy*, and *Minstrel* here?
 Forbid it *God*, if thou be'st *just*, this shame
 Cast not on *Sauls*, on *mine*, and *Israels Name*
 Why was I else from *Canaans Famine* lead?
 Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead
 E're my full *Loyns* discharg'd this num'rous race,
 This luckless *Tribe*, ev'en *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace*!
 Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants Vassal* must thou live?
 Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give?
 What wants he now but that? can'st thou forget
 (If thou be'st *man* thou can'st not) how they met
 The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch*¹ you
 Your *thousand* onely, he *ten thousand* slew!

Gen 43.

1 Sam 1

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

Him *Isra'el* loves, him neighbring *Countreys* fear,
 You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear,
 And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court*,
 The *Court* that must be *his*, where he shall sport
 Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
 Thy costly *robes*, thy *Crown*, Wert thou not told
 This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he
 With bold false threats from *God* affronted Thee?
 The *dotard* ly'd, *God* said it not I know,
 Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so,
 Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
 Exact the *royal Lot*, and call it forth?
 Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Sonne*)
 To *Him*, and to his perishing *Nation* done
 Such lasting ben'efits as may justly claime
 A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame*?
Poor Prince, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys* invade!
 By thine own *Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!
 Unnat'ural *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
 By *Friendships* Name against a *Crown* and *Thee*!
 Betray not too thy self, take courage, call
 21 Thy 'enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul*
 Lo, this great cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,
 Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes*
 Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*
 Survives, the *Priv'ledge* of their *Graves* enjoy
 Rise quickly *Saul*, and take that *Rebels* breath
 Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'en our *Death*
 Kill him, and thou'rt secure, 'tis only *He*
 That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*,
 As *Earths* low *Globe* robs the High *Moon* of *Light*,
 When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright
 Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell,
 I've seen thy royal *Stars*, and know them well
 Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays*! Is not thy *Breast*
 (Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble thoughts possess'd?
 May they beget like *Aets* With that she takes
 One of her worst, her best beloved *Snakes*,
 Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)
 Into his bosom steal, and in it be

1 Sam. 13
13

1 Sam. 19
21

ABRAHAM COWLEY

My *Vice-Roy* At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the *Night*

The infected *King* leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,
And started back at piec'd up shapes, which fear
And his distracted *Fancy* painted there
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet, He cries, Oh 'tis confest,

- 22 I' have been a *pious fool*, a *Woman-King*,
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, every thing
- 23 Eight hundred years of *Death* is not so deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick sleep*
My *Patience* ev'n a *Sacrilege* becomes,
Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs*
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father*! who for me
This cursed World endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, *great Vision*, is so true,
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do
Kill him? yes *mighty Ghost* the wretch shall dy,
Though every *Star* in Heav'n should it deny,
Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain
Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose design
Is to revenge his *own disgrace* by *Mine*,
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th' intent,
Should mine *own heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent
Curse me just *Heaven* (by which this truth I swear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do spare
No gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still home,
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* shall come
If that curst object longer vex my sight,
It must have learnt to 'appear as *Thou* to night

Whilst thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed,
The threatned *youth* slept fearless on his bed,
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,
For though *Thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake

24 Above the subtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

- Above those petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night* ,
 There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light* ,
 Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind,
 Is stretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,
 25 Nor can the glory contain it self in th' endless space
 For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln beams appear,
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there
 On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *seasons* slide,
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide ,
 Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,
 26 But an *Eternal Now* does always last
 There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End* ,
 Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend
 Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
 And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*
 Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*
 From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris
 Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
 Thou Great *Three-One* !
 There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show,
 Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below ,
 No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,
 And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace
 The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back,
 The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack
Earths strong foundations would be torn in twain,
 And this vast work all ravel out again
 To its first *Nothing* , For his *spirit* contains
 27 The well-knit *Mass*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he still bestows ,
 From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows
 28 Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,
 Which seven triumphant *Generals* command,
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise,
 And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes
 29 Of these he call'd out one , all Heav'en did shake,
 And silence kept whilst its Creator spake

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Are we forgotten then so soon? can He
 Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
 That gave it? can he think we did not hear
 (Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the *Ear*
 To be accounted *deaf*? No, *Saul*, we heard,
 And it will cost thee dear, the ills thou'st fear'd,
 Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send,
 Have *we* not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend!
 Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
 When thou must lie in blood at *Gilboa*,
Thou, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldst not threaten still,
 Thy trembling Tongue would stop against thy will
 Then shall thine *Head* fixt in curst *Temples* be,
 And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at Thee
 That hand which now on *David's* Life would prey,
 Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay,
 He whom thou *hat'st*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall sit,
 And expiate the disgrace thou do'st to it
 Hast then, tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,
 Tell him whose blood must paint this rising Morn
 Yet bid him go securely when he sends,
 30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*
 The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
 And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back
 He spoke, the *Heavens* seem'd decently to bow,
 With all their bright *Inhabitants*, and now
 The jocond *Sphaeres* began again to play,
 Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*
 Only that *Angel* was strait gon, Ev'en so
 (But not so swift) the *morning Glories* flow
 At once from the bright *Sun*, and strike the ground,
 So winged *Lightning* the soft air does wound
 Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
 The *Motion*, having no *Account* so small
 So flew this *Angel*, till to *David's* bed
 He came, and thus his sacred Message said,
 31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has sworn,
 He swore thy blood should paint this rising Morn
 Yet to him go securely when he sends,
 'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

- The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack,
 And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back
 Up leapt *Jessides*, and did round him stare,
 But could see nought, for nought was left but air,
 Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his thought,
 Lo, the *short Prophetie* t'effect is brought
 In treacherous hast he's sent for to the King,
 And with him bid his charming *Lyre* to bring
 The King, they say, lies raging in a Fit,
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit,
- 32 And true it was, soft *musick* did appease
 Th'obscure fantastick rage of *Sauls* disease
- 33 Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *Thou*, or none canst tell
 The mystick pow'ers that in blest *Numbers* dwell,
 Thou their great *Nature* know'st, nor is it fit
 This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit)
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms arise,
 Teach the dull world t'*admire* what they *despise*,
 As first a various uniform'd *Hint* we find
 Rise in some god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
 Till all the parts and words their places take,
 And with just marches *verse* and *musick* make,
- 34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds* new *Essay*,
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay,
 Th'ungovern'd parts no *Correspondence* knew,
 An artless *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew,
 Till they to *Number* and fixt *Rules* were brought
 By the *eternal Minds Poetique Thought*
- 35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,
Earth made the *Base*, the *Treble Flame* arose,
- 36 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk stroke he gave,
 To *Saturns* string a touch more soft and grave
 The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
 And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven so,
 Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,
 As made this decent measur'd *Dance* of *All*
 And this is *Musick*, *Sounds* that charm our ears,
 Are but one *Dressing* that rich *Science* wears
 Though no man hear't, though no man it rehearse,
 Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse*

1 Sam 18
10 & 19 9

1 Sam. 16
23.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- In this *Great World* so much of it we see ,
 37 The *Lesser, Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*
Storehouse of all *Proportions* ! *single Quire* !
 Which first *Gods Breath* did tunefully inspire !
 From hence blest *Musicks* heav'ently charms arise,
 From *sympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies
 Thus they our *souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
 Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that's within
 38 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant *Wound* does guid
 39 Thus when two *Brethren strings* are set alike,
 To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *strike*,
 Thus *Davids Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul
 40 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his *Soul*

- 41 When *Israel* was from bondage led,
 Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
 From out a forreign land,
 The great *Sea* beheld, and fled
 As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind,
 So whilst through wondrous ways
 The sacred *Army* went,
 The *Waves* afar stood up to gaze,
 And their own *Rocks* did represent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*

Old *Jordans* waters to their *spring*
 Start back with sudden *fright* ,
 The *spring* amaz'd at sight,
 Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring
 The *Mountains* shook, and to the *Mountains* side,
 The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide ,
 As young affrighted *Lambs*
 When they ought dreadful spy,
 Run trembling to their helpless *Dams* ,
 The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
 Were glad for their *excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee ,

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

Or why did *Jordans* tyde
 Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee?
 Why leapt the *Hills*? why did the *Mountains* shake?
 What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forsake?
 Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea*!
 And *Jordans* Current cease,
Jordan there is no need of thee,
 For at *Gods* word, when e're he please,
 The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of these

Exod 27 6
Num 20 11

Thus sung the great *Musician* to his Lyre,
 And *Sauls* black rage grew softly to retire,
 But *Envy*s *Serpent* still with him remain'd,
 42 And the wise *Charmers* healthful voice disdain'd
 Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
 Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,
 To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *excuse*
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
 And the soft *Medicine* with kind art renews,
 The barb'arous *Patient* casts at him his *spear*,
 (The usual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)
 Casts it with violent strength, but into th'roome
 An *Arm* more strong and sure then his was come,
 An *Angel* whose unseen and easie might
 Put by the *weapon*, and *misled* it *right*
 How vain Mans pow'er is! unless *God* command,
 The *weapon* disobeys his *Masters* hand!
 Happy was now the error of the blow,
 At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so
 One would have thought, *Sauls* sudden rage t'have seen,
 He had himself by *David* wounded been
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
 And thought his *Honor* now engag'd i'th' *Sin*
 A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends
 (*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *Friends*)
 To mend his *error* by a surer blow,
 So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not so
 Home flies the *Prince* and to his trembling *Wife*

Ps 58 5

1 Sam 18
 11 & 19 10

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Relates the new-past hazard of his life,
 Which she with *decent passion* hears him tell,
 For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well
- 43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
 Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
 The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring ray,
 (A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd,
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd
 Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies
 (So faithful and so quick are *loving Eyes*)
 Which marcht, and often glister'd through a wood,
 That on right hand of her fair *Palace* stood,
 She saw them, and cry'd out, They're come to kill
 My dearest *Lord*, *Sauls* spear pursues thee still
 Behold his wicked *Guards*, Haste quickly, fly,
 For heavens sake haste, My dear *Lord*, do not dy
 Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd rage
 Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can assuage!
 Will he part those he joynd so late before?
 Were the two-hundred Foreskins worth no more?
 He shall not part us, (Then she wept between)
 At yonder Window thou mayst scape unseen,
 This hand shall let thee down, stay not, but hast,
 'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast
 Best of all women, he replies—and this
 Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a Kiss,
 Throw not away (said she) thy precious breath,
 Thou stay'st too long within the reach of *death*
 Timely he obeys her wise advice, and streit
- 44 To unjust Force she opposes just deceit
 She meets the Murd'ers with a *virtuous Ly*,
 And good dissembling Tears, May he not *dy*
 In quiet then? (said she) will they not give
 That freedom who so fear lest he should *live*?
 Even fate does with your cruelty conspire,
 And spares your *guilt*, yet does what you *desire*
 Must he not *live*? for that ye need not *sin*,
 My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lies within,
 And has too little left of vital breath

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*
 One *hour* will do your work——
 Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace,
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
 Has such resistless charms that they believe,
 And an *unwilling aptness* find to *grieve*
 At what they *came* for, A pale *Statues* head
 In linnen wrapt appear'd on *David's* bed,
 Two servants mournful stand and silent by,
 And on the table med'cinal reliques ly,
 In the close room a well-plac'd Tapers light,
 Adds a becoming horror to the sight
 And for th' *Impression* *God* prepar'd their *Sence*,
 They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence
 How vain attempts *Sauls* unblest anger tries,
 By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and servants *Eyes*!

It cannot be (suid he) no, can it? shall
 Our great *ten thousand Slayer* idly fall?
 The silly rout thinks *God* protects him still,
 But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill*
 Oh may he guard him! may his members be
 In as full strength, and well-set harmonie
 As the fresh body of the first made Man
 E're *Sin*, or *Sins* just meed, *Disease* began
 He will be else too *small* for our *vast Hate*,
 And we must *share* in our revenge with *fate*
 No, let us have him *Whole*, we else may seem
 To have snatcht away but some few days from him,
 And *cut* that *Thread* which would have dropt in two,
 Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
 I know it cannot, will not, him we prize
 Of our just wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,
 45 That must not *blemisht* be, let him remain
 Secure, and *grow up* to our *stroke* again
 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
 When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *death*,
 Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then stay
 So long? good and great actions hate delay
 Some foolish piety perhaps, or He
 That has been still mine *honors* *Enemie*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Samuel* may change or cross my just intent,
 And I this *Formal Pity* soon repent
 Besides *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,
 That he can fly no more, if we should miss,
 Miss? can we miss again, go bring him strait,
 Though gasping out his Soul, if the wisht date
 Of his accursed life be almost past,
 Some *Joy* 'twill be to see him breath his last
 The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue* 'asham'd,
Sauls courage prais'd, and their own weakness blam'd,
 But when the *pious fraud* they understood,
 Scarce the respect due to *Sauls* sacred blood,
 Due to the sacred *beauty* in it reign'd,
 From *Nichols* murder their wild rage restrain'd
 She'allag'd the holiest chains that bind a *wife*,
Duty and *Love*, she allag'd that her own Life,
 Had she refus'd that safety to her Lord,
 Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword
 Now was *Sauls* wiath full grown, he takes no rest,
 A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled brest,
 And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* do's break,
 Not his own *fav'orites*, and best friends dare speak,
 Or look on him, but mute and trembling all,
 Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall
 So when the *pride* and *terrou*r of the *Wood*,
 A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,
 Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
 And bristles up preparing for his feast,
 If that by swiftness scape his gaping jaws,
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
 Tear up the ground, then runs he wild about,
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there,
Trees, though no *wind* stirring, shake with feare,
Silence and *horror* fill the place around
Eccho it self dares scarce repeat the sound
 46 Midst a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramachs* Town
 (The neighbourhood fair *Rama's* chief renown)
 47 A *College* stands, where at great *Prophets* feet
 The *Prophets* Sons with silent dili'gence meet,

1 Sam 19
25

1 Sam 19
27

1 Sam 19
19

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

- By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'ed,
 Yet more to' his lib'ral *Tongue* then *Hands* they ow'ed
 There himself *taught*, and his blest voice to heare,
 Teachers themselves lay proud *beneath* him there
 The *House* was a large *Square*, but plain and low,
 Wise *Natures* use *Art* strove not to outgo
 An inward *Square* by well-rang'd *Trees* was made,
 And midst the friendly cover of their shade,
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome *Fountain* rose,
 Which no vain cost of *Marble* did enclose,
 Nor through carv'd *shapes* did the forc'd waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves i'th' *liquid glass*
 Yet the chaste stream that 'mong loose pebbles fell
 48 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well
 49 The *Schollars*, *Doctōrs* and *Companions* here,
 Lodg'ed all apart in neat small chambers were
Well-furnisht-Chambers, for in each there stood,
 50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of wood,
 More is but clog where *use* does bound *delight*,
 And those are rich whose *Wealth's* proportion'ed right
 To their *Lifes Form*, more *goods* would but becom
 A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*
 A second *Court* more sacred stood behind,
 Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd
 The *Halls* and *Schools* one side of it possest,
 The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest
 Tables of plain-cut *Firre* adorn'ed the *Hall*,
 51 And with beasts skins the *beds* were cov'red all
 52 The reverend *Doctōrs* take their seats on high,
 Th' *Eleēt Companions* in their bosoms ly
 The *Schollars* far below upon the ground,
 On fresh-strew'd rushes place themselves around
 With more respect the *wise* and *ancient* lay,
 But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* then they,
 Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant feast,
 But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreast
 The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
 With their fair circle did this side extend,
 To which their *Synagogue* on th'other side,
 And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide

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- The midst tow'ards their large *Gardens* open lay,
 To'admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*
 I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood ,
 Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was *good* ,
Writing, Mans *Spir'itual Physick* was not then
It self, as now, grown a *Disease* of Men
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Sutors* knew ,
 The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,
 And with her *spurious brood* loads now the Press ,
Laborious effects of *Idleness* !
 Here all the various forms one might behold
 How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of old ,
- 53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *plates*,
 Some cut in *wood*, some lightlier trac'd on *slates* ,
- 54 Some drawn on fair *Palm leaves*, with short-live'd toyl,
 Had not their *friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oyl*
- 55 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *barks* ,
 Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks ,
- 56 Some in beasts *skins*, and some in *Biblos reed* ,
 Both new rude arts, with age and growth did need
 The *Schools* weie painted well with useful skill ,
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill
 Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mixt around the roome,
- 57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some
 Here all the noblest *Wits* of men inspir'd,
 From earths slight joys, and worthless toils retir'd,
 Whom *Samuels Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
 Each day by turns their solid knowledge read
- 58 The course and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
 And home to man those *distant Wonders* brought,
 How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
 And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends
 By what just steps the *wandering Lights* advance,
 And what eternal measures guid their *dance*
 Himself a *Prophet* , but his *Lectures* shew'd
 How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'd
Mahol th'inferior worlds fantastick face,
 Though all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,
 Great *Natures* well-set *Clock* in pieces took ,
 On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels* did look

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

- Of *Life* and *Motion*, and with equal art
 Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*
 The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Dust* designs
 Th'immortal solid rules of fanci'd *Lines*
 Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he shoves,
 And with them far their *endless journey* goes
- 59 *Numbers* which still encrease more high and wide
 From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide*
 Of *Men*, and *Ages* past *Seraiah* read,
Embalm'd in long-liv'd *History* the *Dead*
 Show'd the *steep falls*, and slow *ascent* of *States*,
 What *Wisdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates*
Samuel himself did *Gods* rich *Law* display,
 Taught doubting men with *Judgment* to *obay*
 And oft his ravisht *Soul* with sudden flight
 Soar'd above *present Times*, and humane sight
 These *Arts* but welcome *strangers* might appear,
Musick and *Verse* seem'd *born* and *bred* up here,
 Scaice the blest *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels* voyce,
 Does more with constant *Harmony* rejoyce
 The sacred *Muse* does here each brest inspire,
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd *Asaph* rule their *Quire*
 Both charming *Poets*, and all strains they plaid,
 By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made
 The *Synagogue* was drest with care and cost,
 (The onely place where that they'esteem'd *not lost*)
 The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
- 60 The sides refresh't with silks of *sacred blew*
 Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
 Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a blessing draw,
 Thrice in glad *Hymns* swell'd with the *Great Ones* praise,
- 61 The plyant *Voice* on her sev'en steps they raise,
 Whilst all th' *enlivened Instruments* around
 To the just feet with various concord sound,
 Such things were *Muses* then, contemn'd low earth,
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth*
 'Twas *God* himself that here tun'd every *Toung*,
 And gratefully of him alone they sung
- 62 They sung how *God* spoke out the worlds vast ball,
 From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*

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No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to possess,
 But an unbottom'ed *Gulf* of *Emptiness*
 Full of *Himself*, th' *Almighty* sat, his own
 63 *Palace*, and without *Solitude Alone*
 But he was *Goodness* whole, and all things will'd,
 Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd,
 And their astonisht heads o'th' sudden rear'ed,
 An unshap'ed kind of *Something* first appear'ed,
 Confessing its new *Being*, and undrest
 As if it stept in hast before the rest
 Yet buried in this *Matters* darksome womb,
 Lay the rich *Seeds* of ev'ery thing to com
 From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up so high,
 Close at its heels the nimble *Air* did fly,
 Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
 To the fixt *Navel* of the *Universe*,
 And was quite lost in *waters* till God said
 To the proud *Sea*, shrink in your insolent head,
 See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place,
 That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace
 Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain
 He foams, and rages, and turns back again
 With richer stuff he bad *Heav'ens* fabrick shine,
 And from him a quick spring of *Light divine*
 Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cher'ishing flame
 Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came
 He smooth'd the rough-cast *Moons* imperfect mold,
 And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold,
 Be thou (said he) *Queen* of the mournful night,
 And as he spoke, she' arose clad o're in *Light*,
 With thousand *stars* attending on her train,
 With her they rise, with her they set again
 Then *Herbs* peep'ed forth, new *Trees* admiring stood,
 And smelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood
 Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ay^r did flee,
 Joyful, and safe before *Mans Luxurie*,
 Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays
 Nay the *mute Fish* witness no less his praise
 For those he made, and cloath'd with silver scales,
 From *Minoes* to those *living Islands*, *Whales*

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

Beasts too were his command what could he more?
 Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before,
 In him he all things with strange order hurl'd,
 In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*

 This, and much more of *Gods* great works they told,
 His *mercies*, and some *judgments* too of old
 How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
 With an impetuous noyse the waves came rushing in
 Where *birds* e're while dwelt, and securely sung,
 There *Fish* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung
 The face of *sh[pu]rckt Nature* naked lay,
 The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*
 This men forgot, and burnt in lust again,
 Till show'rs, strange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
 And scalding brimstone, dropt on *Sodoms* head,
Alive they felt those *Flames* they fry in *Dead*
 No better end rash *Pharaohs* pride befel
 When *wind* and *Sea* wag'd war for *Israel*

- In his gilt chariots amaz'd *fishes* sat,
 And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat
 The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain,
 Nor was it since call'd the *Red-sea* in vain
 Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,
 64 To whose blest passage they owe still their *Name*
 Of *Moses* much, and the great seed of *Nun*,
 What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won
 How many *Kings* they slew or *Captive* brought,
 They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought

 Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days,
 And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers* praise
 No minutes rest, no swiftest thought they sold
 To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind*, *Gold*
Gold for which all mankind with greater pains
 Labour towards *Hell*, then those who dig its veins
 Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it, which more
 They valu'd then rich fools the shining *Ore*
 The *Silk-worm's* pretious death they scorn'd to wear,
 And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but sordid there
Honor, which since the price of *Souls* became,
 Seem'd to these *great ones* a low idle *Name*

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Instead of *Down*, hard beds they chose to have,
 Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*
 Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,
 Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they spent
 And spar'd the *Stock*, nor could their bodies say
 We owe this *Crudeness* t'*Excess* yesterday
 Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no soiling fear,
 But entertain their welcome *Maker there*
 The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,
 And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid
 And when the *Down* of *sleep* does softly fall,
 65 Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and mystical
 With hasty wings *Time present* they outfly,
 And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*
 There walk and sport among the *years to come*,
 And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ry *Causes womb*
 Thus these wise *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*,
 Free from the spight of *much-mistaken Saul*
 For if mans *Life* we in just ballance weigh,
David deserv'd his *Envy* less than *They*
 Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
 Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voyle*
 But long unknown even here he could not lye,
 So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envies Eye* !
 Th'offended *Troop*, whom he escap'd before,
 Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more,
 Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords,
 Some part of him all *promise* to their *Swords*
 They came, but a new spirit their hearts^s possess,
 Scatt'ring a sacred calm through every brest
 The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
 Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*
 Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
 And the chaste streams with even current glide
 A sudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
 And *Morning-blushes* in their cheeks arise
 The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder cease,
 In peaceful tunes they adore the *God of Peace*
 New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent,
 And was twice more mockt with the same event

DAVIDEIS BOOK I

His heightned rage no longer brooks delay,
 It sends him there himself, but on the way
 His *foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,
 And *Blessings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew
 His Kingly robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
 Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown*,
 Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
 And felt more *solid joys* than *Empire* brings
 Embiac'ed his wondring *Son*, and on his head
 The *balm* of all past *wounds*, kind *Tears* he shed

Ib v 23

So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond intent
 Of cursing the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went
 But as he went his *fatal tongue* to sell,
 His *Ass* taught him to *speak*, *God* to *speak well*

Num 22

Ib v 28

How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Israel*!
 (Thus he began) what conquests they foretel!
 Less fair are *Orchards* in their *autumn* pride,
 Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *Rivers* side
 Less fair are *Valleys* their green mantles spread!
 Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!
 'Twas *God* himself (thy *God* who must not fear)
 Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here
Slaughter shall wear out these, new *Weapons* get,
 And *Death* in triumph on thy darts shall sit
 When *Judabs Lyon* starts up to his prey,
 The *Beasts* shall hang their ears, and creep away
 When he lies down, the *Woods* shall silence keep,
 And deadful *Tygers* tremble at his sleep
 Thy *Cursers*, *Jacob*, shall twice *cursed* be,
 And he shall bless *himself* that blesses *Thee*

Num 24 5

NOTES

UPON THE

FIRST BOOK

1 **T**He custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I should not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better, and that part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no less *Necessary* for a *Christian Poet*. A *Jove principum, Musæ*, and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with less state, and made but one part of these *Two*, in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*, though generally they abused the *Prayer*, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the woe of *Men*, their *Princes* as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*, both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.

2 I call it *Judah's*, rather than *Israel's Scepter* (though in the notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater) First, because *David* himself was of that *Tribe*. Secondly, because he was first made *King of Judah*, and this *Poem* was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, because the *Monarchy* of *Judah* lasted longer, not only in his *Race*, but out lasted all the several *Races* of the *Kings of Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

3 I hope this kind of boast (which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*) will not seem immodest, for though some in other *Languages* have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*, yet none, that I know of, has in *English*. So *Virgil* says in the 3 of his *Georgicks*,

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire iugis, quæ nulla priorum
Castaham molli dixeruntur orbita chivo*

Because none in *Latin* had written of that subject. So *Hoface*,

*Libera, per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede —*

And before them both *Lucretius*,

*Avna Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq, haurire —*

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And so *Nemesianus*,

—*Ducitq, per avia, quâ sola nunquam*

Trita rotis—

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same argument before him And so *Oppian*, i *Ven*

*Ἐρρεο, καὶ τραχείαν ἐπιστελβόμεν ἀταρπὸν

τὴν μερόπων ὁπῶν τίς εἴς ἐπατησεν αἰδαῖς

My own allusion here is to the passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar of Flame*

4 Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* plucked down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superiour to that of *Zorobabel* in riches and magnificence, though that was forty six years a building, whereas *Herods* was but eight and *Solomons* seven of all three the last was the most stately, and in that, and not *Zorobabels* Temple, was fulfilled the prophesie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the last House should be greater than of the first

5 To be made an *Apostle* for the conversion of *Poetry* to *Christianity*, as *S Paul* was for the conversion of the *Gentiles*, which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*, but by his becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him This is more fully explained in the Latin Translation

6 It was the same case with *Hercules* and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul Fur*

Superat, & crescit malis,

Irâq, nostrâ fruitur, in laudes suas

Mea virtut odia, dum nimis sæva impo

Patrem probavi, gloria feci locum

And a little after,

Minorq, labor est Herculi jussa exequi,

Quàm mihi jubere—

7 In the publique Games of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the sign and reward of *Victory*, because it is the nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all pressures,

—*Palmaq nobilis*

Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos Hor Od i

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self And the Greek *Grammarians* say, that *νικᾶν* (to overcome) is derived from the same sense, *παρὰ τοῦ μὴ ἐλκεῖν, à non cedendo*

8 *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers* and the same difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*, but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*, *Virgil*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Minæus*

9 That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the *Earth*, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux In those concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moist ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*, and these are the secret *Treasures*, out of which God is in the *Scripture* said to bring them This was also meant

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by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep caves,

—*Hæc vasto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesq, sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinculis & carcere frænat*

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudî, nam quod in clauſo est, quæſcit, & æris statto est, omnis in fugâ ventus est* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so However my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempests* might pass with him, for as soon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream resistance (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake* *Juvenal Sat 5* expresses very well the *South wind*, in one of these dens

—*Dum se continet Austæ,
Dum sedet, & succat madidas in carcere pennas*

10 To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of wateis to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea*, all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body For to refer the original of all *Fountains* to condensation, and afterwards dissolution of vapors under the earth is one of the most unphilosophical opinions in all *Aristotle* And this *Abyss* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures* *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the Blessings of the Heavens above, and with the Blessings of the Deep beneath, that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the fountains and riveis that aise from the Deep, and *Esdra*s conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the *Sea*, and what veins in the root of the *Abyss*? So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that God stopt the windows of Heaven, and the fountains of the *Abyss*

And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole cause of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the *Sea*, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the *Sea* it self

11 This must be taken in a Poetical sense, for else, making *Hell* to be in the Center of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep, yet, on my conscience, where e're it be, it is not so strait, as that *Cro wdng* and sweating should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin Lessius* in his Book *de Morib Devinis*, as if he had been there to survey it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch mil*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more elbow room, and extends it to 1600 furlongs, that is 200 Italian miles *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the distance betwixt Heaven and Earth

—*Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq, sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum calis suspectus Olympum*

Hesiod is more moderate

—*Τόσσον ἐπερ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον οὐρανὸς ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαλῆς*

Status puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the distapce He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

—*Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum
Vos estis superi—*

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάραπος νέρθεν ἀδου*, the *Scripture* terms it *Uiter Darkeness*, *Σκότος ἐξωρερον*, & *Λόφος σκότους*

12 There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* anointing of *David* one (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a secret

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from *David's Father and Brethren* the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow, and therefore we use the word *Boldly* nay, I believe, that most of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul's* great jealousy of his being appointed to succeed him, and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himself, and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Priests*, and was applied to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Priests*, and did often exercise the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reprov'd and punished, not so much for offering Sacrifice (as an usurpation of the *Priests* Office) as for his infidelity in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*, that is, by *God* himself. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different, as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatum*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests* heads, and Round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*, which I follow here, because it sounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*) not that I have any faith in the authority of those *Authors*.

13 The *Prophecie* of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen* 49 v 10 The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Lawgiver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*, but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant, et appropinquet* αὐτῷ, *que reposita sunt ei* *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar Edition, *Qui mittendus est*, some of the *Rabbies*, *Filius ejus*, others, *Filius mulieris*, others, *Rex Messias*, others, *Suscipitor*, or *Tranquillator*, ours, and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I choose to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully. And I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemistiches*. There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*, as that of *Dido*,

—Moriatur multa?

Sed moriamur, ait —

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off, and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, then to conclude abruptly with that resolution? nothing could there be well added, but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras,

Which is contrary to her sense, for to have dyed revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras

Shall we dye (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make death unpleasant to us but however it is necessary to dye. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras

Which does indeed a little mend the sense, but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of

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that age But of this enough Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16 *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

*Desierant latrare canes, irbesq, salebant,
Omnia noctis erant placida composita quiete,*

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out, and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant—

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia pontus erant, dextrant quoq, littora ponto,

All things was *Sea*, nor had the *Sea* a *Shore*

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat—

But the addition is superfluous, even to ridiculousness

15 An *Apostrophe*, like *Virgil*

Quos ego—Sed molos præstat componere fluctus

This would ill befit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*, but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole speech without some lies in it, such are those precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are most of them false, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*, nor are her boasts more false, than her threatnings vain, where she says afterwards, 'Tis not thy God himself—yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man say as much in *Her Fur*

Amplere aras, nullus eripiet Deus

Te mihi—

16 *Cain* was the first and greatest example of *Envy* in this world, who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own, at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angered, and his countenance cast down* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cain's* Sacrifice that displeased God, the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, οὐκ, εὖν ὁρθῶς προσενέγκης, ὁρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ημᾶρες If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? but this *Translation*, neither the *Vulgar Edition*, nor ours, nor almost any follows We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the cause, since it hath pleased God not to declare it, neither is it declared in what manner he slew his *Brother* And therefore I had the *Liberty* to chuse that which I thought most probable, which is, that he knockt him on the head with some great stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural weapons of Anger That this stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombstone* of *Abel*, is not so *Hyperbolical*, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Tunius*,

—*Saxum circumspicit ingens,*

Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat

Limes agro positus, item ut discerneret agnis,

Vix illud lecti bis sex ceruice subient,

*Qualia nunc hominum producat corpora tellus,**

Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*,

Ο δ' οὐ δυο ἄνδρε φέροιν,

Οἶοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσω, ο δὲ μὲν πῆα πᾶλλε δὲ οἷος II 21

Ovid is no less bold, *Metamorph* 12

Codice qui misso quem vix iuga bina mouerent

fructa, Pholomeniden à summo vertice fragit

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17 Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to Burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that custom which if we believe *Statius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War*

18 *Belzebub* That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received opinion of the Ancients both *Jews* and *Gentiles*, but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, John 12 31 *Prince of this age*, Corinth 11 6 *Prince of the power of the Air*, Ephes 11 2 *Prince of Devils* Mat 12 24 by the expiess name of *Belzebub*, which is the reason why I use it here *Porphyrus* says his name is *Serapis*, *Μήποτε οὐδὲν εἶναι ὡν ἀρχεῖ ο Σαραπισ, δε τούτων Συμβολὸν ο τρικάρηνος κυῶν, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ο ἐν τοῖς τριῶν στοιχείοις, νοατι, γῇ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων* According to which *Statius* calls him *Triphlicus mundi summum*, but names him not for he addes, *Quem scire nefas tum est* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two verses, cited by the same *Porphyrus* address themselves,

Δαίμον αλιτρονῶν ψυχῶν διαδῆμα λελογχῶς
Ἡρώων ὑπερθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφ' ὑπερθε

O thou *Spirit* that hast the command of guilty souls beneath the vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth, which I should rather read *χθονίων τ' ὑπέρθε*, And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the Lord of Flies, which some think to be a name of scorn given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrrians*, whom they called *Βεελσαμὴν*, *id est* *Δα οὐρανιον*, because the Sacrifices in his Temple were infested with multitudes of Flies, which by a peculiar privilege, notwithstanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the Tradition) into the Temple at Jerusalem But others believe it was no mock name, but a *Surname* of Baal, as he was worshipt at Ekron, either from binging or diving away swarms of Flies, with which the Eastern Countrys were often molested, and their reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his sickness (when it is likely he would not rally with the God from whom he hoped for relief) sends to him under the name of *Belzebub*

19 That even insensible things are affected with horror at the presence of Devils, is a frequent exaggeration of stories of that kind, and could not well be omitted at the appearance of Poetical Spirits,

*Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & sylva intonare profunda,
Auduit & Trevis longè lacus, &c* — Virg *Aeneid* 7

And Seneca nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes* *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit* — *Fam tuum mæstæ pedem Teræ granatius, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat ut regio vacent, &c* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tellus crepuat, & moti Lares vertere vultum* When *Statius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the war with his Brother, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the shape of *Thyestias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocemq, & veller a*, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

— *Ramos, ac vellera fronti
Diripuit confessus avum* —

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgil's* method, who in the 7 *Aeneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the shape of a Priestess,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus, —

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury*,

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and so speak to him, which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all, for no person is so improper to persuade man to any undertaking as the *Devil* without a disguise which is the reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Sauls* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his welfare, and the easiest be believed and obeyed

20 I fancy here that the statue of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Sauls Gate*, for which perhaps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me, it being the common opinion, that the use of all statues, nay, even pictures, or other representations of things to the sight, was forbidden the *Jews* I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the Letter of the Law (which they began to be about the time when they should have left it) even the civil use of Images was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans* But I believe that at first it was otherwise And first, the words of the Decalogue forbid the making of Images, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of bowing down, or worshipping them, and if the Commandment had implied more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a Moral one Secondly, we have several examples in the Bible, which shew that statues were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by God to be so, as those of the *Cherubims*, and divers other Figures, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*, as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Solomons Throne*, and the statue of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him, of which more particularly hereafter *Vasques* says, that such Images only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut constitutæ modo accommodato adorationi*, made erected, or constituted in a Manner proper for Adoration, which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the Image is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an Appendix or addition for the ornament of some other thing, as for example, Statues are Idols, when Temples are made for them, when they are only made for Temples, they are but Civil Ornaments

21 Enchanted Vertues That is, whose operation is stopt, as it were, by some Enchantment Like that Fascination called by the French, *Nouement d'esguilletti*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation

22 So Homer, Ἀχαιῆδες, οὐκ ἔρ' Ἀχαιοί

And Virg O verè Phrygia, neq, enim Phryges!

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign, not exactly but this is the next whole number, and Poetry will not admit of broken ones and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual

24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say, no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy* It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts, for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy* And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so, and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it, as where it attributes the members and passions of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels* and *God* himself, where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest, but is spoken of, as it seems, not as it is, and in too many other places to be collected here *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

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Says in his 86 *Epistle*, That the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the Planter but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*, and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing* *Husbandmen* Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*, one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*, 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Una Eurusq, Notusq, ruunt, creberq, procellas
Africus — And *Statius*,
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nuber Eurus

And so all the rest Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself,
—*Facit omne pecus, volucresq, feræque,*
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos

Hitherto there is no scruple, for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod* He adds,

Nec truncibus fluvius idem sonus, occidit hornor
Æquoris, & ternis maria inclinata quiescunt,

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*

25 I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long and as it were, *Vast*, it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses as before *And over runs the neighbouring fields with violent course* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all*—and, *And fell adown his shoulders with loose care* In the 3 *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and ore his breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore* In the 4 *Like some fair Pine ore looking all th'ignobler Wood, and, Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong, and many more* but it is enough to instance in a few The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to, neither have our *English Poets* observed it for ought I can find The *Latins* (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince, Virgil*, always In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them

26 *Eternity* is defined by *Boet Lib 5 de Consolat* *Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio* The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho Aquin* and all the *Schoolmen*, who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans, a standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is always in *Fluxu*

27 *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58 *Epist* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines* *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia de fenduntur curâ regentis* *Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materne vi sua vincens* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourse* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the world, and that the nature of things is not left to itself to produce any action, without a concurrent act of *God*, which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red hot furnace

28 The Book of *Iobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest,

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and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians* *Clem Alexand Stromat* 6 *Επτα τοὺς τὴν μεγίστην δύναμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους* The *Seven* that have the greatest power, the *First born Angels*, *Tob* 1^o 15 I am *Raphael*, one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one, and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says *Chap* 10 13 *Lo Michael, one of the chief Princes came to help me* That some *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechas* 2 3 where one *Angel* commands another, *Run, speak to this young man, &c* and out of *Rev* 12 7 where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels* The number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*, but I doubt whether the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition* Three names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael*, but for the other four, *Orphiel, Zachariel, Samael, and Anael*, let the Authours of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *Seven Planets*

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an expression very like this of the *Angels*

Τῶδε θρόνῳ πυρρῆντι παρεστᾶσιν πολυμοχοῖ.

Ἄγγελοι, οἱσι μέμηλε βρότοις ως πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1 19 ο παρεστηκως ἐνωπιον τοῦ θεοῦ He that stands before the face of *God* And *Daniel* had his vision interpreted by one, τῶν ἐστηκότων, of the standers before *God*

29 The *Pois* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either *Spoke*, or so much as *Nodded* *Hom*

—Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ολυμπον

Virgil *Annuit, & totum nutu temescere Olympum*

Stat —Placido quatrens tamēn omnia vultu

30 *Friends* in the plural, is an intimation of the *Trinity*, for which cause he uses sometimes *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*

31 I do not like *Homer's* repeating of long Messages just in the same words but here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from *God*, from whose words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually I do have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*

32 That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what degrees he pleased, that a *Musician* in *Denmark* by the same art enraged *King Ericus*, even to the striding of all his friends about him, that *Pythagoras* taught by the same means a woman to stop the fury of a young man, who came to set her House on fire, that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindered another from murdering his Father when the *Sword* was drawn for that purpose, that the fierceness of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the spoils of *Etion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths, and *Asclepiades*, even seditious multitudes to Temper and Reason, that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own flesh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men conversant among Authors Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised or suppress (for which cause *Pindar* says to his Harp, Τὸν ἀλχηματὰν κεραννὸν σβερννεῖς Thou quenchest the raging Thunders) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine

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Testimony for it *Plin Lib 28 cap 1 Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulysssem inhibuisse carmine Theophrastus Ischadicis sanari, Cato prodidit luxatus membris carmen auxiliari Mar Varro Podagris* Where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with *musical notes* For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A Gell* for giving ease to it, *Ut memoria proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported *Apollon* in his Book *de Musis* speaks thus It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthysiasm*, that *Musick* cures many passions and diseases, both of the Mind and Body, *Καθ'απερ λειπο θυμίας, φόβους δε τας ἐπὶ μακρὸν, γυγνομένας τῆς Διαβολας ἐκστάσεις* *lātau γαρ φησιν η καταυλησις δὲ Ἰσχιάδα δὲ Ἐπιληψίαν* And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the *Pipe* for the cure of several sicknesses, which *Galen* calls *καταυλεν τοῦ τόπου*, *Superloco affecto tibis canere*, or, *Loca dolentia decantare* So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies But if it were not for this example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded and afford a probable argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet the Art For the explication of the reason of these cures, the *Magicians* fly to their *Colcodea*, the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*, the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodiges not worth the repeating *Baptisia Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power* of the *Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*, for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose, and the *Sciaticque* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of pains But these, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are so false, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators Picus Mirand* says, That *Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as *Medicines* do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body* I conceive the true natural reason to be, that in the same manner as *Musical* sounds move the outward air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation* or *Expulsion* of *Vapours*, and by *Vertue* of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion* which I express afterwards in Verse For the producing of the effect desired, *Athan Kercherus* requires four conditions 1 *Harmony* 2 *Number* and *Proportion* 3 *Efficacious* and *pathetical words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*) And 4 An adaption of all these to the *Constitution*, *Disposition*, and *Inclinations* of the *Patient* Of which, and all things on this subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magni Consoni & Dissoni*

33 *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit* blames *Claudian* for his excursion concerning the burning of *Aetna*, and for enquiring the cause of it in his own person If he had brought in, says he, any other person making the relation, I should endure it I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*, however, I chuse here upon this new occasion by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, As first a *various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the person of the *Muse* For this second *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*, which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the digression been upon any subject but *Musick Hom II 2*

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Ἐσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλυμπία δῶματ' ἔχουσαι
 Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἐστέ, παρεστέ τε, ἵστε τε πάντα
 Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος ὅλον ἀκούομεν, οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (*Æn* 7)

*Nunc age qui Reges, Erato—
 Tu Vatem tu Diva mone, &c—*

And a little after,

*Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, cantusq, ciet—
 Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,
 Ad nos vix tenuis famâ perlabitur auras*

34 I have seen an excellent saying of *S. Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Cæmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus—sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quædam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariis oppositæ sæculi pulchritudine componitur* And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number, Weight, and Measure*, which are all qualities of a good Poem This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the world, and not that which *Pythagoras, Plato, Tully, Macrob* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens* This is their musical and loud voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalm 19 The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord—There is no Speech nor Language where their voice is not heard Their sound is gone out though all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world—* O! as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it *Then Line is gone out, Lineæ, vel amussus eorum* To shew the exactness of their proportion

35 Even this distinction of sounds in the art of *Musick*, is thought by some to have been invented from the consideration of the elementary qualities In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have formed an Harp with four strings, and set them to different Tunes The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire* The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water* The third to *Paramete*, for the *Air* And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*

36 Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course

37 There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it See at large *Kercherus* in his 10 Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*

38 The *Weapon Salvæ*

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a straw upon one of the strings, which will presently move upon touching the other

40 Here may seem to want connexion between this verse and the *Psalm* It is an *Ellipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the Reader, to wit, *That David sung to his Harp, before Saul, the ensuing Psalm* Of this kind is that in *Virgil*,

*Jungimus hospitio dexteras, & lecta subimus
 Tempia Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto
 Da propriam Thymbræ domum, &c—*

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supplied by any care Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4 Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some places in *Virgil*, where the sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out of some verses, through the overmuch severity of his judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their

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place, and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the gap The like *Ellipsis* is in his 5 Book, upon the death of *Palmurus*,

*Multa gemens casusq; animum percussus amici,
O nimium caelo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palmure jacebis arena*

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb*

—*Ni tu Tritonia Virgo
Consilio dignata virum —Sate gente superbi
Oeneos, absentes cur dudum vincere Thebas
Annumus—*

And why do I instance in these, since the examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41 For this liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example and therefore like men who venture upon a new coast, I must run the hazard of it We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
Ausu decerere—Hoi*

42 *Psal* 58 5 *They are like the deaf Adder that stoppeth his ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely* So *Jerem* 8 17 *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed* *Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio* which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms* For the first is plainly against them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species of Serpents*, which alone had a quality of resisting *Incantations* And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, Though you practise *Magick Arts* like other Nations, and think like them, that you can charm the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy against those which I shall send among you, for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the power of *Spells* upon *Serpents*, they being the creatures most antipathetical and terrible to humane nature

*Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis Virg
Viperæ rumpo verbis & carmine fauces Ovid
Inq; puimosa coluber distenditur arvo
Viperæ coeunt abrupto corpori nodi,
Humanq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno Lucan*

43 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the wonders of the World) then the κήπος or παρακείστος κρεμαστὸς, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, foursquare, and each side containing four Acres of ground It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorned with many Banqueting Houses The particular description see in *Diodor Sicul* l 11 and out of him in *Qu Curt* l 5. It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosar*, for so *Josephus*, l 10 and *Suidas* expressly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Qu Curt* speaks, *Desideria nemorum sylvarumq; in campestribus locis verum compulsi naturæ genium amantate hujus operis imitari* And *D Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susa*, in his *Sermon of Riches* Οὐδ' ἂν γίνοντο ποτὲ ἄνθρωποι εὐδαίμονες ἀρόητοι δὲ ἀρόρες οὐδ' ἂν τὸν ἐν Ζουσοῖς παράδεισον οἰκοδομήσωσαν, ὅς ἦν, ὡς φασὶ, μετέωρος ἀπας These were miracles of their kind, but the use of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients, *Seneca*, *Trag Act* 3 *Thyest*

Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva Sen Epist 122
Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis turrebus serient? quorum

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silva in tectis domorum ac fastigis nutant, inde ortus radicibus quod improbe cacumina egissent Plin In tectis olim Romæ scandebant silvæ, Which luxury, as all others, came out of Asia into Europe, and that it was in familiar use among the Hebrews, even in Davids time, several Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 Sam 26 22 They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel, 2 Sam 11 2 And it came to pass in an evening, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings house, and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself And 1 Sam 9 25 Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the House And again, verse 26

44 1 Sam 19 13 And Michol took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a cloath An Image, the Hebrew is Theraphim a word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good sense but here The Images that Rachel stole from Iaban, are so called, which there the Septuagint translate by Εἰδωλον, in other places by Θεραφεῖν, or Θεραφίμ, sometimes by γλυπτον, here by κεντραφίον, the most improperly of all, Herse, or the representations of the Dead, lud upon Herses The Latin uses Simulacrum, or Statua, and Aquila, μορφοματα The fancy of Josephus is extraordinarily Rabbinical He says that Michol put between the cloathes the Liver of a she Goat, newly cut out, and shewed the palpitation of it under the coverlet to the Souldiers saying that it was David, and that he had not slept all night How come such men as he to have such odd dreams? Ribera upon Hosea says thus, What Statue was it that she placed in the bed? Certainly no Idol, for those were not to be found in the house of David, nor any Astronomical Image, made for the reception of celestial influences, which R Abraham believes, for those were not allowable among the Jews, but she made some figure like a man out of several cloaths which she stuffed with other things, like Scat crows, or those figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theaters, or those that are placed upon great mens Herses And she put the skin of a she Goat about his head, to represent his red hair, which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable For what time had she to make up such a Puppet? I do therefore believe, that she had a statue of David in the house, and laid that in the bed, pretending that he was speechless, & even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, And for th'impression God prepared their sense And now concerning the Civil use of Images among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in Poetry, as long as it hath any appearance of probability

45 It was a necessary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without Blemish See Levit 1 and this was observed too among the Heathen

46 Rama, or Ramatha and Naroath were not several Towns, but Naroath was a place in, or close by Rama, where there were wont to be solemn Religious meetings Adrucon

47 The Description of the Prophets Colledge at Naroath looks at first sight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the Universities, but the truth is ours (as many other Christian customs) were formed after the example of the Jews They were not properly called Prophets, or foretellers of future things but Religious persons, who separated themselves from the business of the world, to employ their time in the contemplation and praise of God, their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments for which cause in 1 Sam 10 5 they carried with them a Psalttery, Tabret, Pipe, and Harp, These it is probable were instituted by Samuel, for the 19, and 20 they saw the company of Prophets prophesying (that is, saw

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them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *Stantem super eos*, which the Chaldee interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterwards composed *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, because they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures, and they are called *Fili Prophetarum*, as *2 King 2 3*. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*, and *v 5* the Sons of the Prophets that were at *Jericho* out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons of the Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the sense that the *Greeks* term *Physicians*, *Ἱατρῶν παῖδας*, The Sons of the *Physicians*, and the *Hebrews* Men, the Sons of Men, but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes *S Matth 11 19 Wisdom is justified of her Children*. And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, *2 King 2 12 My Father, my Father, &c*.

48 For the several *Sprinklings* and *Purifications* by water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod Levit Numb* and *Deuteron* the omission of which, in some cases was punished with no less than death, *Exod 30 20*.

49 I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the speech of an ancient *Rabbi*, from whence we may collect this distinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence *S Paul* is said to be brought up at the feet of *Gamahel*, and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his feet, and heard his word, *Luke 10 39*. After the *Scholars* had made good progress in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by imposition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colledges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions*.

50 The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha's* chamber, *2 Kings 4 10*.

51 It was the ancient custom to cover the Seats and *Table Beds* with Beasts skins. So *Eumæus* places *Ulysses*, *Odyss 14*.

Ἐστόρπισεν δ' ἐπὶ δέρμα ἰονθαδου ἄγριος αἰγὸς

Collocavit super pellem illosæ silvestris capra

So *Euander* *Aneas*, *8 Aeneid*

Præcipuumq, toro & villosi pelle Leonis

Accipit Aeneam—

Ovid *Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat*

52 There is a great dispute among the Learned concerning the antiquity of this custom of *Lyng down* at meat, and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That the *Romans* at first used *sitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*, that the *Græcians* did so too, appears by *Athenæus*, *l 7 c 15*. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several words used in the New Testament upon this occasion, as *ἀναπίντου*, *Luke 22 ἀνακείσθαι*, *Matth 26 κατακείσθαι*, *Luke 14 ἀνακλιθῆναι* *Matth 14* so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus bosom*, *Joh 13 23* that is, lay next to him at the Feast, and alluding to this custom, *Christ* is said to be in the bosom of his Father, and the Saints in the bosom of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this fashion from the *Romans* after they were subdued by them, but that is a mistake, for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eastern people even in the *Prophets* time we have testimony of this custom, *Ezek 23*.

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41 *Thou satest upon a stately bed, and a table prepar'd before it*, Amos 2, 8 *They lay themselves upon cloathes laid to pledge by every Altar*, that is, they used garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the Altars they eat things sacrificed to *Idols*. What was the fashion in *Samuels* time, is not certain, it is probable enough for my turn that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before, for the plucking off their shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular command to have their shoes on their feet at the eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their shoes off at other meals?

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables of the Roman Laws* were engraven in *Brass*, so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Liv. Dec. 1 Lib. 2* and *Talus* among the *Cretians* was feigned to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous stories) because he carried about in that Country the Laws engraven in brass, and put them severely in execution. *Pausan.* in *Boeotic* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiod's* *Ἐργων καὶ ημερῶν*, written in Lead, which kind of plates, *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden paper*. This fashion was in use before *Jobs* time, for he says, *Job 19. 23. 24.* *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever.* *Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* should be placed upon *Roofs* or *Pillars*. They likewise anciently engraven the very pillars themselves, as those two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Josephus* his days. And *Iamblicus* avows, that he took the principles of his mystical Philosophy from the *Pillars of Mercurie*. *Plin. l. 7. 56.* reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Assyrians* write their Laws in *Coffers lateribus*, that is, *Pillars of Brick*. *Moses* his in *Stone*. *Horace,*

Non incisa notis marmora publicis

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They used also of old *Plates* of *Ivory*, from whence they were termed *Libra Elephantini*, not as some conceive, from their bigness. *Mart.*

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin shavings of wood the *Longobards* at their first coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on some of which *Pancarollus* had seen and read in his time.

54 See *Plin. l. 13. 11.* From whence *Letters* are called *Phænicean*, not from the Country, but from *φοίνιξ*, a *Palm tree*. But *Gusland de Papyro*, thinks that *Phænicea* in *Pliny* is not the same with *φοίνιξ*, and has a long discourse to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in use for writing, and that we should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very slight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Isidor* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him.

Hæc tibi Arateus multum invigilata lucernis

Carmina quis ignes novimus æthereos,

Lævis in audulo Malvæ descripta libello

Prunææ vixi munera naviculâ

But this was a *rarity*, for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called *Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις*, as the names of those banisht by the people were in *Shells*, but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called *Πεταλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ πεταλοῦ ἐλάλης*. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sybilla*,

Folius tantum ne carmina manda

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Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unpershed, by having been rubbed over with the Oyl of Cedar *Horace*,
de Ar Po

—*Speramus carmina fingi*

Posse linenda Cedro, aut laevi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid —*Nec Cedro charta notetur* and,

—*Cetho digna locutus*

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by Cedar Oyl, which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies

55 Of *Linen Books* *Livy* makes often mention They were called *Libri Linteæ*, and were *Publique Records* by others termed too *Linteæ Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, Silken Volumns, *Claud de B Get*

—*Quid carmina poscat*

Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi

And *Sym l 4 Epist Monitus Cumanos linteæ texta sumpserunt* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their cloaths

75 *Tender Barks* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence

Some the sharp style, &c These waven Table books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Nasoth* *Isad* 6 *Prætor* sent a Letter in such Table books by *Bellerophon* The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of Bone, it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them, from whence *stylum vertere*

56 *Pliny* says, that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*, and *Parchment*, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena* In both which he is deceived, for *Herod* in *Terps* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *skins* instead of it See *Melch Gurland de Pap* upon this argument And the *Diphtheræ* of the *Græcians* were nothing else but the skins of beasts, that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the she Goat that gave him milk And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep Skin* *Diod Sicul l 2* affirms that the *Persian Annals* were written in the like Books, and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper* of *Egypt* new Arts here, because they were later than the other

57 *Hieroglyphicks* The use of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived so long, *Lucan l 3*

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos

Novgrat, & saxis tantum volucresq, feræq,

Sculptaq, servabant magicas animalia linguas

58 *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous *Prophets* in *David's* time, and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge* for their particular *Professorships*, the one of *Astronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I suppose the places were very lawfully at my disposing *Serua* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called *1 Kings 42 Sisha*, and *1 Chron 18 16 Shausa Mahol* the Reader of *Natural Philosophy*, is mentioned, *1 Kings 4 31 Heman* and *Asaph* are often

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spoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4 1 *Chion* 15 17, 19 and 16 5 and 37 41, 42 and 25

59 A *Pyramide* is a figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, till it end in a point, like our Spire Steeples It is so called from Πύρ, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure *Number* 1 is here called a *Turn'd Pyramide*, because the bottom of it is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Numb* 1, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the nature of *Pyramidal Ascension*

60 *Sacred Blew* Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the *Curtain* for the *Door*, the *Vail*, the *Prests Ephod*, *Breast Plate*, and briefly all sacred Ornaments The reason of chusing *Blew*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to represent the seat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem* *Numb* 15 38 The Jews are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew* wherewith their fringes are bound to their cloaths, and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes, because, they say, the air is lost of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfectest sky colour *Cauleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cauleus*

61 *Ving* 1 6 *Æn*

Obloquatur numenis Septem discrimina vocum

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now six notes in *Musick*, *Ut Re Mi Fa So La* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to *S John*, beginning every line with those syllables) so the ancients had *seven*, according to which *Apollo* too instituted the *Lyre* with seven strings, and *Pindar* calls it ἑπτάσχορον, his Interpreter ἑπτάμυτον, and the *Athenians* forbade under a penalty, the use of more strings

62 *Porphyrus* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3 *Præpar Evang* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) belived but one *God*, whom they called Κνeph (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is & Osyr & Strabo*, 1 17 *Cnephus*) and that the image of that *God* was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*, for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world* So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut Sympos* 1 11 *Quæst* 3 and *Macrobi* 1 7 c 16 whence *Proclus* says upon *Imæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφεὺς ὡς καὶ τὸ τοῦ Πλάτωνος ὄν, to be the same things *Voss de Idol*

63 *Theophil* 1 2 *advensus Gent* Θεὸς οὐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐστὶ τόπος τῶν ὁλῶν, *God* is in no place, but is the *Place* of all things, and *Philo*, αὐτὸς ἐαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐαυτοῦ πλήρης Which is the same^a with the expression here

64 *Gen* 14 13 *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c* which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews* The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*, which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rewel* upon *Gen* 11 The other, which is more followed by the late Critics, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrahams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the *Septuagint Translation* in this Text who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τῷ περάτῃ, The *Passenger*, and *Aquila*, Περαιτῇ

65 For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretell future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 *King* 2 3, &c

THE CONTENTS.

T*He Friendship betwixt Jonathan and David , and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from Court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Sauls resolution The Feast of the New-Moon, the manner of the Celebration of it, and therein a Digression of the History of Abraham Sauls Speech upon Davids absence from the Feast, and his anger against Jonathan Davids resolution to fly away, he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a Tree A Description of Phansie, an Angel makes up a Vision in Davids head, the Vision it self, which is, A Prophecie of all the succession of his Race till Christs time, with their most remarkable actions At his awaking, Gabriel assumes an humane shape, and confirms to him the truth of his Vision*

DAVIDEIS.

The second Book

BUT now the early buds began to call
 The morning forth, up rose the *Sun* and *Saul*,
 Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose,
 But both, alas, from restless labours rose
 For in *Saul's* breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,
 Had all that night active and ty'rannous bin,
 She'expell'd all forms of *Kindness*, *Virtue*, *Grace*,
 Of the past day no footstep left or trace
 The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
 Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*
 So near a storm wise *David* would not stay,
 Nor trust the glittering of a futhless Day
 He saw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
 And angry Clouds march up into their place
 The *Sea* it self smooths his rough brow awhile,
 Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a smile;
 But he, whose ship-wrackt Barque it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more
 Such is the *Sea*, and such was *Saul*
 But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
 Was gentle as fair *Jordans* useful Flood
 Whose innocent stream as it in silence goes,
 1 Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden spring bestows
 On both his banks to every flower and tree,
 The manner *How* lies hid, th'*effect* we see
 But more than *all*, more than *Himself* he lov'd
 The man whose worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'd
 For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* stood

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

Adorn'd with *sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
Jonathan pierce'd him through with greedy Eye
 And understood the future *Majesty*

1 Sam 18 x

Then destin'd in the glories of his look,
 He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,
 To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
 Of his young limbs, he saw his comely face
 Where Love and Rev'rence so well mingled were,

- 2 And *Head*, already crown'd with *golden haire*
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Spirit* did tame,
 Gentler then *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*
 He saw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'd,
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he *Lov'd*

What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing?
 From what hid stock does thy strange *Nature* spring?

'Tis thou that mov'est the *world* through every part
 And holdst the vast flame close, that nothing start
 From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd

- 3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *sustain'd*
 Sometimes we see thee *fully*, and can say
 From hence thou took'est thy *Rise*, and went'st that way,
 But oftner the short beams of *Reasons* Eye,
 See onely, *There thou art*, nor *How*, nor *Why*
 How is the *Loadstone*, Natures subtle pride,
 By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?
 How was the *Weapon* wounded? what hid *Flame*
 The strong and conqu'ring *Metal* overcame?

- 4 *Love* (this *Worlds* *Grace*) exalts his *Natural* state,
 He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*

- 5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy garlands grace,
 Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace?
 The *Oak* for courtship most of all unfit,
 And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
 How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
 How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?
 Which are the *Wings* of *Lightness* to ascend?
 Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards bend?
 Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy *Laws*,
 And seldom *We*, they never know the *Cause*
 In thy large state, *Life* gives the next degree,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

6 Where *Sense*, and *Good Apparent* places thee,
 But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
 Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories shown,
 7 Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal*, and *Extasie*
 Thousand with *Joys* clustei around thine head,
 O're which a gall-less *Dove* her wings does spread,
 A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farie
 Then *Consciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,
 Lies at thy feet, and thy right hand does hold
 The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of Gold
 Thus do'est thou sit (like Men e're sin had fram'ed
 A guilty blush) *Naked*, but not *Asham'ed*
 What cause then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
 When first their superstition made thee *blind*?
 'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not see,
 When they mistook that *Monster*, *Lust*, for *Thee*
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame*,
 Such in th'amazed Bush to *Moses* came,
 When that secuire its new-crown'd head did rear,
 And chid the trembling Branches needless fear
 Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
 Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal
 Such, and no other, were those secret *Darts*,
 Which sweetly toucht this noblest pair of Hearts
 Still to one end they both so justly drew,
 As coutheous *Doves* together yok'd would do
 No weight of *Birth* did on one side prevailē,
 Two *Twins* less even lie in *Natures Scale*
 They mingled Fates, and both in each did share,
 They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were
 If any Joy to one of them was sent,
 It was most his, to whom it least was meant,
 And fortunes malice betwixt both was crost,
 For striking one, it wounded th'other most
 Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,
 Or mens desires with so glad violence bind,
 For there is still some tincture left of *Sin*,
 And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in
 Those joys are full of dross, and thicker farre,

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

These, without matter, clear and liquid are
 Such sacred *Love* does heavens bright *Spirits* fill,
 Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,
 With swift and unseen *Motions*, such as *We*
 Somewhat express in heightned *Charitie*
O ye blest One! whose *Love* on *earth* became
 So pure that still in *Heav'en* 'tis but the same!
 There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
 Gazing upon great *Loves* mysterious Face,
 And pity this base world where *Friendship's* made
 A bait for sin, or else at best a *Trade*
 Ah wondrous *Prince!* who a true *Friend* could'st be,
 When a *Crown Flatter'd*, and *Saul threatned* Thee!
 Who held'st him dear, whose *Stars* thy birth did cross!
 And bought'st him nobly at a *Kingdoms loss!*
Isra'els bright *Scepter* far less glory brings,
 There have been fewer *Friends* on earth than *Kings*

To this strange pitch their high affections flew,
 Till *Natures* self scarce look'd on them as *Two*
 Hither flies *David* for advice and ayde,
 As swift as *Love* and *Danger* could perswade,
 As safe in *Jonathans* trust his thoughts remain
 As when *Himself* but *dreams* them o're again

1 Sam 20 1

My dearest *Lord*, farewell (said he) farewell,
 Heaven bless the *King*, may no misfortune tell
 Th'injustice of his hate, when I am dead,
 They're coming now, perhaps, my guiltless head
 Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding ly,
 And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh
 Think me not scar'd with *death*, howe'r't appear,
 I know thou can'st not think so tis a fear
 From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* speaks me free,
 I have met him face to face, and ne're could see
 One terror in his looks to make me fly
 When *Vertue* bids me *stand*, but I would dy
 So as becomes my *Life*, so as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at least excuse your *Love*

He stopt, and spoke some passion with his eyes,
 Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
 Thou hast so prov'd thy *Virtues*, that they're known

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To all good men, more then to each his *own*
 Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be
 Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*
 Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *success*,
 That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less
 And should my *Father* at thy ruine aim,
 'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*
 Think them not coming then to slay thee here,
 But *doubt* mishaps, as little as you *feare*
 For by thy loving God who e're design
 Against thy *Life* must strike at it through *Mine*
 But I my royal *Father* must acquit
 From such base guilt, or the low thought of it
 Think on his softness when from death he freed
 The faithless *King* of *Am'alecks* cursed seed,
 Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* so bloody grow,
 He who ev'n sin'd but now to spare a *Foe*?
 Admit he could, but with what strength or art
 Could he so long close, and seal up his heart?
 Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
 And dare not fix without consent of some
 Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
 Till licens'd and approv'd by others too
 No more (believe't) could he hide this from me,
 Then I, had he discover'd it, from *Thee*

Here they embraces join, and almost tears,
 Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears
 The praise you pleas'd (great *Prime*) on me, to spend
 Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*
 That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,
 And gives excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*,
 What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
 But some eternal rancour in his heart?
 Still does he glance the fortune of that day
 When drown'd in his own blood *Goliath* lay,
 And cover'd half the plain, still hears the sound
 How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the ground
 The *Dance*, and, *David* his ten thousand slew,
 Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new
 Great acts t'ambitious *Princes Treasons* grow,

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *ow*
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
 From the *Good*, *danger*, from the *Bad*, *disgrace*
 They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *Peoples* hate,
 Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*
 Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
 But still they *Fear* ev'en more then they *Affright*
 Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern
 His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn
 Remember, *Sir*, the *Honey's* deadly sting,
 Think on that savage *Justice* of the *King*
 When the same day that saw you do before
 Things above Man, should see you Man no more
 'Tis true th'accursed *Agag* mov'd his ruth,
 He pited his tall Limbs and comely youth
 Had seen, alas the proof of heav'ens fierce hate,
 And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate
 Remember how th'old Seer came raging down,
 And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown
 Since then his pride quakes at th' *Almighties* rod,
 Nor dares he love the man belov'd by *God*
 Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* springs,
 Nothing so wild as *Jealousie* of *Kings*
 Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
 Who *Reason* and *Gods counsel* does despise?
 Whose head-strong will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,
 Dares he not sin, do you think, without your grant?
 Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
 He would not doubt, believe't, to kill ev'en *you*
 The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
 The deep resolves of his griev'd Fathers mind
 The danger now appears, *Love* can soon show't,
 And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't
 They 'agree that *David* should conceal'd abide,
 Till his great friend had the Courts temper tryde,
 Till he had *Sauls* most secret purpose found,
 And searcht the depth and rancour of his wound
 'Twas the years seventh-born *Moon*, the solemn *Feast*

1 Sam 20
5 &c

Lev 23 24
Nu 26 1

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- On *Trumpets* and shrill *Horns* the *Levites* play
 9 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see
 The *New-years-Day* of great *Eternitie*,
 When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more changes *make*
 And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* sound awake,
 10 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ory still,
 Giv'en with like noise on *Sina's* shining Hill,
 11 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
 From faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*,
 Who whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac's* fire did fry,
 His *Horn* with joyful tunes stood sounding by
 Obscure the *Cause*, but *God* his will declar'd,
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd
 12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
 Midst a large train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went,
 The sacred *Herd* marcht proud and softly by,
 13 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh
 Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *We*!
 Prey to our *Luxury*, and our *Pietie*!
 Whose guiltless blood on *boards* and *Altars* spilt,
 Serves both to *Make*, and *Expiate* too our guilt!
 14 Three *Bullocks* of free neck, two gilded *Rams*,
 Two well-washt *Goats*, and fourteen spotless *Lambs*,
 With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
 (Small fees to heav'n of all by which we're fed)
 Are offer'd up, the hallowed flames arise,
 And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies
 15 From thence the *King* to th'outmost Court is brought,
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd *Prophet* taught,
 And from the sacred Tent to 'his Palace gates,
 With glad kind shouts th'Assembly on him waites,
 The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
 And fresh-strew'd flowers paint his triumphant way
 Thus in slow state to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
 Rich drest for solemn *Luxury* and *Show*,
 16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'stry* hung the room,
 The noblest work e're stretcht on *Syrian* loom,
 For wealthy *Adriel* in proud *Sydon* wrought
 And giv'en to *Saul* when *Saul's* best gift he sought
 The bright-ey'd *Merab*, for that mindful day

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- No ornament so proper seem'd as they
- 17 There all old *Abrams* story you might see,
- 18 And still some *Angel* bore him companie
 His painful, but well-guided Travels, show
 The fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below
- 19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen 22 14
 He blusht with sudden *passion*, she with *shame*,
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'oring in the strife
 'Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*
 Here on a conqu'ring *Host* that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the joys of their new gotten prey, Gen 14
 The *Patriarch* falls, well mingled might you see
- 20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*
- 21 In the next piece blest *Salems* mystick King Gen 14 18
- 22 Does sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring,
 Like him whose *Type* he bears, his rights receives,
 Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
 The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had place
 Here all their starry host the heavens display, Gen 15 5
 And, Lo, an heav'nly *Youth*, more fair then they,
 Leads *Abram* forth, points upwards, such, said he,
- 23 So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be
- 24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes, Gen 17
 And in his flesh the marks of *Homage* takes,
- 25 Here he the three mysterious *persons* feasts, Gen 18 2
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his *Guests* Ver 10
 Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near Gen 18 23
 Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear Gen 19 24
 And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
- 26 Since he from **Ur* to **Ephrons* cave was brought *Gen 11 32
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes *Gen 25 9
 Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice* Gen 22
- 27 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place, Ver 3
 With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
 O're the *Minds* courage, for in spight of all
 From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall
- 28 The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore Ver 6
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk, above was made

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- The *Altars fatal Pile*, and on it laid
 29 The *Hope of Mankind*, patiently he lay,
 And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey
 The mournful *Syre* lifts up at last the knife,
 And on one moments string depends his *life*
 In whose young *loyns* such brooding *wonders* ly
 A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th'affrighted sky,
 Amaz'd at this strange *Scene*, and almost fear'd,
 For all those joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard
 Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command
 Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his hand
 The gentle *Spirit* smil'd kindly as he spoke,
 New beames of joy through *Abrams* wonder broke
 The *Angel* points to'a tuft of bushes near,
 Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
 Which though but slightly *wrought*, was firmly *set*
 For, lo, anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
 The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's Pile* consum'd,
 Whilst on his *Horns* the ransom'd couple plaid,
 And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made
 Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* stood,
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood
 For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
 And cast his fruitful riches all about
 Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* express,
 Which does weak *Man* intoxicate no less
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
 And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,
 From *Egypt* the rich shop of *Follies* brought,
 But *Arts of Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught
 30 Behold sev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
 And in their hands sev'en silver *washpots* bear,
 31 Curl'd, and gay clad, the choicest *Sons* that be
 Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree
 Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht softly in behind,
 Bright scarfs their cloathes, their hair fresh *Garlands* bind,
 32 And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them shed
 Rich *Oyntments*, which their costly odours spread
 O're the whole room, from their small *prisons* free

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- With such glad haste through the wide ayr they flee
- 33 The *King* was plac'd alone, and o're his head
 A well-wrought *Heav'n* of silk and gold was spread
 Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with silver light
 The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
 The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Dauids* place
 And twelve large *Tables* more were fill'd below,
 With the prime men *Sauls Court* and *Camp* could show,
 The Palace did with *mirth* and *musick* sound,
- 34 And the crown'd *goblets* nimbly mov'd around
 But though bright joy in every guest did shine,
 The plenty, state, musick, and sprightful wine
 Were lost on *Saul*, an angry care did dwell
 In his dark brest, and all gay forms expell
Dauids unusual absence from the feast,
 To his sick spir'it did jealous thoughts suggest
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke
- 1 Sam 20
25
- 1 Sam 20
26 27
- Where can he be? said he, It must be so
 With that he paused awhile, Too well we know
 His boundless pride he grieves and hates to see
 The solemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*
 Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
 From thousand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now
 Does those vast things in his proud soul design
 That too much *business* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*
 He's kindling now perhaps, rebellious fire
 Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire
 Against my *Crown*, and all our *Lives*, whilst we
 Are loth ev'en to suspect, what we might See
- 35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true
 With that he strook the board, and no man there
 But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear
 The blameless *Prince*, and scarce ten words he spoke,
 When thus his speech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke
- 1 Sam 20
28 29
- 36 Disloyal *Wretch*! thy gentle *Mothers shame*!
 Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'en blushes at thy *name*!
 Who fears lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
 And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of *thee*!
- V 30 31

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Can'st thou be *Mine*? a *Crown* sometimes does hire
 Ev'en *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,
 But ne're did story yet, or fable tell
 Of one so wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
 Quitted th'unquestion'd *birthright* of a *Throne*,
 And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*
 Thou need'st not plead th'ambitious *youths* defence,
 Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*
 Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
 Whilst thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'd so near
 Is this that noble *Friendship* you pretend?
 Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *En'mies Friend*?
 If thy low spirit can thy great *birthright* quit,
 The thing's but just, so ill deserv'est thou it
 I, and thy *Brethren* here have no such mind,
 Nor such prodigious worth in *David* find,
 That we to him should our just rights resign,
 Or think *Gods choice* not made so well as *Thine*
Shame of thy *House* and *Tribe*! hence, from mine Eye,
 To thy false *Friend*, and servile *Master* fly,
 He's e're this time in arms expecting thee,
 Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruine *Mee*
 Thy sin that way will *nobler* much appear,
 Then to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here
 When I think this, *Nature* by thee forsook,
 Forsakes me too With that his spear he took
 To strike at him, the mirth and musick cease,
 The guests all rise this sudden storm t'app ease,
 37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew,
 And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew
 To *David* strait, who in a forest nigh
 Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly
 The sole advice, now like the danger clear,
 Was in some foreign land this storm t'outwear
 All marks of comely grief in both are seen,
 And mournful kind discourses past between
 Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain,
 Now they begin, and talk all o're again
 A reverent *Oath* of constant love they take,
 And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witness* make,

Ver 33

Ver 34

Ver 35

Ver 42

Ver 42

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove,
 But 'twas the tedious *zeal* of endless *Love*
 Thus e're they part, they the short time bestow
 In all the pomp *Friendship* and *Grief* could show
 And *David* now with doubtful cares oppress,
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest,
 When by command divine thick *mists* arise,
 And stop the *Sense*, and close the conqu'ed eyes
- 38 There is a place which *Man* most high doth rear,
 The *small Worlds Heav'en*, where *Reason* moves the *Sphere*
 Here in a robe which does all colours show,
 (The envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy bow)
Phansie, wild *Dame*, with much lascivious pride
 By twin-*Chamelions* drawn, does gaily ride
 Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
 Of shapes and airy *Forms* an endless rout
 A *Sea* rowls on with harmless fury here,
 Straight 'tis a *field*, and trees and herbs appeare
 Here in a moment are vast *Armies* made,
 And a quick *Scene* of war and blood displaid
 Here sparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maid's* come in,
 The *bauds* for *sense* and lying baits of *sin*
- 39 Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling kind,
 The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind,
 Here golden *mountains* swell the cove'tous place,
- 40 And *Genatures* ride *Themselves* a painted race
 Of these slight wonders *Nature* sees the store,
 And onely then accounts herself but *poore*
 Hither an *Angel* comes in *David's* trance,
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance,
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
 And joyns them wisely, and this *Vision* makes
 First *David* there appears in Kingly state,
 Whilst the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await,
 Straight to* the wars with his joyn'd strength he goes,
 Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*
 To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came,
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
- 41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted wall defend,
 And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend

2 Sam 5 1
 1 Chro 12
 23
 Ver 6

2 Sam 5 6

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- The busie *image* of great *Joab* there
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear
 He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town
 They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose,
 All of them now are slain, or made like *those*
- 42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
 Which with full banners a fair *Fish* display
 From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypt's* coast
 They seem all met, a vast and warlike *Host*
 Thither hasts *David* to his destin'd prey,
Honor, and noble *Danger* lead the way,
- 43 The conscious *Trees* shook with a reverent fear
 Their *unblown* tops, *God* walkt before him there
 Slaughter the wearied *Riphaïms* bosom fills,
 Dead corps *imboss* the *vail* with little *hills*
- 44 On th'other side *Sophenes* mighty King
 Numberless troops of the blest *East* does bring
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'ne,
 45 *Damascus* and rich *Adad* help in vaine
 46 Heie *Nabathæan* troops in battel stand,
 With all the lusty youth of *Syrian* land,
 Undaunted *Joab* rushes on with speed,
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed,
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around,
 The *Syrians* leave, or possess *dead* the ground
 On th' other wing does brave *Abisbai* ride
 Reeking in blood and dust, on every side
 The perjurd sons of *Ammon* quit the field,
 Some basely *dye*, and some more basely *yield*
 Through a thick wood the wretched *Hanun* flies,
 And far more justly then fears *Hebrew Spies*
- 47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thrusts out his head,
 Grinning through a black cloud, him they'd long fed
 In his *sev'en Chambers*, and he still did ear
 New-roasted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat
 Again they arise, more ang'red then dismayd,
 48 *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tygris* sends them aid
 In vain they send it, for again they're slain,
 49 And feast the greedy birds on *Helay* plain
- 296

2 Sam 5 17
 18, 19 20
 21 22
 1 Chron
 14 8

Ver 22 23
 24
 1 Chro 14
 14

2 Sam 8 3
 1 Chro 18 3
 Ver 5
 2 Sam 10 6
 1 Chron
 19 6
 & 19 8

Ver 10

2 Sam. 10
 3 4
 1 Chro 19 3

Ver 15
 1 Chro 19
 16

2 Sam 11 1
 1 Chr 20

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- 50 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the sky,
 And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly
 They force the walls, and sack the helpless town ,
 51 On *Dauids* head shines *Ammons* massy Crown
 Midst various torments the cuist race expires,
David himself his severe wrath admires

2 Sam 12
 30
 1 Chro 20 2
 Ver 31
 1 Chro 6 3
 1 King 1
 1 Chron

- Next upon *Isra'els* throne does bravely sit
 52 A comely *Youth* endow'ed with wondrous wit
 53 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*,
 To hear his tongue and boundless *wisdom* came
 She carried back in her triumphant *womb*
 The glorious stock of thousand *Kings* to come
 Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
 Here they a *Temples* vast foundations lay
 A mighty work , and with fit glories fill'd
 For *God* t'enhabit, and that *King* to build
 Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
 Some draw it up with cianes, some breathe and grone
 In order o're the anvile , some cut down
 Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown ,
 Some carve the Trunks, and *breathing shapes* bestow,
 Giving the *Trees* more *life* then when they grow ,
 But, oh (alas) what sudden cloud is spread
 About this glorious *Kings* *eclipsed* head ?
 It all his fame benights, and all his store,
 Wiapping him round, and now he's seen no more

23 1
 1 King 3
 12
 2 Chro 1
 12
 1 King 10
 Mat 12 42
 Lu 11 31

2 Chro 19
 1 King 6
 2 Chro 3
 & 4 5

1 King 11

- When straight his *Son* appears at *Suchem* crown'd
 With young and heedless *Council* circled round ,
 Unseemly object ! but a falling state
 Has always its *own* errors joyn'd with *fate*
 Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* throne,
 And bold *Adoram* at his Message stone,
Brethren of Israel !—more he fain would say,
 But a flint stopt his mouth, and speech i'th'way
 Here this fond *Kings* disasters but begin,
 He's destin'ed to more shame by his *Fathers* sin
Susack comes up, and under his command
 54 A dreadful *Army* from scorcht *Africks* sand
 As *numberless* as *that* , all is his prey,
 The *Temples* sacred wealth they bear away ,

1 Kin 12
 2 Chr 10

Ver 18
 2 Chro 10
 18

1 Ki 14 25
 2 Chron
 12 2

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- 55 *Adrazars* shields and golden loss they take,
 Ev'n *David* in his dream does sweat and shake
 Thus fails this wretched *Prince*, his *Loyns* appear
 Of less *weight* now, then *Solomons Fingers* were
Abijah next seeks *Isra'el* to regain,
 And wash in seas of blood his *Fathers* stain ,
- 56 Ne're saw the aged *Sun* so cruel fight,
 Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful light
Nebats curst son fled with not half his men,
 Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then ?
 Yet could not this the fatal strife decide ,
 God *punisht one*, but *blest not* th'other side
Asan a just and vertuous *Prince* succeeds ,
 High rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds ,
- 57 He cut the solemn groves where *Idols* stood,
 And *Sacrific'd* the *Gods* with their *own wood*
 He vanquisht thus the proud weak powers of hell,
 Before him next their doating servants fell
- 58 So huge an Host of *Zerabs* men he slew,
 As made ev'en that *Arabia Desert* too
- 59 Why fear'd he then the perjuri'd *Baasha's* fight ?
 Or bought the dangerous ayd of *Syrian's* might ?
Conquest Heav'ens *gift*, cannot by man be sold ,
 Alas, what *weakness* trusts he ? *Man* and *Gold*
 Next *Josaphat* possess the royal state ,
 An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate ,
 His oft Oblations on Gods Altar made,
 With thousand flocks, and thousand herds a^d paid,
Arabian Tribute ! what mad troops are those,
 Those *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes ?
 He *Prays* them dead, with mutual wounds they fall ,
 One fury brought, one fury slays them all
 Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win ,
 Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahabs* sin ,
- 60 On whose disguise fates then did onely look ,
 And had almost their *Gods* command *mistook*
 Him from whose danger heav'en securely brings,
 And for his sake two ripely wicked *Kings*
- 61 Their Armies languish, burnt with thirst at *Seere*,
 Sighs all their *Cold*, Tears all their *Moisture* there

1 Kin 12 10
 2 Chr 10
 10
 1 Ki 15 1
 2 Chro 13 1
 & 13 3

2 Chron
 13 17

2 Ki 15 9
 2 Chr 14 1
 ver 13
 2 Chro 14 3

2 Chr 14 9
 2 Chron
 16 2
 ver 18
 2 Chron
 16 8

2 K 15 25
 & 22 43
 2 Chr 17
 2 Chron 17
 11

2 Chro 20
 17

1 King 22
 30
 2 Chro 18
 19

2 King 3 14
 & 3 9
 & 3 8

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty sky,
 And fansie *clouds*, and so become *more dry*
Elisha calls for waters from afarre
 To come, *Elisha* calls, and here they are
 In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood,
 And the decrease repair with *Moabs blood*
 62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng
 For *Judahs* Scepter, both *short-liv'd too long*
 63 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims,
 Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames
 Proud cursed *Woman*! but her fall at last
 To doubting men *clears* heav'n for what was past
Joas at first does bright and glorious show,
 In lifes fresh morn his *fame* did early *crow*
 Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
 But *Prophets* angry blood o'recast his day
 From thence his clouds, from thence his storms begin,
 64 It cries aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in
 65 So *Amaziah* lives, so ends his reign,
 Both by their *Trayt'rous* servants *justly slain*
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
 Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand
 Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all,
 66 The *mimick shapes* in several postures fall
 But then (mad fool!) he does those *Gods* adore,
 Which when pluckt down, had *worshipt* him before
 Thus all his life to come is loss and shame,
 No help from *Gods* who themselves helpt not, came
 67 All this *Uzziahs* strength and wit repairs,
 Leaving a well-built greatness to his *Heirs*
 68 Till leprous scurff o're his whole body cast,
 Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last
 69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far,
Buildings his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'ed his *War*
 But *Achaz* heaps up sins, as if he meant
 To make his worst forefathers *innocent*
 70 He burns his *Son* at *Hinon*, whilst around
 The roaring child drums and loud Trumpets sound
 This to the boy a *barb'arous* mercy grew,
 And snatcht him from all mis'eries to ensue

2 Ki 3 13

2 Ki 3 24

2 Ki 8 16

& 8 25

2 Chr 21 1

& 22 1

2 Kin 11 1

2 Chron 22

10

2 King 12

2 Chro 24

2 Chro 24

21

2 Ki 12 18

2 Chro 24

23

2 Kin 14

2 Chro 25

2 Ki 14 7

2 Chron 25

11

& 25 12

2 Chron 25

14

2 K 14 13

2 Chron 25

23

2 Ki 15 1

2 Chr 26

2 Ki 15 5

2 Chr 26 19

2 K 15 32

2 Chr 27

2 Chr 27 4

2 Ki 16 1

2 Chr 28

2 Ki 16 3

2 Chr 28 3

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,
 Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all
 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus* Son
 Breaks upon both, and both does over-run
 The last of *Adads* ancient stock is slain,
Isra'el captiv'ed, and rich *Damascus* ta'ne
 All this wild rage to revenge *Juda's* wrong,
 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong!

2 Ki 16 5
 2 Chro 28 6

2 Ki 16 7

2 Ki 16 9
 & 15 27

2 Chro 28
 20

2 Kin 18
 2 Chr 29
 2 Ki 18 7

2 King 18
 17
 2 Chr 32
 Isa 36

2 K 19 35
 2 Chron 32

21
 2 K 19 37
 2 Chr 32 21

Kin 20
 2 Chr 32 24

2 K 20 11
 2 Chr 32

2 Kin 21
 2 Chr 33

2 K 21 19
 2 Chro 33

21
 2 Kin 22
 2 Kin 23

2 Kin 23 10
 1b v 13

Thus *Hezechiah* the torn Empire took,
 And *Assurs* King with his worse *Gods* forsook,
 Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings,
 There rages, utters *vain* and *Mighty* things,
 Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
 Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames,
 Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy* boast,
 An *Angel* scatters death through all the hoast
 Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,
 There meets an end far worse then that he flies
 Here *Hezekiah's* life is almost done!

So good, and yet, alas! so short 'tis spunne
 Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old,
Time must go back, and afford better hold
 To tye a new thread to't, of fifteen years,
 'Tis done, Th'*almighty* power of *prayer* and *tears*!
 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went,
 The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins,
 Enslav'ed, and sold to *Ashur* by his sins
 Till by the rod of *learned* mis'ery taught,
 Home to his *God* and *Countrey* both he's brought
 It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardness brake,
 He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to take

Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* springs,
Josiah best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*
 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and cost,
 The *Preists* then truly griev'ed, *Osyris* lost,
 These mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd,
 Fools! they their worsen thraldome still retain'd!
 In his own *Fires* *Moloch* to ashes fell,
 And no more *flames* must have besides his *Hell*

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

- 79 Like end *Astartes* horned Image found,
 80 And *Baals* spired stone to dust was ground
 81 No more were *Men* in female habit seen,
 Or *They* in *Mens* by the lewd Syrian Queen
 82 No lustful *Maids* at *Benos* Temple sit,
 And with their bodies shame their marriage get
 83 The double *Dagon* neither nature saves,
 Nor flies *She* back to th'*Erythræan* waves
 84 The travelling *Sun* sees gladly from on high
 His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly
 The Kings impartial Anger lights on all,
 85 From fly-blown *Acca'ron* to the *thundring Baal*
 Here *David's* joy unruly grows and bold,
 Nor could *Sleeps* silken chain its violence hold,
 Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his eyes
 The humours stirr'd, and bad more mists arise
 When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,
 And in it good *Josiah* bleeding lay
 One hand's held up, one stops the wound, in vain
 They both are us'd, alas, *he's slain, he's slain*
Jehoiás and *Jehoiakim* next appear,
 Both urge that vengeance which before was near
 He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies,
 86 Thus by more *courteous* anger murder'd lies
 87 His Son and Brother next do bonds sustain,
Isra'els now solemn and *imperial Chain*
 Her'es the last *Scene* of this proud Cities state,
 All ills are met ty'd in one *knot of Fate*
 88 Their endless slavery in this tryal lay,
 Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day*
 Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build,
 The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'ness fill'd
 To their carv'd *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they*
 At last in^r rushes the prevailing foe,
 Does all the mischief of proud *conquest* show
 The wondring babes from mothers breasts are rent,
 And suffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*
 No silver rev'rence guards the stooping age,
 No rule or method ties their boundless rage

2 King 23
11

2 King 23
32
1b v 26
2 Chr 36 1
& 5
2 K. 23 34
2 Chro 36 4
Jer 36 30
2 K1 24 8
2 Chro 36

2 Kin 25 1
Jer 52 4

2 Chr 36 17

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The glorious *Temple* shines in *flame* all o're,
 Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before
 Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes,
 Nothing the *ear* but groans and dismal cries
 The walls and towers are levi'd with the ground,
 And scarce ought now of that vast *Citie's* found
 But shards and rubbish which weak signs might keep
 Of forepast gloiy, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep
 Thus did triumphant *Assur* homewards pass,
 And thus *Jerus'alem* left, *Jerusalem* that was

2 Chro 36
 19
 2 King 25 9

Thus *Zedechiab* saw, and this not all,
 Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
 The sport of ins'olent *victors*, this he viewes,
 A *King* and *Father* once, ill fate could use
 His *eyes* no more to do their master spight,
 All to be seen she took, and next his *Sight*
 Thus a long death in prison he outwears,
 Bereft of griefs last solace, ev'en his *Tears*

2 Kin 25 7
 Jer 52 10

Then *Jeconiahs* son did foremost come,
 And he who brought the captiv'd nation home,
 A row of *Worthies* in long order past
 O're the short stage, of all old *Joseph* last
 Fair *Angels* past by next in seemly bands,
 All gilt, with gilded basquets in their hands
 Some as they went the blew-ey'd *violets* strew,
 Some spotless *Lilies* in loose order threw
 Some did the way with full-blown *roses* spread,
 Their smell divine and colour strangely red,
 Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
 Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kisses* tear
 Such, I believe, was the first *Roses* hew,
 Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew
 Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
 The morning blushes of the *Springs* new Day

Mat x 12
 Luk 3

With sober pace an heav'ently *Maid* walks in,
 Her looks all fair, no sign of *Native sin*
 Through her whole body writ, *Immod'erate Grace*
 Spoke things far more then humane in her face
 It casts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs,
 And with full beams their mingled *Light* devowrs

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

An *Angel* straight broke from a shining clowd,
 And prest his wings, and with much reverence bow'd
 Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
 And thus his sacred Message sweetly said

Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world shall call Lu x 28
 Above all *blest*, *Thee*, who shalt bless them all
 Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd
Jesus the God, (and then again he bow'd)

Conception the great *Spirit* shall breathe on thee,
 92 Hail thou, who must *Gods wife*, *Gods mother* be¹

With that, his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd,
 She low obeisance made, and disappear'd
 Lo a new *Star* three eastern *Sages* see,
 (For why should onely *Earth* a *Gainer* be¹)

Mt 2 1

They saw this *Phosphors* infant-light, and knew
 It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New

They hasted all this rising *Sun* t'adore,
 93 With them rich myrrh, and early spices bore

Wise men, no fitter gift your zeal could bring,
 You'll in a noisome *Stable* find your *King*
 Anon a thousand *Dev'ls* run roaring in,
 Some with a dreadful smile deform'edly grin
 Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear
 The gaping Snakes from their black-knotted hair
 As if all grief, and all the rage of hell

Were *doubled* now, or that just *now* they *fell*
 But when the diaded *Maid* they entring saw,
 All fled with trembling fear and silent aw
 In her chast arms th' *Eternal Infant* lies,
 Th' *Almighty voyce* chang'd into feeble cries
Heav'en contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more,
 Never did *Virgin* contain *Heav'en* before
Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
 And *Halleluah* round, all *Halleluah* sing

No longer could good *David* quiet bear,
 The *unwieldy pleasure* which ore-flow'd him here
 It broke the fetters, and burst ope his ey
 Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly
 Fixt with amaze he stood, and time must take,
 To learn if yet he were at last awake

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Sometimes he thinks that heav'en this *Vision* sent,
 And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went
 Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phancies* play,
 The loose and scatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*

- 94 When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or fair)
 95 Bodies and cloathes himself with thickned ayre
 All like a comely *youth* in lifes fresh bloom,
 Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!
 He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
 That e're the midday Sun pierc'd through with light
 Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
 Washt from the morning beauties deepest red
 An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for haire,
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care
 He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the skies,
 Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes
 This he with starry vapours spangles all,
 Took in their prime e're they grow *ripe* and *fall*
 Of a new *Rainbow* e're it *fret* or *fade*,
 The choicest piece took out, a *Scarf* is made
 Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,
 Not Vertuous Lovers sighes more soft then They
 These he gilds o're with the Suns richest rays,
 Caught gliding o're pure streams on which he plays
 Thus drest the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,
 And carries with him his *own* glorious day
 Through the thick woods, the gloomy shades a while
 Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile
 The trembling *Serpents* close and silent ly,
 96 The *birds obscene* far from his passage fly
 A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
 Sudden as that by which *Creation* rose
 Thus he appears to *David*, at first sight
 All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight
 In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest,
 A Sacred calm shines through his peaceful brest
 Hail, *Man* belov'd! from highest heav'en (said he)
 My mighty *Master* sends thee *health* by me
 The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light*,
 97 Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Foresight*

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the years
To go in order thus, hence empty fears,
Thy Fate's all *white*, from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*
Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be *found*
The *Southern Chime* him her sole *Lord* shall stile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions stubborn Isle*
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell
100 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell

NOTES

UPON THE

SECOND BOOK.

¹ **H**onours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*, in which sense *Virgil* often uses the word, and delights in it

Et lætos oculis afflârat Honores

And in the ² *Georg* (as in this place) for *Leaves*

Frigidus & silvis Aquilo decussit honorem

² *Josephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθὸς The *yellow*, that is, *yellow haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth* *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emper* or was like *David*, because he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather, yellow hair

³ *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*, the *Son*, *Love*, the *Holy Ghost*, *Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the world And it is not only preserved by these *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and imparted in the *Creatures* Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to *direct* those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their *Natures*, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary assistances and benefits from one another Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero* *Cognatio Natura*, The *Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature* And to *Love* the *Creation* of the world, was attributed even by many of the ancient *Heathens*, the Verse of *Orph*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἐρως πολυτέρης

Wisdom and *Love* were Parents of the world And therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*,

Ἡδ' Ἐρως δὲ καλλίστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι

Pherecides said excellently, that *God* transformed himself into *Love*, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἐρωτα μεταβλῆσθαι τον

Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν

⁴ As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the ascension of heavy bodies, and the like

⁵ *Garlands of Ivy* were anciently the ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace makers*, and the like *Horace*

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium

Dus miscent superis—

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods *Virg*

—*Atq, hanc sine tempora circum*

Inter vitrices hederam tibi serpere laurus

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy Temples with triumphant *Lauzel* bound Because *Ivy* is always *green*, and requires the support of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great men

6 The *Object* of the *Sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *Appears* to be *Good* There is great caution to be used in English in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives* I think when they constitute specific differences of the *Substantives*, they follow best, for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*, sometimes even in other cases the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good ear must be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule* I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*

7 These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th Aquinas in Prima Sec Quasi* 28 the 1, 2, 3, and 4 *Artic* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amata aut unumur, aut perpetuamus unonem* Scal de Subt

8 1 Sam 5 And David said unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new Moon, and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go, &c *Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, & ego ex more sedere soleo juxta regem ad vescendum, &c* The first day of every month was a Festival among the Jews for the first fruits of all things, even all distinctions of *Times* were Sacred to God, In it they neither bought nor sold, *Amos* 8 4 When will the new Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn? the Vulg *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Festum Mensis*) & vendidimus merces? They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4 23 Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New moon nor Sabbath, which was likewise a Custom among the Romans for the day of the Calends the High Priests called together the people (from whence the name of Calends à Calando plebem) to instruct them in the divine duties which they were to perform that month, Macro 1 Saturnal And lastly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, Num 28 11 But of all New moons, that of the seventh month was the most solemn it being also the Feast of Trumpets* It is not evident that this was the New Moon spoken of in this story of David, but that it was so, may probably be conjectured, in that the Text seems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary Calends, and that the Feast lasted above one day, 1 Sam 20 27 And it came to pass, that on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, Davids place was empty Now the reason of this greater observation of the Calends of the Seventh Month (called Tisri, and answering to our September) was, because according to the Civil Computation (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one Civil the other Religious, this latter being instituted in memory of their passage out of Egypt in the month Abib, that is, about our March) this was the beginning of the year, from hence contracts, and the account of Sabbatical years and Jubilees bare date It is called by some Sabbathum Sabbathorum, because it is the Sabbath of Months, for as the seventh day, and the seventh year, so the seventh month too was consecrated to God Of this New Moon it is that David speaks, Psal 81 3 Blow the Trumpet in the New Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn Feast day In insigni die solennitatis vestre And the Psalm is inscribed, Pro Torcu

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laribus which concurs just with this seventh Moon, which *Philo* in *Decal* terms, *την ιερομενίαν ην σαλπυγξιν υποσημαίνουσι* And *S August* reads, *In initio Mensis Tubæ* See the Institution of this Festival, *Levit* 23 24 and *Numb* 29 1

9 The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the sound of *Trumpets* through the whole Land, nay the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, *1 5 Bel Jud c 9* But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out, for which it is named *Dies Clangoris* Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New year* which opinion is likewise adorned with an allusion to the beginning (or as it were *New years Day*) of *Eternity*, which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great sound of a *Trumpet*, *Mat* 24 31

10 This was *Saint Basils* opinion, but is not much followed, because when *Festivals* are instituted in memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same day that the blessing was conferred

11 This third is the common opinion of the *Jews*, who therefore call this Festival *Festum Cornu* and say, that they sounded only upon *Rams Horns* but that, methinks, if this be the true reason of it, is not necessary

12 *The Third Hour*, 1 Nine a clock in the morning For the day began at six a clock, and contained *twelve Little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters* The first *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, because that closed up the *Quarter*

13 *Gay*, because the *Beasts* to be Sacrificed, used to be *Crowned* with *Garlands*, and sometimes had then *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards

14 For on the ordinary *New Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first year without spot, *Numb* 28 11 and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v 15 and there was added on this *New Moon* one young *Bullock* one *Ram*, seven *Lambs* of the first year without blemish, and one *Kid*, *Numb* 29 which joined, make up my number *Bullocks* of *Free neck*, that is, which had never been yoked, implied in the *Epithete* *Young Intactâ cervicæ Juvenca*

15 The outmost Court of the *Tabernacle*

16 The custom of having *Stories* wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing *Garments*, is made to be very ancient by the *Poets* Such is the history of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the *Coverlit* of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed* *Catull* *Aïgonaut*

Talibus amplificè vestis variata figuris

Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu

So *Æneas* in 5 *Æn* gives a *Coat* to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextusq, puer frondosâ regnis Idæ

And many authorities of this kind might be alleged if it were necessary

17 *You might see* That is, *It might be seen*, or, *Any one might see* This manner of speaking, which puts the second person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the *Poets*, as *Homer*,

φαίης κεν ἰάκκοτον τινα ἔμμεναι

Virg 4 *Æn*

Migrantes cernas

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honestâ figura si rem tertîæ personæ in secundam transferas* *Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis* So 8 *Æn*

Credas innare revulsas Cycladas, that is, *Credat quis*

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

18 *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* Nine times, that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God* An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* ἰππόσωπον θεοῦ

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter of Haran, Abrams Brother*, others of *Therah* by another Wife, which marriages were then lawful but the Scripture *Gen* 11 calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law*, not *Daughter*, others think she was only *Abrams Kinswoman*, all which the Hebrews called *Sisters* Ἀδελφιδῆ non Ἀδελφὴ *Grot* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so by striking two Kings in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech* It is to be believed that people in those days bore then age better than now, and her barrenness might naturally contribute some what to it, but the chief reason I suppose to be a *Blessing of God* as particular, as that of her *child bearing* after the natural season

20 The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surprised this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the case Of these *Confused marks of death and luxury*, there is an excellent description in the 9 *Aeneid*, where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy

Somno vinoq, sepultam

Purpuream vomit ille animum, & cum sanguine mista

Vina refert moriens, &c

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place

21 *St Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopohs*, called *Salem* even to his *Time*, and that there were then remaining some ruins of the Palace of *Melchisedec* which is not very probable I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*, for being a *Type of Christ*, that seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*, *Psal* *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion* And the addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu* the Jebusites, that is, *Salem of the Jebusites, Adric* The situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this story For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damascus*, passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer then to the other *Salem* But concerning this King of *Salem, Melchisedec*, the difficulties are more important Some make him to be no man but *God* himself, or the *Holy Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians* and *Hieracites*, others, to be *Christ* himself, others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*, others to be *Sem* the son of *Noah*, which is little more probable then the former extravagant fancies That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the true *God*, which makes him so remarkable among those Idolatrous Nations, for which cause he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος because he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture, and therefore the better typified or represented *Christ*, as being both a King and a Priest, without being of the Tribe of *Levi* But this and the other controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature

22 Ver 18 And *Melchisedec King of Salem* brought forth bread and wine, &c The Romanists maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, as *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ*, others, that it was only a *Present* for the relief of *Abrams* men Why may we not say that it was both? and that before the men were refreshed by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most High *God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) is called θυσία, *Levit* 2 and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec*

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upon this occasion, ἐπιβλῖα ἔθνε I therefore name them *Sacred Presents* Like him whose Type he bears, that is, *Christ* And the *Dues* he received were *Tenth's*, whether of all *Abrams* substance, or of the *present Spoils* (ἀκροθλῖα) is a great controverse

23 Gen 15 5 and Gen 22 17 *I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore* An ordinary Proverb in all languages for great numbers Catul *Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox*, and in another place he joyns the sand of the sea too as this Text does *Ille pulveris Erythraei Siderumq, miantium subducit numerum* It does no hurt, I thinl, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberless* to the similitude

24 Gen 17 It is called a *Covenant*, and circumcision may well be termed a *Mark of Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the flesh, and peculiar dedication of *Abiam* and his seed to the service of the true God

25 The received opinion is, that *two* of these persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, Gen 18 22 But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord* So *Sulpst Sever* *Doninus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat* *Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that these *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael* The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it It was a very ancient opinion that these were the *Three prsons* of the *Trinity*, from whence arose that notorious saying, *Res vidit & unum adoravit* This appealing of *Gods* in the manner of *strangers* to punish and reward men was a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom p Odys*

Καί τε θεοὶ χεῖνοισιν οἰκοῦσιν ἀλλοπαδοῖσι

Παντοιοὶ τελέθοντες ἐπιστροφῶσι πολλῆς

Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομήην εφορῶντες

The Gods in the habits of strangers went about to several Towns to be eye witnesses of the justice and injustice of men So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a year to feast,

—μετ' αἰμυμονας Αἰθιοπῆας,

With the *unblameable Ethiopians* And we find these peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

Summo delabor Olympo—

Et Deus humanū lūstro sub imagine terras 1 *Metam*

26 From *Ur* the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial* *Ur* of the *Chaldees*, Gen 11 31 Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved *Josephus* and *Eusebius*, lib 9 *Præpar Evang* say *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls οὐρην, and *Plin* 1 5 c 24 makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Usq, quem fertur Euphrates* It was perhaps denominated from the worship of *Fire* in that Countiy The name continued till *Ammianus* his time *Ammian lib 25*

27 *Mounts* For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates *Montem Visionis* *Aquila την γῆν την καταφανῆ*, which I conceive to be, not as some render it *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain* *Symmachus* for the same reason has Ὀττασίας, which is the same with the Latine *Visionis*, and the Septuag call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*, others interpret it, *The Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation* And it was not perhaps without relation

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to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the seat of *Solomons Temple*

28 *The Boy* Our English Translation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verse, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy* *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve years old But that is an age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here *Rivet* for that reason conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Josephus* 25 Others 33, because at that age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed Some of the *Jews* 36 none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the word *Boy*, for so all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen 43 8 and *Joseph*, *Joshua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliath* The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my description agrees most with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetic than the others

29 Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac*, Gen 17 21 *Heb* 11 17, 18

30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the washing at least of their hands and feet before they sat or lay down to *Table* *Judg* 19 21 it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They washt their feet and did eat and drink* So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels*, Gen 18 4 *Let a little water, I pray you be fetcht, and wash your feet, and rest your selves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morsel of Bread, &c* So likewise *Josephs* Steward treats his Masters brethren So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam 11 8 *Go down to thy house, and wash thy feet, &c* and there followed him a mess of meat from the King It is in vain to adde more authorities of a thing so notorious And this custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this custom is some argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the feet of their guests,

—ἀρχαῖον δὲ τοῦτο ἔθος Athen L 1 c 8

For this (says he) was the ancient custom, and so the daughters of *Cocalus* washt *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicilie* But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful servants for this and the like ministeries Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *wash pots* standing by at the *Jewish* feasts, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean And for these reasons six *Water pots* stood ready at the wedding feast of *Cana* in *Galilee*

31 *Eccles* 2 8 *I gate men singers and women singers, the delights of the sons of men, οἰνοχόων καὶ οἰνοχόας* He and she servants to fill wine, says the Septuagint Though I know the *Vulgar*, and our English Edition translate it otherwise, both differently And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table* *Mat*

Stant pueri Dominos quos precer esse meos

32 After washing they always anointed themselves with precious oyl So *Judith* 10 2 So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self* So *David* after the death of his child, *Rose up and washt, and anointed himself, &c* So *Hom* *Od* 6 of *Nausicaa* and her maids,

Αἱ δὲ λοεσάμεναι καὶ χρῖσάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ

Δείπνον ἐπεὶ εἴλοντο παρ' οὐχθῆσιν ποταμοῖο

But this too is as notorious as the other fashion of washing *Small Prisons* *Boxes* of Ointments, such as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, *Mat* 26 7 ἀλαβαστρον μυρου, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter, for this was not of *Alabaster*, S *Mark* affirming that it was broken *Hoiace*,

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Nardi parvus Onyx

Claudian *Gemmas alii per totum balsama tectum
Effundere cadis—*

33 The Roman custom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Trichnum*) and *three persons* to each bed (though sometimes they exceeded in both,) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatiques* as well as the very fashion of *discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more To *Saul* for state I gave a whole *Bed*, and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam 14 49 to *Abner* his Cosin German, and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *Davud* Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use, because it is said here, 1 Sam 20 25 *And Saul sat upon his seat as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall* because the words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at several times, and in several Nations

34 At the feasts of the ancients, not only the rooms were strewed with *flowers*, but the *Guests* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were crowned with them *Virg*

*Crateras magnos statuunt & vina coronant, and
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq, mero—*

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homers*,

κρατῆρας ἐπιστεψαντο ποτοῖο

Which they say are said to be *Crowned*, when they are filled so full, that the liquor standing higher than the brims of the Bowl, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen l j c 11* But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They Crowned*, *κρατῆρας ποτοῖο*, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink*?

35 The name of God, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced

36 1 Sam 20 30 *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious woman, &c* The Vulg *Fili mulieris virum ultro sapientis*, that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore* Upon which place *Grotius* Sons use to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuse himself casts the fault of his stubbornness and ill nature upon his *Mother* In which I cannot abide to be of his opinion, the words are so ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince* I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and unnatural, that thou mayest seem to be not my son, but a *Bastard*, the son of a whore or rebellious woman, and that which follows in the same verse confirms this to me *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and to the confusion of thy Mothers nakedness* that is, to their shame, who will be thought to have had thee of some other man, and not of *me*

37 1 Sam 20 34 *And Jonathan arose from the Table in fierce anger*, In ira furoris But his passion (it seems) did not overcome his duty or discretion, for he arose without saying any thing

I omit here *Jonathans* shooting arrows, and sending *his Page* for them, from the 35 to the 40 verse, By *Horace* his rule,

—Et quæ

Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas

And what art or industry could make that story *shine*? besides it was a subtlety that I cannot for my life comprehend, for since he went to *David*, and talked to him himself, what needed all that politike trouble of the shooting?

DAVIDEIS BOOK II

38 The *Head*, which is the seat of *Fansie*
 39 These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather
Entia Imaginationis, or *Phantastique Creatures*

Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus, Lucr L 5
 And afterwards,

Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimara,
 Which is out of *Homer*,

Ἰπποθε λεων δε πισοθε δρακων

40 When the Country people in *Thessaly* saw men first that came on horseback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving away of *Oxen*, according to which fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves

41 Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam* 5 6 There are some other interpretations of the place, then that which I here give, as that the *Idols* of the *Jebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind* But this carries no probability Thinking *David* cannot come hither, is a plain proof that they did it in scorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary strength of the place, which without question was very great or else it could not have held out so many hundred years since the entrance of the *Israelites* into the land, in the very midst of them

42 *Fish*, *Dagon* the Deity most worshipt by the *Philistims*

43 The English says *Mulberry* trees, the Latine, *Pear* trees, the safest is to leave it *indefinite* The sound of a going in the tops of the *Mulberry* trees, v 24 Some interpret, The noise of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees From whence the Greek τοῦ κλαυθμώνος

44 *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus* *Sophene*, a part of *Calosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses* This kingdom is first mentioned, 1 *Sam* 14 47 at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great lustre

46 The Children of *Ammon*

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the God of the *Ammonites*, 1 *King* 11 5 & 7 *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*, *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius* Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and lile Sacrifices were used to him *Macrob* 1 *Saturn* Curs Lib 4 *Diodor* Lib 20, &c I rather believe the *Sun* was worshipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King* of *Heaven*, for the word signifies *King*, and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Assyrians* and *Sidomans*, signifying *Lord* Some think that children were not burnt or sacrificed to him, but only consecrated and initiated by passing between two fires, which perhaps might be a custom too But it is evident by several places of Scripture, that this was not all And the *Jews* say, that *passing through the Fire*, is but a Phrase for *Burning* He had seven *Chappels* from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*, for which reason the *Persians* likewise made seven *Gates* to him In the first *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child* The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful greatness, with his hands spread and set on fire within perhaps to represent the heat of the *Sun*, and not as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms He had likewise the face of a *Bullock*, in

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which figure too *Osyris* among the Egyptians represented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Persians*

Stat *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram*

But though they intended the worship of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipped, which makes me say *Grinning through a black Cloud*, &c

48 *Swift Tygris* Curt L 4 No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which swiftness it takes the name, for *Tygris* in the *Persian Language* signifies an *Arrow*

49 *Helam* or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of *Euphrates*

50 The Metropolis of *Ammon*, since *Philadelphia*

51 And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious stones) and it was set on *David's* head, 2 Sam 12 30 and the like, 1 Ch 10 20 2 *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus*, &c But the Seventy have it, *καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχοῦ τοῦ βασιλέως αὐτῶν ἀπο τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ*, &c He took the *Crown* of *Molchom* their *King* from off his head That is, The crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*, which makes some of the Greek Fathers say, That *Melchom's Image* had a bright precious stone in form of the *Morning star*, placed on the top of his forehead I rather follow the English Translation

5 Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at eleven years old, which is very unreasonable Sir *W Raughley* methinks convinces that it was in the 19 year of his age, at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wise man*, and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young child*

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned men in this point, who make *Saba*, of which she was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Felix*,

Virg *Solis est thurea vinga Sabæis*

And Frankincense was one of her presents to *Solomon* Psalm 72 *The Kings of Arabia and Saba* The City where she lived they say was called *Marab*, by *Strabo*, *Mariaba* and her, some name, *Nicanna*, others, *Makeda*, the *Arabians*, *Bulks* This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*, for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africa* Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reasons, first because she is called in the *New Testament* *Queen of the South*, which seems to me to be too great a Title for the *Queen* of a small Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East, and but a little *Southward of Judea*, and therefore the *Wisemen* that came to worship Christ from those parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages* Secondly, all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African Ethiopians* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from her and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them seem to confirm and the custom of Circumcision used even to this day, though they be *Christians* In fine, whatever the truth be, this opinion makes a better sound in *Poetry*

54 This *Egyptian Kings* name is very variously written *Shishac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susarim* Septuagint, *Susac* *Josephus*, *Susesin* *Cedrenus* also, *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sosachis*, and by *Eusebius* *Smendes*, *Josephus*, 1 8 proves that *Herodot* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sesostris*, and particularly his setting up of pillars in *Palestine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminate of those Nations The Scripture says, his Army was without number, composed of *Lubims*,

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¹ *Lybians*, the Countreys west of *Egypt* *Sukkym*, from *Succoth Tents*, Lat *Trogloditæ*, a people boideing upon the *Red sea*, by others, *Arabes Egyptii* or *Ichthyophagi*, and *Ethiopians*, *Cusite*, Joseph which is more probable, then to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petrea* From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Soveraignty of *Judæa*,
2 Chi 12 8

⁵⁵ *Adadesar*, 1 Chron 18 7 I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, then those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them

⁵⁶ The story of this great battel between *Abyah* and *Feroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel, and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abyahs* or *Feroboams* lives in the first of *Kings* It adds much to the wonder that this defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abyahs* recovery of two or three Towns, no more then all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that hapned afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince Sir *W Raughley* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still kept up that severity and arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those liberties to the people, upon the score of which *Feroboam* possest himself of the Crown, which the people chose rather to enjoy, though with great wars and disturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with servitude under *Solomon* There may be something of this perhaps in the case, but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many changes) find a party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute determination of *Gods* will for a cause of it, who being offended with the sins of both, made both his instruments of vengeance against one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for blessings to that, but for Curses and Scourges to *Israel* *God punisht one, but blest not the other side*

⁵⁷ This Superstition of consecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some *Idol*,

—*Lucosq vetustâ*

* *Religione truces & robora Numinis instar* Claud

The word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come à *Lucendo*, from the constant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from *Tapers* continually burning there in honour of them At last the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*

—*Quercus, in acula prima* Ovid

The *Druidæ* had their name from worshipping an *Oak*, and among the *Celtæ* an *Oak* was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Helm Tree* had no less honour with the *Heitrurians* *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23 6 *Josiah* is said to bring out the *Groves* from the house of the Lord, where it seems the *Idols* themselves are called *Groves* either having gotten that name from standing commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps because they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with Trees represented too about them, as *Acts* 19 24 the silver similitudes of *Diana's Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*

⁵⁸ The number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa's* consisting of five hundred and eighty thousand, and *Zerahs* of ten hundred

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thousand men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cusita* Now though I took the *Cusites* of *Susacs* Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palestine*, yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*, besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are spoiled by *Asa*, as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petraea*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countrys thereabouts, and with the help of his neighbour Princes for otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Chus*

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petraea*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*

59 It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the field, after his great success against *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before against *Feroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a murtherer, and an unsettled Usurper, for which cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treasures for the assistance of *Benhadad* But it was not so much out of fear of *Baasha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha* if he had not been bought off to join with *Asa* The Family of the *Adads* then reigned in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after But the Assistance was very Dangerous, for the *Syrians* having by this occasion found the weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judaea*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attaque them

60 The *Fates* that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels* to whom the *Government* of this world is committed The meaning is that having a command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the person was) they had like to have cruised the *King* of *Judah* to be slain instead of the *King* of *Israel* He had like to have dyed as *Virgil* says, *Atheno vulnere*

61 *Sair*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*

62 *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight years in *Jerusalem*, 2 Kings 8 17 2 Chron 21 20 but it is apparent by most evident collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehosaphat* Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit Severus* his mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit Josaphat rege defuncto annos duo deviginti* Reigned eighteen years I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since *Ochosia*, or *Ahaziah* reigned scarce one year

63 *Athalia*, by some *Gotholia*, Her murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the first Possessor She had been in effect in possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochosia*, Εσπουδασε μηδὲνα τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Δαβίδου καταλιπεῖν οἴκου, πᾶν δ' ἔξαφνισαι τὸ γένος Joseph And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, first as she was not of the *House of David* And secondly, as she was a *Woman* For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, Fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenouille*, Deut 17 15 Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven years, which was very much to be wondered at, not only in regard of her murders, usurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but because *Jehu* then King of *Israel*, was a sworn enemy of the House of *Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the person of this

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wicked woman, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absolutly, Deum*

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazaels* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great sum of money The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the loss of a battel by *Joas*, and the slaughter of most of the Princes of *Judah* Some think that both those places signifie but one war, and that the composition followed the victory That they were several Invasions appears to me more probable and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwise thought, for it is more likely, that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful composition, after the loss of a battel, and of the greatest part of his Nobility, against a small number, then before he had ever tried his fortune in the field against the *Aramites* Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vast treasure, should again break it, and invade them with a small company, as that having at first with a party only defeated the *Judean* Army, they should afterwards enter with greater Forces to prosecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable conditions But it may be objected, that it is said 2 *Chron* 24 25 *When they (the Syrians) departed from him (for they left him in great diseases) his own servants conspired against him, and slew him*, as if this followed immediately after the battel But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Historical parts of the *Scripture*, shall find the relation very imperfect and confused (especially in circumstances of Time) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation* So that *When they departed, &c* may relate not to this defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other composition afterwards, which may be here omitted, because that second invasion was but a consequence, and almost *Continuance* of the former In which respect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the first part, which was the battel only, and the other (2 *Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitomes*

65 That is, In the same manner as his Father *Joas*, both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last, with the same resemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*, and in the consequences of them, which were the loss of all their treasures, and those of the Temple, a dishonourable peace, and their murders, by their own servants *

66 This punishment, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *enemies*

67 *Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint *Ozias*, and so *Josephus*, but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Priests* name in his time

68 *At first from men* 2 *Chron* 26 21 *Dwelt in an house apart, being a Leper* So likewise 2 *Kings* 15 5 according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit* 13 46 *From earth at last* For *Josephus* reports, that the grief caused his death χρόνον μὲν τινα διήγεν ἕξω τῆς πόλεως ἰδιωτὴν ἀποζῶν βίον—ἐπειτα νοσὶ λυτῆς καὶ ἀθυρίας ἀπέθανεν

69 *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy That he wanted no kind of virtue, but was religious towards God, just to men, and wise in Government

70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the custom to make a great noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the end that his cries might not be heard *Emmon*, a valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was wor

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shipped in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*, it was called likewise *Tophet* Some think (as *Theodor Salsa*, &c) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two fires for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, *2 Kings* 16 2 He made his Son to pass through the fire But *2 Chron* 28 3 Explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire And *Josephus*, εἰδωλοῖς ἰδίων ολοκαυτῶσε παῖδα

71 *Tiglat pilleser*, or *Tiglat phul asai* The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus* by others *Belosus*, by *Diador*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire* After which, the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sovereignty and made other great additions to it by conquest

72 For after the spoil of *Syria* and *Israel* which he destroyed upon *Achas* quai-rel, he possess himself also of a great part of *Judea*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief riches of the Countey, and made *Achas* his *Tributary* and servant

73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abuknsis* and *Cajetan* say the Angel of God destroyed them by fire from Heaven *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ

74 He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint, Νεσερα, *Josephus*, τῷ ναῷ Ἀράσκη λεγόμενῳ, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelea* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his distress at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot*) he had bound himself by vow to sacrifice them to his Gods Others more probably, because he had declared *Asai haddon*, their younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor* *Herod* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τίς ὁρῶν εὐσεβῆς ἔστω

Let him who lool's upon me learn to fear God

75 It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*

76 *Forgetful Man*, which is the signification of his name

77 The *Egyptians* worshipped *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon* or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*, that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Osyris* and *Isis* From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this *Idolatry*, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worship under the same figure, as they had seen *Osyris* worshipped in *Egypt* Such was *Aarons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt* 1b

78 See Note 47 where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*, how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to dust, as the graven *Image* of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stamp't to powder, which stamping was not necessary if it had been of wood, for then it would have burnt to ashes *2 King* 23 6

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79 The *Sydomans* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Ashtaroth*, 1 The *Sun* and the *Moon*, which *Astarte* is perhaps the η *Baal*, mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob* 1 5 ἐθνὸν τῇ *Baal* τῇ *Δαυδαί*. They sacrificed to *She Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were repie sented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc de Deā Syr* Δασάρεην δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήναν ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on hei head the head of a *Bull*.

Sydenum Regina bicornis Hor

80 *Herodian* testifies that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a Spire, to signify the nature of *Fire*. In the like *Figure* *Taurus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipped, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*, *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the *Wife* of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a surname of *Jupiter*, *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania* that is, the *Moon*, *Men* sacrificed to her in the habit of *women*, and they in that of *Men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀρρενοθήκη, both *Male* and *Female*, *Macrobius* Saturn 3 8 from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, *Jul Firm* says of these *Priests*, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebris dedecorant*, which is the occasion of the *Law*, *Deut* 22 5.

82 2 *Kings* 17 30 And the men of *Babylon* made *Succoth Benoth*, that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*, for *Sund* has *Bivos*, ονομα θεάς, (1) To *Mehta*, the *Babylonian Venus* Of whose worship *Herodot* L 1 reports, That *Venus* crowned with *Garlands* sat in order in her *Temple*, separated from one another by little cords, and never stirred from thence till some stranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them, and till then they could not be married.

83 Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Atrius*, Σιτων, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*, but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, a *Fish*, and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Desint* in *Pisem mulier formosa superni*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder dagan*, the mighty *Fish*) and *Deucio*, whose *Image* was such, and her *Temple* at *Ascalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worshipped. *Diodor* says of the *Image*, L 3 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian* Ἡμισὴ μὲν γυνή τὸ δὲ ὅλσον ἐκ μηρῶν εἰς ἄρους πόδας ἰχθύος ἀποτίθεται. There is an ancient *Fable*, that *wavvns*, a Creature *Half Man* and *Half Fish*, arose out of the *Red Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men several *Arts*, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several ages had arose out of the *Red sea*, and that the name of one was ὠδακων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this matter. *De D Syria Syntag* 2 c 3.

84 2 *Kings* 23 11 *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the swiftness of his motion. See *Zen* 1 8 de *Cyro* 11 Ἀναβάς *Pausan* in *Lacon* *Herodot* *Eth* 10 *Justin* 1 *Herod* 1 they were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light Nergal*, 2 *Kings* 17 30 And the men of *Cuth* made *Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*, to wit the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the *Romans*. The ancient *Persians* worshipt it, and had no other *Idol* of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a *River* in *Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*,

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θεῶν πρῶτω τῷ Πυρὶ εὐχονται, which was the reason they abhorred the burning of dead bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*

85 *Belzebub* The God of *Echron* or *Accaron* The God of *Flies* See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18 upon the first Book

Thundring Baal The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countrys See the Note 45 L 3

86 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the slaughter of *Jehoiachim* by the *Assyrians* Nay the second of *Chron* 36 6 seems at first sight to imply the contrary Against him came up *Nebuchadnezzar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon* That is, he first bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer 36 30 and *Josephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezzar* commanded him to be slain, and his body to be cast over the walls

87 *Jehoiachim*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days *Zedechia* being set up in his place, the younger brother of *Jehoiakim* and *Jehoiachim*, The fourth *King* of the Jews successively, that was made a *Bond slave* *Israel's* now solemn and imperial *Chain* for it was the custom of the great Eastern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis & reges* Tacit

88 For though they were restored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final destruction

89 In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own eyes In *Theb*

Quid hic manes meos detinco?

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,

Longasq, vivu ducis exequias patris

And *Oed* Act 5

Mors eligatur longa, quæatur via

Quæ nec sepultis mistus & viris tamen

Exemptus errem — *Seneca* the *Philosop*

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia's* affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis

Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levus

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19 *Controvers* has rised an objection against the next verse, *Bereft of griefs*, &c *Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false sense, into which many fall *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self* And again, *So much cause, and no more power to weep* As if (says he) *Blind people could not weep* Truly, Philosophically speaking, The moysture that falls through the place of the *Eyes*, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the *Eyes* were there, yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the *Eyes*, as to make the expression *Poetically true*, though not *Literally* And therefore the *Tragedian* was not frighted with his *Criticism*, for *Oedip* says in *Theb*

Cuncta sors mihi infesta abstulit

Lacrymæ supererant, has quoq, eripuit mihi

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well

90 I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very temerarily, but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*,

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which are the effects and footsteps, as it were, of *Sm*, were to be seen in her body

91 Their mingled *Light*, 1 Their *Colours*, which are nothing but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies, as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkness, *Green* with a little more, *Red* with more yet So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed *Plato* calls them, φλόγα τῶν σωμάτων εκάστων ἀπορροῦσαν *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies, and *Pindar*, *Od* 6 elegantly attributes to Flowers, Πάμπορφουρος ἀκτίνας *Purple Beams*

92 *Gods Wife* Though the word seem bold, I know no hurt in the figure And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical* word The *Church* is called *Christs Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same reason

93 *Early*, 1 *Eastern Spices* From *Arabia* which is *Eastward* of *Judea* Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian* wise men came ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν We have seen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ *Virg*

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum

And the Presents which these wise men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia*

94 *Gabriel*, the name signifies, The *Power of God* I have seen in some *Magical* Books, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great persons, as that of *Mathattion* to the *Angel* of *Moses* that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, And this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua* and *Daniel* But I rather use this than that *Diabolical* Name (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of Especially because *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *Gods Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*

95 *The Aquinas*, upon the second of the *Senten Distinct* 9 *Art* 2 It is necessary that the *Air* should be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of earth, that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid body, &c And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about *Witches* But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets* *Virg* 12

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,

In faciem Æn &c

Which is the reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and best Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantasm* of *Eneas*, 5 *Iliad*

Αὐτὰρ ὁ εἶδ' ὅλον τεύξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων

Αὐτῷ τ' αἰνέειν ἔκ' ἔλουν καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον

96 *Obscene* was a word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill Fortune* And it is most frequently applied to *Birds* of *ill Omen* *Virg* 3 *Æn*

Sive Dea, seu sint Divæ, obscenæq, volucres

Æn 12 — *Nec me terrete timentem*

Obscenæ volucres —

Ovid — Obscenæ quo prohibentur aves

And *Servius* interprets *Virgils Obscenam famem*, to be, The hunger that drives

ABRAHAM COWLEY

men to *Obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *Obscene*, ¹ *unlucky Bird*

97 It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are

98 *Albion* is the ancientest name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *Davids* time But we must content our selves with the best we have It is found in *Arist de Mundo*, in *Plin Ptolem* and *Strabo*, by which appears the vanity of those who derive it from a *Latin* word, *Ab Albus Rupibus*

99 So the Angel to *S John*, Revel 19 10 and 22 9 calls himself His *Fellow servant*

100	Virg	<p>— <i>Cum circumfusa repentè</i> <i>Scindit se nubes & in aera purgat apertum</i>, and again, <i>Tenuis fugit seu Fumus in auras</i></p>
	Hom	<p>Σκιὴ ἑκελον η καὶ ὀνείρω ἔπτατο</p>

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DAVIDEIS.

The third Book

RAs'd with the news he from high Heav'en receives,
Straight to his *diligent God* just thanks he gives
1 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right,
2 Is there with sprightly wines, and hallowed bread,
(But what's to *Hunger* hallow'd?) largely fed
3 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast
4 He lends him *vain Goliabs Sacred Sword*,
(The fittest help just *Fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whose *weight* without a *blow* might slay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,
A *Sword* so great, that [t] was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it
Thus he arms *David*, I your own restore,
Take it (said he) and use it as before
I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest sight
That e'er these *Eyes* ow'ed the discov'ring light
When you stept forth, how did the *Monster* rage,
In scorn of your soft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,
Some piti'ed that such *Youth* should idly fall
Th'uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain,
I knew the day was yours I saw it plain
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepar'd to say,
Rapt with his joy, how the two *Armies* lay,
Which way th'amazed *Foe* did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew than *He*

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

But *David's* hast denies all needless stay,
 To *Gath* an Enemies Land, he hastes away,
 Not there secure, but where one *Danger's* near,
 The more *remote* though *greater* disappear
 So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* succour flee,
 So from *fir'd Ships* *Man* leaps into the *Sea*
 There in disguise he hopes unknown t'abide!
 Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
 Stones of small worth may lye unseen by *Day*,
 But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray
 5 *Tagal* first spi'd him, a *Philistian* Knight,
 Who erst from *David's* wrath by shameful flight
 Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age,
 Hence the deep sore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*
 Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for scarce he thought that band enough,
 On him he seises whom they all had fear'd,
 Had the bold *Youth* in his *own shape* appear'd
 And now this wisht-for, but yet dreadful prey
 To *Achis* Court they led in hast away,
 With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
 Upon th'*Immoderate Vulgars* *Joy* and *Hate*
 His valour now and strength must useless ly,
 And he himself must arts unusu'al try,
 Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
 The goodly curles of his rich yellow haire
 Sometimes a violent laughter sciu'd his face,
 And sometimes ready tears dropt down apace
 Sometimes he fixt his staring eyes on ground,
 And sometimes in wild mannei hurl'd them round
 More full revenge *Philistians* could not wish,
 6 But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty Fish*
 They now in height of anger, let him *Live*,
 And *Freedom* too, t'enclease his *scorn*, they give
 He by *wise Madness* freed does homeward flee,
 And *Rage* makes them all that *He seem'd* to be
 7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
 An *Hill* part earth, part rocky stone there stood,
 Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought
 As if by 'her *Scholar Art* she had been taught

1 Sam 21
10

1 Sam 21
13

Ver 15

1 Sam 22 1

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*, many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents did call,
Great men in war, and almost *Armies* all!
Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *David's* self must owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not some cunning *Sin*,
Amidst so many *Virtues* crowded in
With him *Abishai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred, with him *Asabel*
Asabel, swifter then the *Northern wind*,
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
Outgo his *Feet*, so strangely would he runne,
That *Time* it self perceiv'd not what was done
Oft o're the *Lawns* and *Meadows* would he pass,
His weight *unknown*, and harmless to the grass,
Oft o're the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or displace
Unhappy *Youth*, whose end so near I see!
There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*
Hither *Jessides* wrongs *Benaiah* drew,
He, who the vast exceeding *Monster* slew
Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,
Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*
But by *Benaiah's* staff he fell orethrown,
The *Earth*, as if worst strook, did loudest groan
Such was *Benaiah*, in a narrow pit
He saw a *Lyon*, and leapt down to it
As eas'ly there the *Royal Beast* he toie
As that it self did *Kids* or *Lambs* before
Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of *Sp'irit*, and *Arms* was all his joy
Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright
Oft would he shoot young *birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fansie them *Philistians* all
And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the face did scarce his *Sex* betray
Dodos great Son came next, whose dreadful hand
Snatcht ripened *Glories* from a conqu'ring band,

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

- Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barley field,
 Which did a strange and bloody *Harvest* yield?
 Many besides did this new Troop encrease,
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace
Eliel, whose full quiv'er did alwaies beare
 As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were
 None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
 Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *Hee*
 Many of *Judab* took wiong'ed *Dauids* side,
 And many of old *Jacobs* youngest *Tribe*,
 But his chief strength the *Gathite* Souldiers are,
 Each *single man* able t'oeecome a *Warre*!
 Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding air,
 And hardy all as the strong *Steel* they baie,
 A *Lyons* noble rage sits in their face,
Terrible comely, aim'ed with *dreadful grace*!
 Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded heie,
 Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents fear*,
 He seeks for them a safe and qu[et] seat,
 Nor trusts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great
 So when in hostile fire rich *Asias* pride
 For ten years siege had fully satisf'ed,
Aeneas stole an act of higher Fame,
 And bore *Anchises* through the *wondring flame*,
 A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
 Then all the *Græcian* forces bore away
 Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go,
 Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow*,
 To have sav'd thy *Troy* would far less glorious be,
 By this thou *Overcom'est* their *Victorie*
 11 *Moab*, next *Judab*, an old Kingdom, lies,
 12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curs't Sea* denies
 13 They see *North-stars* from o're *Amoreus* ground,
 14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound
 15 Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* ly,
 The mornings happy beams they first espy
 The region with fat soil and plenty's blest,
 A soil too good to be of old possest
 16 By monstrous *Emins*, but *Lots* off-spring came
 And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*

1 Chro 11
46

1 Chr 12
16

1 Chro 12 8

1 Chr 12 8

Ving 2
Æn

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Armons* flood,
 And their sad *bounds* markt deep in their own *blood*
 In *Hesbon* his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'd
 A glorious *Town*, and fill'd with all delight
 Which *Peace* could yield, though well prepar'd for *fight*
 But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*
 Felt the keen rage of *Israels Sacred Sword*,
 Whilst *Moab* triumpht in her torn estate,
 To see *her own* become her *Conquerers* fate
 Yet that small remnant of *Lots* parted Crown
 Did arm'd with *Israels* sins pluck *Israel* down,
 Full thrice six years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke,
 Till *Ehuds* sword *Gods* vengeful Message spoke,
 Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their owne,
 Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Throne*
 And now a wise old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd,
 Well by his *Subjects* and *Himself* obey'd
 Onely before his *Fathers Gods* he fell,
 Poor wretched Man, almost *too good for Hell*!
 Hither does *David* his blest *Parents* bring,
 With humble greatness begs of *Moabs* King,
 A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
 Free from those storms with which himself must strive
 The King with chearful grace his suit approv'd,
 By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd
 Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)
 Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me
 That to rich *Ophirs* rising *Morn* is knowne,
 And stretcht out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*
 Swift *Fame*, when her round journey she does make,
 Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take
 Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
 Great *Baal of Phegor*! and how young he's still!
 From *Ruth* we heard you came, *Ruth* was born here,
 In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) matcht there
 To one of *Bethlem*, which I hope is true,
 Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you
 Those have the best *alliance* always bin,
 To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

- He spoke, and straight led in his thankful Guests,
 To'a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*
 The Room with golden *Tap'stry* glister'd bright,
 At once to *please* and to *confound* the sight,
 23 Th'excellent work of *Babylonian* hands,
 24 In midst a Table of rich Iv'ory stands,
 By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
 Which grin, and *fearfully* the place *adorn*
 Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,
 As if they hunger'd for the food they bore
 25 About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood,
 26 With coverings dy'd in *Tyrian Fishes* blood,
 They say, th'*Herculean* art, but most delight
 27 Some Pictures gave to *Dauids* learned sight
 Here several ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go,
 Their too much wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow
 Thus each extream to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can separate *Friends*,
 Here *Sodoms* Towers raise their proud tops on high,
 The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the sky
 By it the waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,
 Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*
 Hither *Lots* Houshold comes, a numerous train,
 And all with various business fill the plain
 Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,
 They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*
 Some drive the *Herds*, here a fierce Bullock scorns
 Th'appointed way, and runs with threatning horns,
 In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again,
 The *Dogs* stand off atar, and bark in vain
 Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
 With stuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly
 Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,
 And *Lot* talks with them both on either side
 Another *Picture* to curst *Sodom* brings
 28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *servant Kings*
 They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away,
 Whilst in a Pit the vanquisht *Bera* lay,
Buried almost alive for fear of *Death*
 29 But heav'ens just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath

Gen 13 6

Ib v 10

Gen 14. 11,
12

Ib v 10

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Abraham pursues, and slays the *Victois Hoast*,
Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *boast*
Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities* flame,
When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
With *smiling anges*, the lewd wretches, strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the dore,
Their *Eyes*, first cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'ance* bore
Through liquid *Air*, heav'ns busie *Souldiers* fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where seeds of *Thunder* ly
Here the sad sky gloses red with dismal streaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with short trembling breaks
Here the blew flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruine all
The fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,
And meets half way new *fires* that showre from sky
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away,
At once drop down the *Fathers* arms, and *They*
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'en* there
Men thought, so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,
The *Pictures* self would fall in ashes down
Afar old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hyes,
And dares not move (good man) his weeping eyes
Behind his *Wife* stood ever fixt alone,
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*
A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning head,
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*, in vain to speak she strove,
Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move
One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light
The wind admir'd which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more
To heav'n she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* stands
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there
Ah foolish woman! who must always be,
A sight more *strange* then that she turn'd to see!

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

- Whilst *David* fed with these his curious eye,
 The Feast is now serv'd in, and down they lye
Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,
 33 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
 Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*, an *Health* goes round
 In the brisk griape of *Armons* richest ground
 34 Whilst *Melchor* to his harp with wondrous skill
 35 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still)
 His noble verse through *Natures* secrets lead,
 He sung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Mass* is spread,
 Ev'ery where *All*, how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
 And think it *Rest* eternally to *Move*
 How the kind *Sun* usefully comes and goes,
 Wants it himself, yet gives to Man repose
 How his round *Journey* does for ever last,
 36 And how he baits at every Sea in haste
 He sung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
 37 Whilst foolish men beat sounding Biass in vain,
 Why the *Great Waters* her slight *Horns* obey,
 Her changing *Horns*, not constanter than *They*,
 38 He sung how grisly *Comets* hang in ayr,
 Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*
Gods Beacons for the world, diawn up so far,
 To publish ills, and raise all earth to war
 39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,
 What *Motions* vex it, till it roar so loud
 40 How *Lambent Fires* become so wondrous tame,
 And bear such shining *Winter* in their *Flame*
 41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watry Bow*
 What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*
 What *Palsie* of the *Earth* here shakes fixt *Hills*,
 From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* spills
 Thus did this *Heathen Natures* Secrets tell,
 And sometimes mist the *Cause*, but sought it *Well*
 Such was the sawce of *Moabs* noble feast,
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest
 Only the good old Prince stays *Joab* there,
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear
 He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* desires,
 Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Nay gentle *Guest* (said he) since now you're in,
 The story of your gallant friend begin
 His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,
 And how he slew that man of *Gath* of late,
 What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous man?
 With that he stopt, and *Joab* thus began

His birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd,
 That praise of that might look from me like *pride*
 Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood
 Of the old *Judean Lyons* richest blood
 From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Esrom* came
Ram, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, Names spoke loud by *Fame*
 A Name no less ought *Boaz* to appear,
 By whose blest match we come no *strangers* here
 From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,
 From *Obed Jesse*, *Jesse* whom fames kindest tongue,
 Counting his birth, and high *nobil'ity*, shall
 Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him sev'enth, the six births past
 Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at last
 Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit?
 The wings of *Time* flag'd dully after it
 Scarce past a *Child*, all wonders would he sing
 Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er of Natures King*
 His *sheep* would scorn their food to hear his lay,
 And savage *Beasts* stand by as *tame* as they
 The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire,
 Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his *Lyre*
Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
 Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen to'wards the *shore*

'Twas now the time when first *Saul God* forsook,
God Saul, the room in's heart wild *Passions* took,
 Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there,
 Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair
 No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
 They cure but sometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*
Musick alone those storms of *Soul* could lay,
 Not more *Saul* them, then *Musick* they obey
Davia's now sent for, and his Harp must bring,
 His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ery string

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

- When *Sauls* rude passions did most tumult keep,
 With his soft notes they all dropt down asleep
 When his dull *Spirits* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*,
 He with quick strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*
 Thus cheer'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury swage,
 Till *Wars* began, and times more fit for *rage*
 To *Helah* Plain *Philistian Troops* are come, 1 Sam 17
 And *Wars* loud noise strikes peaceful Musick dumb
 Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
 For this rough work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose
 He knew not what his hand in War could do,
 Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madness* too
 Now *Dammun's* destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
 On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood
 Between a fatal Valley stretcht out wide,
 And *Death* seem'd ready now on either side,
 When (Lo !) their Host rais'd all a joyful shout,
 43 And from the midst an huge & monstrous man stept out 1 Sam 17 4
 Aloud they shouted at each step he took,
We and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,
 Vast as the *Hill*, down which he marcht, he appear'd,
 Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd
 A young tall *Squire* (though then he seem'd not so)
 Did from the Camp at first before him go,
 At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,
 Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
 44 On which was wrought the *Gods*, and *Gyants* fight,
 Rare work ! all fill'd with *terroure* and *delight*
 45 Here a vast *Hill*, 'gainst thundring *Baal* was thrown,
 Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down
 One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
 Torn up with't, that rains back on him that threw
 Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try,
 The *Sea* boils round with flames shot thick from sky
 This he believ'd, and on his *shield* he bore,
 And prais'd their strength, but thought his own was more
 The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to fill,
 46 And we (methoughts) lookt up to him from our *Hill*
 47 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest dress of *War*
 (A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The *Sun* himself started with sudden fright,
 To see his beams return so dismal bright
Brass was his *Helmet*, his *Boots* *brass*, and o're
 His breast a thick plate of strong *brass* he wore,
 His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
 Which *Nature* meant some tall *ships* *Mast* should be,
 The' huge I'ron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
 And of *whole bodies* but *one wound* it made,
 Able *Deaths* worst command to overdo,
 Destroying *Life* at once and *Carcase* too,
 Thus arm'd he stood, all *direful*, and all *gay*,
 And round him flung a scornful look away
 So when a *Scythian* *Tyger* gazing round,
 An Herd of *Kine* in some fair *Plain* has found
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
 And calls forth all his *spots* on ev'ery side
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
 In choise of some strong neck on which to fall
 Almost he scorns, so weak, so cheap a prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling hast away
 Ye men of *fury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be,
 And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *Me*,
 Chuse out 'mongst all your *Troops* the boldest *Knight*,
 To try his *strength* and *fate* with me in fight
 The chance of *War* let us two bear for all,
 And they the *Conqueror* serve whose *Knight* shall fall
 At this he paw'd a while, straight, I defie
 Your *Gods* and *You*, dares none come down and dy?
 Go back for shame, and *Egypt's* slav'ery bear,
 Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here
 Alas ye have no more *Wonders* to be done,
 Your *Sorc'erer* *Moses* now and *Josua's* gone,
 Your *Magick* *Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,
 And sounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make
 Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain,
 Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring* *Rods* again
 Is there no *Sampson* here? Oh that there were!
 In his full strength, and long *Enchanted* *Hair*
 This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razors* stead,
 It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

Thus he blasphem'd aloud, the *Valleys* round
 Flatt'ring his voice *restor'd* the dreadful sound
 We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd
 We had behind some new *Goliab* heard
 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n sure (which *David's* glory meant
 Through this whole *Aet*) such sacred teriour sent
 To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,
 Who ne're saw *fear* but in his *Enemies* face,
 His god-like *Son* there in bright Armour shone,
 Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*
Fate her own *Book* mistrusted at the sight,
 On that side *War*, on this a *Single Fight*
 There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
 He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliab* slew
 In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame,
 50 He saw his *staff*, and blusht with *generous shame*
 Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
 Men valiant all, nor was *I* us'd to *Fear*

Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd to fight,
 Once every morn he marcht, and once at night
 Slow rose the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
 With more than *Evening* *blushes* in his face
 When *Jessey* to the Camp young *David* sent,
 His purpose *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent
 For when the *Monsters* pride he saw and heard,
 Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*
 Anger and brave disdain his heart possest,
 Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful* brest
 Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,
Saul's Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fame*
 These to their just intentions strongly move,
 But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countrys Love*,
 Resolv'd for combat to *Saul's Tent* he's brought,
 Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought

Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred brest ^{1b v 32}
 With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* molest
 This hand alone shall end his cursed breath,
 Fear not, the wretch *blasphemes* himself to death,
 And cheated with false weight of his own might,
 Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to single fight

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
 The strength of *man* should find just cause for *pride*!
 Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,
 But *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy command
 That *Soul* which now does such large members sway,
 Through one *small wound* will creep in hast away
 And he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,
 To ev'ry *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey shall lie
 For 'tis not humane force we ought to fear,
 Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here?
 51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue?
 By that whole *Nations* of *Goliaths* slew?
 The *wonders* they perform'd may still be done,
Moses and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone
 We have lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *skill*
Pray'rs and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still
 These are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far then *He*,
 Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie*
 Count this, and then, Sir, mine th'advantage is,
He's stronger far then *I*, my *God* then *His*

Exod 17 6

Josh 12

Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see,
 Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as *He*
 Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whose daring mind
 Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*,
 Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
 And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*
 Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
 Whose *touch* would wound thee more then him thy *blow*
 Nature his Limbs onely for *war* made fit,
 In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she has writ
 With some less Foe thy unflesht valour try,
 This *Monster* can be no *first Victory*
 The *Lyons* royal whelp does not at first
 For blood of *Basan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirst
 In timorous *Deer* he hansels his young paws,
 And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws
 So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be asham'd to *second Thee*

1 Sam 17
33

He said, and we all murmur'd an assent,
 But nought moves *David* from his high intent

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

It brave to him, and om'itous does appear,
 To be oppos'd at first, and *conquer here*,
 Which he resolves, Scorn not (said he) mine age,
 For *Vict'ory* comes not like an *Heritage*,
 At *set-years*, when my Fathers flock I fed,
 A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led,
 Broke from the wood, and snatcht my *Lambs* away,
 From their gum *mouths* I forc'd the panting prey
 Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'en this hand did kill,
 On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still
 My *God's* the same, which then he was, to day,
 And this wild wretch almost the same as *They*
 Who from such danger sav'd my *Flock*, will he
 Of *Isra'el*, his *own Flock* less careful be?

1 Sam 37
33

Be't so then (*Saul* bursts forth) and thou on high,
 Who oft in *weakness* do'st most *strength* descry,
 At whose dread beck *Conquest* expecting stands,
 And casts no look down on the *Fighters* hands,
 Assist what *Thou* inspir'est, and let all see,
 As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants* are to *Thee*

- Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange success,
 52 In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dress

1 Sam 17
34

On's head an *helm* of well-wrought brass is place'd,
 The top with warlike Plume *severely* grace'd
 His breast a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
 A *Sword* much practis'd in *Deaths* art he wore
 Yet *David* use'd so long to no defence,
 But those *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,
 No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
 But fears his *own arms* weight more then his *Foes*
 He lost himself in that *disguise of warrie*,
 And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are
 He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous sight,
Prepares now, and *disarms* himself for fight
 'Gainst *Shield*, *Helm*, *Breast-plate*, and instead of those
 Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he chose,
 And fits them to his sling, then marches down,
 For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he esteem'd his *Own*
 We all with various passion strangely gaz'd,
 Some sad, some 'sham'd, some angry, all amaz'd

1 Sam 17
40

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Now in the Valley he stands, through's youthful face
 Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly grace
 Both in his looks so joyn'd, that they might move
Fear ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*
 Hot as ripe *Noon*, sweet as the *blooming Day*,
 Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*
 Th'accurst *Philistian* stands on th'other side, Ib v 45
 Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and pride
 The *Plagues* of *Dagon* ! a smooth *Boy*, said he,
 A cursed *beardless foe* oppos'd to *Me* !
 Hell ! with what arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come !
 Some friend his Mother call to drive him home
 Not gone yet ? if one minute more thou stay,
 The birds of heav'n shall bear thee *dead* away
 Gods ! a curst *Boy* ! the rest then murmuring out,
 He walks, and casts a deadly grin about
David with chearful anger in his Eyes,
 Advances boldly on, and thus replies, Ib v 45
 Thou com'est, vain Man, all arm'd into the field,
 And trustest those *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*,
 Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* my *Sword*,
 My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool, the mighty *Lord*
 Of *Thee* and *Battels*, who hath sent forth me
 Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight*, but *Conquer* thee
 53 In vain shall *Dagon* thy false *Hope* withstand,
 In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand*
 Thy fall to man shall heavens strong justice shew,
 Wretch ! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canst do
 He said, our Hoast stood dully silent by,
 And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*
 As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
 As when the *Monsters* threats to them they heard,
 His flaming *Sword* th'enrag'd *Philistian* shakes,
 And hast to his ruine with loud *Curses* makes
 Backward the *Winds* his *active Curses* bley,
 54 And fatally round his own head they flew
 For now from *Dauids* sling the stone is fled, Ib v 49
 And strikes with joyful noise the *Monsters* head
 It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
 As swiftly as it pierc'd before the *Ayre*

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground,
Blood, Brain, and Soul crowd mingled through the *Wound*
 So a strong *Oak*, which many years had stood
 With fair and flourishing boughs, *it self a Wood*,
 Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
 And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear,
 Yet by the *Thunders* stroke from th'root 'tis rent,
 So sure the blows that from high heav'en are sent
 What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
 Which did that moment our whole Host possess?
 Their jocond shouts th'air like a storm did tear,
 Th'amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*
 But far more swift th'accurs'd *Philistians* fly,
 And their ill fate to perfect, *basely dye*
 With thousand corps the ways around are strown,
 Till they, by the days flight secure their own
 Now through the Camp sounds nought but *Davids* name,
 All joys of several stamp and colours came
 From several passions, some his Valour praise,
 Some his free Speech, some the fair pop'ular rayes
 Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modest Guise*,
 Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes
 Some wonder, some they thought t'would be so swear,
 And some saw *Angels* flying through the air
 The basest spi'rits cast back a crooked glance
 On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*
 Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,
 With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet
 Hence the Kings politique rage and envy flows,
 Which first he hides, and seeks his life t'expose
 To *gen'rous dangers* that his hate might clear,
 And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David* bear
 So vain are mans designs¹ for *Fate*, and *Chance*,
 And *Earth*, and *Heav'en* conspir'd to his advance,
 His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,
 In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love begit
 Not *Sauls* own house, not his own nearest blood,
 The noble causes sacred force withstood
 You have met no doubt, and kindly us'd the fame,
 Of God-like *Jonathans* illustrious *Name*,

1 Sam 17
52

1 Sam 18

1b v 8

1 Sam 18
16

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- A *Name* which ev'ery wind to heav'n would bear,
Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear
- 55 No *Angel* e're boie to his *Brother-Mind*
A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
Then his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown*
At *Dammin* field he stood, and from his place
Leapt forth, the *wondrous Conqueror* to embrace, 1 Sam 18 1
- 56 On him his *Mantle*, *Girdle*, *Sword*, and *Bow*, Ib v 4
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or perswade,
In this close knot the smallest looseness made
Oft his wise care did the *Kings* rage suspend
His own lifes danger shelter'd oft his *Friend* 1 Sam 20 33
Which he expos'd a *Sacrifice* to fall
By th'*undiscerning* rage of furious *Saul*
Nor was young *Dauids* active vertue grown
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone
Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
And deeper *Prints* in the *soft breast* it made, 1 Sam 18 20 28
For there t' *esteem* and *Friendships* graver name,
Passion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd,
Sauls Royal house two beauteous *Daughters* grac'd
Merab the first, *Michol* the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different glories fam'd
Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,
But too much *aw* chastis'd the bold delight
Like a calm *Sea*, which to th'enlarg'd view,
Gives *pleasure*, but gives *fear* and *reverence* too
Michols sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love*
Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoyce t'obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute than *They*
Merab appear'd like some fair Princely *Tower*,
Michol some *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower*
All *Beauties* stores in *Little* and in *Great*,
But the *contracted Beams* shot fiercest heat
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,
Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

Michols pure skin shone with such taintless *White*,
 As scatter'd the weak rays of humane sight
 Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
 Then e're on fruits or flowers Heav'ens Pencil diew
 From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
 From *Michols* the *Suns mild*, yet active flame,
Merabs long hair was glossy chestnut brown,
 Tresses of palest gold did *Michol* crown
 Such was their outward form, and one might find
 A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*
Merab with comely *Majesty* and *state*
 Bore high th'advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*
 Such humble sweetness did soft *Michol* show,
 That none who *reach so high* e're *stoopt so low*
Merab rejoyc'd in her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
 And fortifi'd her *vertue* with *Disdain*
 The griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,
 She wisht her *Beauties* less for their relief,
 Ev'en to her *Captives civil*, yet th'excess
 Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less
Business and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did vex,
 Her *wit* disdain'd the *Fetteis* of her *Sex*
Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choise*
 In brief, both *Copies* were most sweetly drawn,
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*

The day that *David* great *Goliath* slew,
 Not great *Goliaths Sword* was moie his due,
 Then *Merab*, by *Sauls* publick promise she
 Was sold then and betroth'd to *Victory*
 But haughty *she* did this just match despise,
 Her *Pride* debauch't her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*
 An unknown *Youth*, ne're seen at *Court* before,
 Who *Shepherds-staff*, and *Shepherds* habit bore,
 The seventh-born Son of no rich house, were still
 Th'unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did fill
 And much aversion in her stubborn mind
 Was bred by being *promis'd* and *design'd*
 Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
 The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
 And could nor set him *free*, nor her *enchain*
 Long liv'd they thus, but as the hunted *Dea*
 Closely puisu'd quits all her wonted fear,
 And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore
 She oft with horiour had beheld before
 So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
 She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed
 The match was nam'd, agreed, and finisht strait,
 So soon comply'd *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate*
 But *Michol* in whose bierst all virtues move
 That hatch the *pregnant seeds* of sacred *Love*,
 With juster eyes the noble *Object* meets,
 And turns all *Merabs Poyson* into *Sweets*
 She saw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
 Should make all *Fame to come* so soon his own
 She saw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*
 Despis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* shook
 Though he seventh-born, & though his House but poor,
 She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more
 Oft had she heard, and *fansied* oft the sight,
 With what a *generous calm* he marcht to fight
 In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
 And after it from *Pride* he did appear
Greatness, and *Goodness*, and an *Ayr divine*,
 She saw through all his *words* and *actions* shine
 She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
 Whose artful sounds did violent *Love* inspir'd,
 Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve,
 She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
 When those strong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful brest,
 His *Beauty* no less active than the rest
 The Fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
 When *Davids* brest reflected back its heat
 Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidd'n ly
 From any sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)
 She *Conqueror* was as well as *Overcome*,
 And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*
 57 Even the first hour they met (for such a pair,
 Who in all mankind else so matchless were,

1 Sam 18
19

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* self does wed)
 A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spread
Fate gave the *Signal*, both at once began
 The gentle *Race*, and with just pace they ran
 Ev'en so (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
 From several Doors entring at once the Room,
 With a swift flight that leaves the Eye behind,
 Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
 Knew not which first *began* the kind embrace
Michol her modest flames sought to conceal,
 But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal*
 Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love past through them, and there such *footsteps* left
 She blusht when he approacht, and when he spoke,
 And suddenly her wandering answers broke,
 At his names sound, and when she heard him prais'd,
 With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd
Uncall'd for sighs oft from her bosome flew,
 And *Adriels active* friend she *abruptly* grew
 Oft when the *Courts* gay youth stood waiting by,
 She strove to act a cold *Indifferency*,
 In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
 For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart
 On th'other side *David* with silent pain
 Did in respectful bounds his Fires contain
 His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,
 Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*
 Then *Modesty* on her, and though he strove
 To make her see't, he durst not tell his *Love*
 To tell it first the timorous youth made choice
 Of *Musicks* bolder and more active voice
 And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
 His faithful Lyre, the words and numbers such,
 As did well worth my Memory appear,
 And may perhaps deserve your princely Ear

ABRAHAM COWLEY

I

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *silent Masters* humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail,
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though so *Exalted* she
And I so *Lowly* be,
Tell her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*

2

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*

3

Weak *Lyre*! thy vertue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Passion* to remove,
Physick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*

4

Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*,
For thou can'st never tell my humble tale,
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire,
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent ly,
Sleep, sleep again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master* dy

She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound
Yet though she joy'd th' *authentique news* to hear,
Of what she guest before with jealous fear,

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

She checkt her forward joy, and blusht for shame,
 And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame
 The senseless rules, which first *False Honour* taught,
 And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought,
 Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
 Their *Lovers* and *Themselves* too to torment,
 Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
 And all her *words*, and all her *looks* constrain
 Before the trembling youth, who when he saw
 His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
 He curst his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,
 He curst his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Desire*
 In vain he curst the last, for that still giew,
 From all things *Food* its *strong Complexion* drew
 His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceast,
 His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* encreast
 Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,
 Saw and endur'd his *pains* with greater *pain*
 But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
 With a concernment equal to their own,
 Joyful that Heav'en with his sworn love compl'y'd
 To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd,
 With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
 Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice affair*
 With ease a Brothers lawful power o'rcame
 The *formal decencies* of virgin-shame
 She first with all her heart forgave the past,
 Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at last
 Lo here the happy point of prosperous *Love* !
 Which ev'en *Enjoyment* seldom can improve !
Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,
 All *Israels* wish concurrent with their own
 A *Brothers* powerful ayd firm to the side,
 By solemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde
 All jealous fears, all nice disguises past,
 All that in *less-ripe Love* offends the *Tast*,
 In eithers Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,
 Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*
 And though the grosser cates were yet not drest,
 By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast* ,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Bold *Hopes* pievent slow *Pleasures* lingring birth,
 As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth*
 All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw
 What scandal, and what danger it might draw
 T'oppose this just and pop'ular match, but meant
 T' *out-malice* all *Refusals* by *Consent*
 He meant the *pois'onous grant* should mortal prove,
 He meant t'ensnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*
 And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
 And fraud, then well became the *Kingly part*
 Your valour, *David*, and high worth (said he)
 To *praise*, is all mens duty, mine to *see*
Rewarded, and we shall t'ouir utmost powers
 Do with like care that part, as you did yours
 Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,
 Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love*
 Your *Pi'ety* does that tender point secure,
 Nor will my *Acts* such *humble thoughts* endure
 Your neerness to't iather *supports* the *Crown*,
 And th'*honours* giv'en to you encrease *our own*
 All that we can we'll give, 'tis ouir intent
 Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*
 To place thee next our selves, *Heav'en* does approve,
 And my *Sons Friendship*, and my *Daughters Love*,
 Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing choice,
 I see, methinks, *Heav'en* in't, and I rejoyce
 Blush not, my Son, that *Mihols Love* I name,
 Nor need *she* blush to hear it, 'tis no *shame*
 Nor *secret* now, *Fame* does it loudly tell,
 And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well
 If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine
 And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,
 Had I not *Thine* and *Michols* heart descry'd
 Take whom thou lov'est, and who loves thee, the last
 And *dearest Present* made me by the chaste
Abinoam, and unless she me deceive,
 When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,
 'Twill be a smaller *Gift*
 If I thy generous thoughts may undertake

1 Sam 18
21

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

- 58 To guess, they are what *Joynture* thou shalt make,
 Fitting her *birth* and *fortune* and since so
Custom ordains, we mean t'exact it too
 The *Joynture* we exact, is that shall be
 No less advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*
 Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land,
 Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand
 When thine own hand, which needs must conquer prove,
 In this joint cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,
 An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,
 59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay,
 Be *Michol* thy Reward, did we not know
 Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,
 We should not cheaply that dear blood expose
 Which we to mingle with our own had chose
 But thou'rt secure, and since this match of thine
 We to the publick benefit design,
 A publick good shall its beginning grace,
 And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race
 Thus spoke the King the *happy Youth* bow'd low,
 Modest and graceful his great joy did show,
 The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
 And nought t'except against it could he find,
 But that his *Mistress* price too *cheap* appear'd,
 No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd
 She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
 At her high rate she trembled, blusht, and griev'd
 'Twas a less work the conquest of his Foes,
 Than to obtain her leave his life t'expose
 Then kind debate on this soft point would prove
 Tedious, and needless to repeat If *Love*
 (As sure it has) e're toucht your princely brest,
 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
 All that was done, or said, the grief, hope, fears,
 His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*
 In all the pomp of Passions reign, they part,
 And bright prophetique forms enlarge his heart,
Vict'ory and *Fame*, and that more *quick delight*
 Of the rich prize for which he was to fight
 Tow'ards *Gath* he went, and in one month (so soon

x Sam 18
25

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done)
 A double *Dowry*, two hundred foieskins brought
 60 Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,
 Men that in birth and valour did excel,
 Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell
 Now was *Saul* caught, nor longer could delay
 The two *resistless Lovers* happy day
 Though this days *coming* long had seem'd and slow,
 Yet seem'd its *stay* as long and tedious now
 For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
 61 Did with more haste so near its *Centric* move,
 He cuist the stops of form and state, which lay
 62 In this last *stage* like *Scandals* in his way
 On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall wood,
 Neer where the *regal Gabaah* proudly stood,
 63 A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought Damask made,
 And seem'd but the fresh Forrests nat'ural shade,
 Various, and vast within, on pillars born
 Of *Shittim* Wood, that *usefully adorn*
 Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feast does *Saul*
 Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
 And all around the *idle, busie* crowd,
 With shouts and Blessings tell their joy alowd
 Lo, the press breaks, and from their several homes
 In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridgroom* comes
 Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
 With solemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
 And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth,
 All heav'only *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth*,
 64 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,
 65 As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair*,
 All in that new-blown age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire*
 But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,
 Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
 The *Bride* her self out-shone, and one would say
 They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*
 Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
 Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent,
 Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,

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- For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before
 The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
 66 With thirty comly youths of noblest race,
 That marcht before, and Heav'en around his head,
 The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread
 67 So the glad *star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
 Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,
 No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,
 Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*
 The *King* himself, at the *Tents* crowned gate
 In all his robes of ceremony' and state
 Sate to receive the train, on either hand
 Did the *High Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
 And all the Chiefs in their due order presse
 First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
 Avow'd by' a gene'ral muimur of applause,
 68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he pray'd,
 And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
 T' her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
 And humble gesture the *vast Present* took
 69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks* play,
 70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
 To all but to the *wedded*, till at last
 The long-wisht night did her kind shadow cast,
 At last th' *inestimable hour* was come
 To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
 71 To' a *Palace* near, drest for the *Nuptial-bed*
 (Part of her *Dowre*) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,
 Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give
 72 Her *Vail* is now put on, and at the gate
 The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
 73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
 To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before
 The rest bring home in state the happy Pair,
 To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there
 All those free joys insatiably to prove
 With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*
 74 But scarce, alas, the first sev'en days were past,

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In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,
He envy'd the good work himself had done,
Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son*
No longer his wild wrath could he command,
He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
In his *Sons* blood, and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* pursue
Said I but *One*? his thirsty rage extends
To th' Lives of all his *kindred*, and his *friends*,
Ev'n *Jonathan* had dyed for being so,
Had not just *God* put by th' unnat'ural blow
You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here,
No sullen discontent, or groundless fear,
No guilty *Aet* or *End* calls us from home
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean space to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away

NOTES

UPON THE

THIRD BOOK.

¹ A Town not far from *Jerusalem* according to *S Hieron* in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiah*, by which it seems it was re edified, after the destruction of it by *Saul*, he says that *Jerusalem* might be seen from it *Adricomus* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe of Benjamin*, or *Ephraim* *Abulensis* sure is in an error, placing it in the *Half Tribe of Manasses* beyond *Jordan* I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*, for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a name

² *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἀροὶ ἐνωμιοί, from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*, because they were always standing before the *Face* of the *Lord*, which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit* 23 commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priests* alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place* For it is most holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the *Lord* by fire, by a perpetual statute, Verse 9 In the *Holy place*, that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*, as appears, *Lev* 8 31 and that which remained was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the *Priests* How comes it then to pass, not only that *Ahimelech* gave of this bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* says to him, *1 Sam*, 21 5 The bread is in a manner common? The Latine differently, *Porro via hæc polluta est, sed & ipsa hodie sanctificabitur in vasis* The words are somewhat obscure, the meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the Table, the publique occasion (for that he pretended) and present necessity makes these as it were common So, what more sacred than the *Sabboth*? yet the *Maccabees* ordained, that it should be lawful to fight against their enemies on that day *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humana imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat* And we see this act of *David's* approved of in the *Evangelists*

³ *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cause of *Ahimelech's* murder, and the destruction of the Town

⁴ *Sacred* made so by *David's* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Troop* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα Thus *Judith* dedicated all the stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a Gift unto the *Lord*, *Jud* 16 19 ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*, in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out *Josephus* of this word, τὴν πομπὴν ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ And *Sulpit Sever* *Gladium posuit in Templum posuit*, ¹ *In Tabernaculum Nobæ* where,

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methinks, *In Templum* signifies more then if he had said *in Templo* The reason of this custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory* And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after successes, and called (as *Virgil* says)

In prædam partimq, Jovem —

So the *Philistims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Ashtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon* *Nuol de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliath* was not consecrated to *God* for then *Achimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinned for it is said, *Levit* 27 28 *Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*, but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous victory, in a publick place There is no need of this evasion, for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity, since we see the very vessels of the Temple were often given to *Inlanders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them *Pto Rep plurimq, Tempia nudantur* Sen in *Controvers*

5 This particular of *Jagal* and *David's* going in disguise into the Land of the *Philistims* (which seems more probable then that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Count* so soon after the defeat of *Goliath*) is added to the History by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions

6 Their Goddess *Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid Deity* See on the second Book

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the Tribe of *Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen* 38 in *Joshua's* it had a King, *Josh* 12 15 the Cave still remains, and was used by the *Christians* for their refuge upon several irruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it served *David* now

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief Persons who came to assist *David*, I choose to name but a few The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian Fleet* and *Army*, where he makes a long list of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster Master*, without any delightful and various descriptions of the persons, or at least very few such Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way

9 2 Sam 2 And *Asael* was as swift of foot as a wild *Roe* Joseph says of him, that he would out run *ἔκπρον καταστάντα εἰς ἀμίλλαν*, which is no such great matter The *Poets* are all bolder in their expressions upon the swiftness of some persons *Virgil* upon *Nisus* *Æn* 5

Emuat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis

But that is *Modest* with them Hear him of *Camilla*, *Æn* 7

*Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset aristas
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis
Ferret iter, celeses nec tingeret æquore plantas*

From whence I have the hint of my description, *Ofi o'ie the Lawns, &c* but I durst not in a Sacred Story be quite so bold as he The walking over the waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer* 20 *Iliad*

Αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῶεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἀρουραν •
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθερίκων καρπον θεόν, οὐδὲ λατέκλων
Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῶεν, ἐπ' ευρέα νῦττα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ρηγμῖνος αἰος πολιοῖο θέσσαν

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfied any moderate man, yet *Scal* 5 de *Poet* prefers *Virgil's* from the encrease of

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

the *miracle*, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing then *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret Apollon* 1 *Argonaut* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every tread, then run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κείνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέσκεν
Οὐδματος, οὐδὲ θοοὺς βαπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροις
"Ἰχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερχ' πεφόρητο κελευθῶ

And *Solinus* reports historically of *Ladas* (the man so much celebrated by the *Poets*) cap 6 That he ran so lightly over the dust (*suprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαμύβιον το τάχος
The swiftness of a God

All which, I hope will serve to excuse me in this place

10 *Jessides*, the Son of *Jesse*, a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form

11 *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was possessed by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*, but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, so *Judah* is not here taken in a precise sense for that Tribe only

12 *His* because *Jordan* runs into it, and is there lost It is called promiscuously a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*

13 *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*, the Country of his Sons extended East and West between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jabor* and the Kingdom of *Moab* They were totally destroyed by the *Israelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen* 10 14 *Numb*

21 32 *Deut* 3 *Josh* 13 *Judg* 12

14 *Edom* called by the *Greeks* *Idumæa* denominated from *Esau* *Josephus* makes two *Idumæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*, the upper was possessed by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the Lower by *Simeon* but still the *Edomites* possess the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumæan Sea* The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom* & *Montes Sen*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a mistake The *Greeks* under the name of *Idumæa* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia*

Petra The Metropolis of Arabia *Petræa* *Adric* 77
Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petra
deserti ipsius Metropolis suprà mare mortuum
sità

It is hard to set the bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts,) for sometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red Sea* but here it is taken in a more contracted signification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the Metropolis *Petra*, and denominates the whole I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same name *Adric* is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important

15 *Cush* *Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand child of *Cham* All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red sea* (for *Jethro's* daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*, and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusite* at other times mentioned in the Scripture

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Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Felix*, and the Country called since *Philadelphus*, from the *Metropolis* of that name conceived by *Adriom* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*

16 Accounted of the race of the *Giant*s, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of people, as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chedorlaom*, Gen 14 and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*

17 *Seon* King of the *Amorites* who conquered the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all westward of *Arnon*, and possessed it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the River and that to the City *Arnon*, or *Arear* seated upon it Or

18 *Esebon* A famous and strong City seated upon an hill, and encompassed with brick walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it It was twenty miles distant from *Jordan* *Adric*

19 For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 Sam 14 49

20 I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not as some imagine in the *West Indies*, for in *Solomon's* time, where it is first mentioned, those Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red sea* I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophir* rising *Mor*, and make it a Country in the *East Indies*, called by *Josephus* and *S Heron*, *The Golden Country* *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny* *Saphar*, *Ptolomy* *Sapphar*a, *Stephanus* *Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandises, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countries But that small similitude of the name is not worth the change of a received opinion

21 Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*,
Non obtusa aded gestamus pectora Penni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe
And in *Stat* of *Adriastus* to *Polynicus*,
Nec tam aversum fama
Mycenis Volvit iter

22 *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desired by *Bala*c to curse, but did bless *Israel* This place was chosen perhaps by *Bala*c, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal* Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites* *Chemor*, only denominated *Baal* *Phegor*, from that particular place of his worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus* Some think that *Baal Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the obscene Idol, so famous in ancient Authors, it may be the Image might be made after that fashion, to signify that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or Lord of Generation

23 The making of Hangings with Figures came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, Plin 18 c 48 *Colores diversos pictura intextere Babylon maxime Celebravit, & nomen imposuit* Plaut in *Sticho*

Tum *Babylonica* peristromata consulas, tapetia
Advenit minimum bona res

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

He calls the like Hangings in Pseud

Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata

Mart 1 8 *Non ego pratulerim Babylonica pila superbi*

Texta Semiramidæ quæ variantur acu

And long before, *Lucret* 1 4

Babylonica magnifico splendore

24 These kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beasts, were much in esteem among the Ancients The Romans had them, as also all other instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Assatiques*,

— *Putere videntur*

Unguenta atq, rosæ latos nris sustinet orbes

Grande ebur, & magno sublimis Paradus hiatu,

Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes

Et Mauri celeres Juven 11

Mart *Et Mauri Lybicus centum stent dentibus orbes*

25 *Citron* It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnus*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africa* it is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was most used for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables* *Martial* says it was more precious than Gold

Accipe felices, Atlantica munera, mensas,

Aurea qui dederit dona, minor dabit

See *Plin* 1 13 c 15 The spots and cuspiness of the wood, was the great commendation of it From whence they were called, *Tygrina* and *Pantherina*

Mensa Virg *Ciris*

Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro

Where *Lybis* *Lectulus* may signifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed

26 *Purple* Coverlets were most in use among great persons *Hom* 11 9

Εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισίῳσι ταπῆσι τε πορφύρεοις

Virg *Sarano dormiat ostro*

That is, *Tyrian purple* Stat Theb 1

— *Pars ostio tenues auroq, sonantes*

Emunare toros —

They lye (says *Plato* the Comedian in *Athen* 2) ἐν κλῖναις ἐλεφαντόποσι καὶ στρωμασί πορφυροβάπτοις &c

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell fish* called *Purpura*, where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled, and the blood used afterwards in Dying produced the colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the true *Purple*, though there were other sorts too of it, as the colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, &c Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin* 1 9 c 38 and *Pancirollus* The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest manufacture and Trade of *Purple*, there likewise was the invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his mouth all stained with that excellent colour, which gave him the first hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it From whence this colour is called in Greek Ἀλουργος, *Aristot* quasi αἰὸς ἔργον, the work of the Sea, and *Plato* in *Tim* defines Ἀλουργοῦν to be Red mingled with White and Black

27 So *Aeneas* in the 1 *Æn* finds the story of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage* I chuse here the history of *Loth*, because the *Moabites* descended from him

28 *Chedor laomer*, who according to the general opinion, was King of

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Persia, but to me it seems altogether improbable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and joyn with so many Princes to make a war upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least shire in *England*, and whose very names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninus* or *Zameus*, who succeeded *Semiramis*, which makes me likewise not doubt but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninus*, since *Chedor laomer* commanded over him, a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and *S. Hierome* translate it, or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont*. *Stephan de Urb* places *Ellas* in *Calosyria*, others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar* and *Tidal*, were the names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and then Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*, otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family onely? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were *Colonies* brought from those Countreys, which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm, that is, of *Nations*, Latine, *Gentium*, Symmach *Παυ. φυλλας* to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goyim*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

29 That he might be consumed presently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven

30 For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*, for which cause the Apostle *Judi. v. 7* says that *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* are set forth for an example, πυρος αιωνιου δικην υπεχουσai, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire, So our English the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting *Δικην* adverbially, for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the similitude of eternal, that is, *Hell Fire*. So *Δικην* is used *Arist de Mund* καὶ πέουσι πολλάκις ποταμῶν δικην, nay even *Δικη*, the subst is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss* ξ

Ἡ γὰρ θυμῶν δικη ἐστὶ

For this is the *Manner* or fashion of *Sinners*. It is not improbable, that this Burning of *Fire* and *Brimstone* was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*, for Thunder hath sulphur in it, which (*Cicilius* says) is therefore called *Θεῖον*, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this destruction of *Sodom*, as *Tacitus*, *L. 5 Histor Fulminum igne arsisse*, &c. and by and by, *igne celesti flagrasse*, &c.

31 The blindness with which these wretches were strooken, was not a total Blindness or Privation of their sight but either such a sudden darkness in the ayre as made them grope for the door, or a sudden failing of the sight, as when men are ready to fall into a Trance, *Eblouissement*, or that which the Greeks term *δοξαλα*, when men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For says *S. Augustine*, *De Civit Dei Lib 22 c. 19* If they had been quite blind, they would not have fought for the Door to go into *Lots House*, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32 I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen 19 26* Our English says, she became a *Pillar*

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

of *Salt*, following the Greek *σθήλη αλός* The Latine is, *Statua Salis* Some call it *Cumulum*, others, *Columnam* Sulpit Sever *Reflexit oculos, statimq, in molem conversa traditur* It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the description of it Likely it is, that it retained her form So *Cyprian* in better verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,

Ipsaq, Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans

Some with much subtlety, and some probability, understand a *Pillar of Salt*, to signifie only an *Eve-lasting Pillar*, of what matter soever, as *Numb* 18, 19 A *Covenant of Salt* But we may very well too understand it *Literally*, for there is a *Mineral Kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and serves for building as well as stone, of which *Pliny* speaks, l 31 c 7 besides, the conversion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were, *sowed with salt*, in token of eternal barrenness, of which this *Statue* was set up for a *Monument* The *Targum* of *Jerusalem* is cited, to give this reason why she looked back, it says, she was a woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to see what became of her friends and *Country* The moral of it is very peispicuous, but well exprest by *S August* *Uxor Loth in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in via liberationis suae praeavia desiderare debere*

33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and first King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture Some Authors, I know name one *Vahab* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better sounding Name Among the Ancients there was always some *hereditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the Gods, and entertained *Strangers* Virg

*Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq, poposcit
Implevitq, mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes*

A Belo soluti—

And presently she begins to the Gods So *Stat* l 1 *Theb*

Signis perfectam auroq, nitentem

Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,

Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorq, Phoroneus

Assueti—

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been so proper for me in this place, because of the *Pictures* before *Sen Thyest Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose bounty they enjoyed them

34 This too was an ancient custom that never failed at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαίτος

The *Appendixes*, or as *Heusich* interpretes, *κοσμηματα*, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast* And as for wise and honorable persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, then that they spent at *Table*, for either they held then some profit able and delightful discourses with Learned men, or heard some remarkable pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or reported before them, or if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest subjects So does *Jonas* in *Virg*

Cytharâ cecinitus Iopas

Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas

Huc canit errantem Lunam Solasq, labores, &c

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So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon* 1 *Argonaut*

Ἡεῖδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἦδε θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρῶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μὴ συναρρήτοτα μορφή
Νεικεὸς ἐξ ὀλοοῖο οὐκέρθηεν, &c

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*, though there the subject, methinks, be not so well chosen

35 See *Athen* L 1 c 12 upon this matter, where among other things, he speaks to this sense, The *Poets* were anciently a race of *wise men*, both in learning and practice *Philosophers*, and therefore *Igamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as a *Guardian* and *Instructor* to her, who by laying before her the virtues of women, might give her impressions of goodness and honour, and by the delightfulness of his conversation, divert her from worse pleasures. So *Ægeus* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing before *Penelope's Lovers*, though he had them in detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, sings the adultery of *Mais* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from such unlawful appetites, &c. The old *Scholast* upon *Homer*, says, 3 *Odys*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Δοῖδοι φιλοσόφων ταξὺ ἐπεῖχον

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil* l 1 c 10 *Strab* l 1 *Geogr* &c

36 By drawing up vapours from them, with which the Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nourished *Virg*

Polus dum sidera Pascit

37 This was an ancient fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says, of a loud scolding woman, that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*

Sola laborante poterat succurriere Luna

This superstition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some charms in verse, caused the *Eclipse* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddess* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the virtue of those enchantments, and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of Brass, sounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the *Witches* murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid*

*Tē quoq, Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores
Æra tuos mimant —*

*Tib Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonant*

Stat 6 *Theb* — *Attentis quoties avellitur astris
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant*

Sen in *Hippol* *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq, lucidis
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit
At nos solliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Thessalicis carminibus rati
Triumtus dedimus*

38 The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the ex traction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them, and droughts

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more certainly produce sicknesses but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen 9 the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*, for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had,

Luc *Terris mutantem regna Cometem*

Claud *Et nunquam celo spectatum impune Cometem*

Sil Ital *Regnorum eversor rubruit lathale Cometes*

39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry shut up in a cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles it self by the agitation, and then violently breaks it

40 *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctuous exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Called *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg* describes the whole nature of it excellently in three verses, *Æn* 2

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere lumen apex, tactuq, innoxia molli

Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora pasci

41 *Fleecy Snow*, *Psalm* 147 *He giveth Snow like Wool*. *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniously for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philosopher*. The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Aristotle* defines it truly and shortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud* congealed, and *Hail* Congealed *Rain*.

42 Gen 49 9 *Judah is a Lyons whelp, from the prey my son thou art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?*

43 1 Sam 17 4 *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, &c* wherein we follow the *Septuagint*, who render it, *divaros*, a *Strong man* but the *Latine Translation* hath, *Et egressus est vir spurus*, a *Bastard*. *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyants* so, because being contemners of all *Laws*, they lived without matrimony, and consequently their *Fathers* were not known. It is probable he might be called so, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which seated themselves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44 See *Iurnus* his shields, 7 *Æn* and *Æneas* his 8 *Æn* with the stones engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalsemen Jupiter Olympus*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* story to use the *Europæan* names of Gods. Thus *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, *Zeus vñßpeutēs* and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd* interprets *Jupiter*, and *Helogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter Sol*.

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the *Eastern* people, and arose from the true story of the building of the Tower of *Babel*.

46 This perhaps will be accused by some severe men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*, and I should not have endured it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*, for in a great apprehension of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant species that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many sayings of this kind, even without such excuse

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or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself He calls tall young men,

Patrus & montibus æquos

Equal to the Mountains of their County

He says of *Polyphemus*,

—*Gradiatq, per aquor*

Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit

That walking in the midst of the Sea, the waves do not wet his sides Of *Orion*,

—*Quam magnus Orion*

Cum pedes incedit medix per maxima Nerei

Stagna viam scandens humero supereminet undas

Aut summus referens annosam montibus ornum,

Ingrrediturq, solo, & caput inter nubila condit

And in such mannei (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself He says of another, that he flung no small part of a Mountain,

Hand partem exiguum Montis

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the greatness, he does not impudently recede from truth One place in him occurs, for which *Sen* & *Suasor* makes that defence which will serve better for me,

—*Credas innare revulsas*

Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos

That is, speaking of great ships, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Soveraign*, you would think the *Cyclades* loosned from their roots were floating, or that high Mountains encountred one another *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri, propitius auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicatur* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excused before it be spoken Which will serve to answer for some other places in this Poem, as,

The Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear,

Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his spear

Like an Hill, is much more modest then *Montibus æquis*

47 Because *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* then *War*

48 *Sen* in *Thyest* *Æjuna silvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusq, præda cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit hinc rictus suos, Illo reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet* And the Spots of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angered

Stat 2 *Theb* *Quahs ubi audito venantium murmur. Tygris*

Horruit in Maculas, &c —

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same marks of Passion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculasq, trementes

Interfusa genas —

49 See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*, in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Æneas*, in *Luivy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*

50 The *Egyptian Goliath*, & The *Egyptian Giant*, whom he slew only with his staff, and therefore at the sight of it might well be ashamed, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliath* This is that shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia Virtus*

51 They were 33 but *Poetry* instead of the broken number, chuses the next entire one, whether it be more or less then the truth

DAVIDEIS BOOK III

52 It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 years old (at least) when he slew *Goliath*, for else how can we imagine that the *Armor* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the tallest man in all *Israel*) should fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accus tom'd to the use of them, besides he handled dextrously the *Sword* of *Goliath*, and not long after said, *There is none like it* Therefore though *Goliath* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*

53 For the men who are so proud and confident of their own strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the humane Politicians are said in the Scripture to sacrifice to their own *Nets* That is, their own *Wit* Virg of Mezent *Dextera mihi Deus, & Telum quod missile libro*

And *Capaneus* is of the same mind in *Statius*,

*Illic Augur ego, & mecum quicunque, parati
Insanire manu—*

54 The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the prayers that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were Virg

Audist, & voti Phœbus succedere partem

Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras

Ovid de Trist

Terribilisq, Notu[s] jactat mea verba, precesque,

Ad quos mittuntur non sunt ire Deos

Virg *Partem aliquam venti Divum referatis ad aures, &c*

55 2 To another *Angel*

56 1 Sam 18 4 And *Jonathan* stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David*, and his garments, even to his *Sword*, and to his *Bow*, and to his *Girdle* Some understand this gift exclusively, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper marks of a *Souldier*, or *Knight*, and therefore not to be parted with But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this occasion *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour, for *Joab* promises to him that should kill *Absalom*, ten shekels of silver, and a *Girdle*, 2 Sam 18 12 But it was besides that, a necessary part of every mans dress, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up If the *Sword*, *Bow* and *Girdle* had not been given, it could not have been said, *And his Garments*, for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profession of Taylors was not so ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers & servants even of the greatest persons) & so might serve for any size or stature

57 1 Sam 18 20 Septuagint Καὶ ἠγάπησεν Μελχὼλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαουλ τὸν Δαυὶδ, which our English Translation follows, but the Latine Translations vary, for some have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David Michol Sauls daughter loved David* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram David loved Michol Sauls daughter* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Esposued* certain *Gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract* Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Isaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of silver, and of gold, and raiment, Gen 24 53 which custom the Greeks too used, and called the Presents *ἑδνα* But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre*

59 *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which word he uses instead of *Foreskins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans* *Heads* I confess, had been a better word for my turn too, but *Foreskins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story* Besides the other vanes too much

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from the *Text*, and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*

60 If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleased, and so make an inroad into the *Philistines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with this had been a small *Dowre* for a Princess, and would not have exposed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* chose this manner of *Foynture* I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own hands

61 As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move the swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre* Which some deny, and others give a reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass that still presses them more and more, but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is consonant to many other experiments in Nature

62 *Scandals* in the sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling blocks*, λίθοι προσκίμματος, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his course

63 *Jansenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* house, and that the *Virgins* came out from thence to meet him For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* house, but in publick houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab* 9 37 *Hos* 2 14 and *Cant* 8 5, &c Whatever the ordinary custom was, I am sure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the fields for celebration of them See the description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus* in *Athen* 1 5 c 6 and perhaps *Psal* 19 4, 5 alludes to this He hath set a *Ternacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*

64 Habits of divers colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews* See *Judges* 5 30 *Ezai* 16 10 & 26 16 such was *Josephs* coat, *Gen* 37 3 Septuagint χιτων ποικίλη, as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, vestes *Polymitæ*

65 It appears by several places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa* 61 10 The *Latine* reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis* 2 8 *Ezek* 16 12 *Lam* 5 15 *Eccles* 32 1, &c

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the story of *Sampsons* marriage feast, *Judg* 14 11 where *Thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been υιοι του νυμφιου, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by *S Matthew*

67 Quails ubi Oceanum perfusus Lucifer undâ,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os calo sacrum, tenebrasq; resolvit Νεκρ

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter then *Ambrosia* *Homer* led him the way

Ἄσπερ' ὀπωρινῷ ἐναλίγκιον, ὃς τε μάλιστα
λαμπρὸν παμφάνησι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο, and,
Ὅλος δ' ἀστὴρ εἰσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἐσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἴσταται ἀστὴρ

68 The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband* *Raguel* gave with

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his daughter *Sara* half his goods, servants, cattel and money, *Tob* 10 10 See *Exod* 22 17, &c

69 The *Marriage Song* was called *Hillahm, Praises*, and the house it self *Beth hillula*, the *House of Praise*, Psalm 78 63 Their Maidens were not given to marriage, the Chald Paraphras reads, Are not celebrated, with *Ephthal amiums* So *Aras* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ υμνηθησαν

70 See *Gen* 29 22 *Tob* 6 7 *Esth* 2 18 *Luke* 14 1 *Judg* 14 17 *Apoc* 19 9

71 The custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his house, 2 *King* 11 27 *Judg* 12 9 *Gen* 24 67 *Cant* 3 4 but because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houses* assigned to them by the *Dowre*

72 The *Bride* when she was delivered up to her Husband, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bea rule) in token of her subjection, *Gen* 24 65, &c

73 See the *Parable of the Virgins*, Mat 25

74 The time of the *Marriage feast* appears clearly to have been usually *seven days* See *Judg* 14 10 and [Gen] 29 27 *Fulfil her week*, &c It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad convivium, &c Septem ad Lustrum*

THE CONTENTS.

M Oab carries his Guests to hunt at Nebo, in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the Change of Government in Israel, how Saul came to the Crown, and the story of Him and Jonathan Davids Speech, containing, The state of the Commonwealth under the Judges, the Motives for which the people desired a King, their Deputies speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply The assembling of the People at the Tabernacle to enquire Gods pleasure Gods Speech The Character of Saul, his Anointing by Samuel, and Election by Lot, the defection of his people The war of Nahas King of Ammon against Jabes Gilead, Saul and Jonathans relieving of the Town Jonathans Character, his single fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his Army The confirmation of Sauls Kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuels quitting his office of Judge The war with the Philistines at Macmas, their strength, and the weakness of Sauls Forces, his exercising of the Priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him Jonathans discourse with his Esquire, their falling alone upon the enemies out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful defeat of it, Sauls rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the People

DAVIDEIS.

The fourth Book

- T**Hough *state* and kind *discourse* thus rob'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab, whom *Temperance* did still vig'orous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'erate sleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice to'wards *Phegor*, his *Baals* holiest Hill,
(With *good* and pious prayers *directed* ill)
Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd ,
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite
He into, it young *David* with him took,
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last nights *story*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom so much he *heard*, did *hear*
The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the sport
Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait Javelines ride ,
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their side
Midst the fair Troop *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'd God* ,
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'ed slowly on , but the wise *King*

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- Did *Dauids* tongue to weightier subjects bring
 Much (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,
 For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you
 'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
 So great, that largest *Histories* are less
 I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,
 His shape last night my mindful *Dreams* did fill
 Strange *Tyrant Saul* with Envy to pursue
 The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew !
 I've heard (but who can think it ?) that his *Son*
 Has his lifes hazard for your friendship run,
 His matchless *Son*, whose worth (if Fame be true)
 Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,
 With whom it makes him *One*, Low *David* bows,
 But no reply *Moabs* swift tongue allows
 And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (says he)
 6 (To gameful *Nebo* still three leagues there be)
 The story of your *royal friend* relate,
 And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
 7 Why your great State that nameless Fam'ly chose,
 And by what steps to *Israels Throne* they rose
 He staid, and *David* thus, from *Egypt's* Land
 You 'have heard, Sir, by what *strong, unarmed* hand
 Our *Fathers* came, *Moses* their sacred *Guid*,
 But he in sight of the *Gov'en Country* dy'd
 His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high,
 And *Joshua's* *Sword* must th' *active Rod* supply
 It did so, and did wonders
 8 From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western main*,
 From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
 Of naked sands, his *winged Conquests* went,
 And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent
 Almost four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
 9 In too much freedom past, or foreign thral
 Oft *Strangers Iron Scepters* bruise'd the Land
 (Such still are those born by a *Conquering Hand*)
 Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raise,
 Fit for the toilsome business of their days,
 To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace first, and then the *Rules in Peace* to live

Deut 34

Josh 1 4

Josh 12

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

But they whose stamp of *Power* did chiefly ly
 In *Characters* too fine for most mens *Ey*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*, not painted bright
 With state to awe *dull* minds, and force t'*affright*,
 Were ill obey'd whil'st *Living*, and at *death*,
 Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanisht with their breath
 The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
 Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Power*
 Not want it self could *Luxury* restrain,
 For what that *empti'd*, *Rapine* fill'd again
Robbery the *Field*, *Oppression* sackt the *Town*,
 What the *Swords Reaping* spar'd, was *glean'd* by th'*Gown*
 At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain,
 Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again
 Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,
 Amidst this rougher search of *Blood* and *Gold*
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *strong*,
 The *Pride* of *Old Men* that, and this of *young*
 You 'have heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeahs* shame, Judg 19
 Which *Hebrew Tongues* still tremble when they name,
Alarmed all by one fair strangers *Eyes*,
 As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise
 Shaking and pale, half dead e're they begin
 The strange and wanton *Trag'edy* of their sin,
 All their wild *Lusts* they force her to sustain,
 Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
 She midst their loath'd, and cruel kindness dies,
 Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*
 This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create
 (The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd *State*)
 All *Gibeas*, and all *Jabes* blood it cost,
 10 Near a whole *Tribe* and *future Kings* we lost
 Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*,
 How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, stand?
 Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers* woiship hates,
 Himself, *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*
 Hence in each Houshold sev'eral *Deities* grew,
 And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *New*
 The *only Land* which serv'd but *one* before,
 Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore

Judg 20
and 21

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- They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon their *Kings*,
 Their choice of that this latter *slavery* brings
 Till special men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke
 By justest *force* th'*unjustly* forced yoke
 All matchless persons, and thence worthy they
 Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obey 1 Sam. 1
- 11 At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Ith'amars* Son,
 12 More weight and lustre to the *Scepter* won
 But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
 Busi'd with *age*, and th'*Altars* sacred care,
 To their wild *Sons* they their high charge commit, 1 Sam. 2
 Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it
Ely's curst House th'exemplar vengeance bears
 Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Israel's* *Tears*
 His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lies slain,
Israel's captiv'd, *Gods* *Ark* and *Law* are tane 1 Sam. 4
 Thus twice are *Nations* by ill *Princes* vext,
 They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For* them *next*
Samuel succeeds, since *Moses* none before 1 Sam. 7
 So much of *God* in his bright bosom bore
 In vain our arms *Philistian* *Tyrants* seis'd, 1 Sam. 7
Heav'ens *Magazines* he open'd when he pleas'd
 He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxiliaries* brought, 1b v xi
 He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought
- 13 Thus thirty years with strong and steddly hand
 He held th'unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land* 1 Sam
 At last his *Sons* th'indulgent *Father* chose
 To share that *State* which they were born to lose
 Their hateful acts that *Changes* birth did hast,
- 14 Which had long growth i'th'*Womb* of *Ages* past
 To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,
 There's a strong knot of several *Causes* met)
 The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War,
 A mighty storm long gathering from afar
 For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt *Nations* aid,
 Like *Torrents* swoln with Rain prepar'd the land t'inva'de
Samuel was old, and by his *Sons* ill choice
 Turn'd *Dotard* in th'*unskilful* *Vulgars* voice
 His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the *Land*
 Nor hop'd nor wisht a *Victory* from their hand

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

These were the just and faultless causes why
 The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
 But God *ill grains* did in this *Incense* smell,
 Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell
 A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *Despair*
 Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd, a faithless care
 Of *Common Means*, the pride of heart, and scorn
 Of th' *humble yoke* under low *Judges* born
 They saw the state and glittering pomp which blest
 In vulgar sense the *Scepters* of the *East*
 They saw not *Powers* true *Source*, and scorn'd t'obey
 Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*
 They mist *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and num'rous train,
 Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain
 On an old bench of *wood*, her *Seat* of *State* Judg 4 5
 Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wise Debora* sate
 Her *Maids* with comly dil'igence round her spun,
 And *she* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done
 With the same Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*
 Which took the Sun before six hundred lives Judg 3 31
 From his *sham'd foes*, He midst his work dealt *Laws*,
 And oft was his *Plow* stopt to hear a *Cause*
 Nor did great *Gideon* his old *Flail* disdain, Judg 6 14
 After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain
 His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras Threshing Floore*
 The *Seat* and *Embleme* of his *Justice* bore
 What should I *Fair*, the happiest Father, name? Judg 10 3
 Or mournful *Jephtha* known no less to fame Ib 11 34
 For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
 The mighty *Flocks* of *Isra'el* and their *Sheep*
 Oft from the field in hast they summon'd were
 Some weighty forreign *Embassy* to hear,
 They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
 Who all at several cares were scattered found,
 They wash't their feet, their *only Gown* put on,
 And this chief work of *Cer'emony* was done
 These reasons, and all else that could be said,
 In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* spread
 Through all the *Tribes*, make all desire a *King*,
 And to their *Judge* select'd *Dep'uties* bring

1 Sam 8 3

ABRAHAM COWLEY

This harsh demand, which *Nacol* for the rest
 (A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace exprest
 We' are come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*
 Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
 Of your just *Reign*, and at your feet to lay
 All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
 In *unproportion'd words*, for you alone
 The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*
 But when our forepast ills we call to mind,
 And sadly think how *Little's* left behind
 Of your important *Life*, whose sudden date
 Would *disinherit* th' unprovided *State*
 When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
 Who nere of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
 At once the weight of *that* and *Age* should have,
 Your stooping days prest *doubly* towards the grave
 When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
 Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
 And all th' united East our fall conspir'd,
 And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd
 As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place,
 By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface
 Midst these new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly
 To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*,
 A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,
 15 By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old
 A *Prophesie* long forming in the *Womb*
 Of teeming years, and now to *ripeness* come,
 This *Remedy's* a *King*, for this we all
 With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call
 And in one sound when all mens voices join,
 The *Musick's* tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine
 'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nations* voice,
 That is his *Publique Language*, but the choice
 Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear
 From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are
 We expect to hear, the *People* shall to you
 Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe
 To your great name what lustre will it bring
 T' have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

- He bow'd, and ended here, and *Samuel* streight, x Sam 8 6
 Pawsing a while at this great questions weight,
 With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful Ey
 That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,
 Calmly replys You're sure the first (said he)
 Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*
 I fear, my friends, with heav'only *Manna* fed,
 (Our old forefathers crime) we lust for *Bread*
 Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
 We build anew th' *Egyptian Bricklin* here
- 16 Cheat not your selves with *words* for though a *King* x Sam 8 11
 Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*
 Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
 How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be
 He'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to spill,
 Where e're his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*
 Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his wars will raise,
 Your *Lives best price* his thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*
 Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
 And by such hands your yoke more grievous make
 Your *Daughters* and dear *Wives* he'll force away,
 His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t'obey
 His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* shall eat,
 Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*
 Then you'll all sigh, but *sighs* will *Treasures* be,
 And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be *free*
 Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you these ills sustain,
 Your watry eyes you'l then turn back in vain,
 On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
 Nay even my *Sons*, howe're they 'unhappy be
 In your displeasure now, Not that I'd clear
 Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
- 17 Witness th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
 Of private ends into this question brought
 But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
 Why *Man* your *God*, and *Passion* made your *Law*?
 Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
 The good old *Seer* 'gainst *Kings* was too severe
 'Tis *Jest* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *How many* shall their *Masters* be

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Is the sole doubt, *Laws guid*, but cannot *reign*,
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they *restrain*
I dare affirm (so much I trust their *Love*)

That no one *Moabite* would his speech approve
But, pray go on 'Tis true, Sir, he replies,
Yet men whom age and action renders wise,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive
On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain,
All that his power or eloquence could obtain .
Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed
To'a work that would so much his blessing need
A solemn day for this great work is set,

- 18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Israel* met
Expect th' event, *below fair bullocks fry
In hallowed flames, *above, there mount on high
The precious clouds of Incense, and at last
The *Sprinkling*, *Prayers*, and all due *Honours* past
19 Lo! we the *Sacred Bills* o'th' sudden hear,
20 And in mild pomp gave *Samuel* does appear
21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
22 Th' *Oraculous Stones* on his rich *Breast plate* shone
Tow'ards the *blew curtains* of *Gods* holiest place
23 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he tuin'd his face
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,
And at third rest thus the great *Prophet* praid
Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *We*;
Who though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
Thy too small *Court*, hast made this place thy *Throne*
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Blest *Abrahams Seed* implores thy gracious Ear
Hear them, great *God*, and thy just will inspire,
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* desire
Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send,
Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here attend
He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horror* seiz'd the rout
The whole *Tent* shakes, the *Flames* on th' *Altar* by,
24 In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily

1 Sam 8 19

Ex 48 9
& 30 26
* 1b v 5, 6.

Exo 39 25
& 28

Ex 39 2
1b 8

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

The *seven *Lamps* wink, and what does most dismay, *Exod 25
 Th'*Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural day 37
 The *Rubies Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'eraud* by
 Faded, a *Cloud* o'recast the *Saphirs Skie*
 The *Di'amonds Eye* lookt *Sleepy*, and swift night
 Of all those little *Suns* eclypst the *Light*
 Sad signs of *Gods* dread anger for our sin,
 But straight a wondrous brightness from within
 Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
 Could those strong beams of heav'ently glory shroud
 The *Altars* fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
 Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* outshone
 Beauty th' *illustrious Vision* did impart
 To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart
 In glad effects *Gods* presence thus appear'd,
 And thus in wondrous sounds his *Voice* was heard
 This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
 (Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to cast off thus
 Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff Nation strove
 To 'exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd *Love*
 Be't so then, yet once more are we resolv'd to try
 T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety*
 Assemble ten days hence the num'eros people here,
 To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* shall bear
 Dismiss them now in peace, but their next crime shall bring
 Ruine without redress on *Them*, and on their *King*
 The *Almighty* spoke, th' astonisht people part
 With various stamps imprest on every heart
 Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
 Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd
 There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eab Town*, 1 Sam 9 1
 For *wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known Ib v 2
 More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
 Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call
 He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *wheresoe're*
 His birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd and *There*
 Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no disgrace,
 Smil'd in the manly features of his *Face*
 His large black *Eyes*, fill'd with a sprightly light,
 Shot foith such lively and *illustrious Night*,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- As the *Sun* beams, on *Fet* reflecting show,
 His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow
 His tall, strait *Body* amidst thousands stood,
 Like some fair *Pine* o'relooking all th' ignobler *Wood*
 Of all our rural sports he was the pride,
 So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside
Rest was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game*,
 No nat'ural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
 Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger*, he would journeys go
 Through raging *Heats*, and take repose in *Snow*
 His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care,
 25 But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*
 His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 Nor stept aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*
 Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee,
 But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He*
 His *Wit* was strong, not *Fine*, and on his tongue
 An *Artless* grace above all *Eloquence* hung
 These *Virtues* too the rich unusual dress
 Of *Modesty* adorn'd and *Humbleness*
 Like a clear *Varnish* o're fair *Pictures* laid,
 More *fresh* and *Lasting* they the *Colours* made
 Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
 No stop or bound, o'rewhelm'd no less his *Mind*,
 Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural forms deface,
 And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their place
 Forbid it God, my *Masters* spots should be,
 Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
 But such he was, and now to *Ramah* went
 (So *God* dispos'd) with a strange, low intent
 Great God! he went lost *Asses* to enquire,
 And a small *Present* his small questions hire,
 Brought simply with him to that *Man* to give,
 From whom high *Heav'ens* chief *Gifts* he must receive,
 Strange *Play* of *Fate*! when mightiest humane things
 Hang on such small, *Imperceptible Strings*!
 26 'Twas *Samuels* *Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feast
 All *Rama* kept, *Samuel* his wondring Guest
 With such respect leads to it, and does grace
 27 With the choice meats o'th' feast, and highest place

2 Sam 9 21
 1b 10 v 22

1b v 8.

1 Sam 9

1b v 2
 24

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

- Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
 And feasts his ravisht ears with nobler things Ib v 26
 He tells the mighty *Fate* to him assign'd,
 And with great rules fills his *capacious mind* 1 Sam 10 1
 Then takes the sacred *Viol*, and does shed
 28 A *Crown* of mystique drops around his head
 Drops of that *Royal Moisture* which does know
 No Mixture, and disdains the place below
 Soon comes the *Kingly Day*, and with it brings
 29 A new *Account of Time* upon his wings 1 Sam. 10 17
 The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past,
 Behold, the *Heav'en instructed-Lot* is cast
 'Tis taught by heaven its way, and cannot miss,
 Forth *Benjamin*, forth leaps the House of *Cis*
 As Glimm'ering *stars* just at the'approach of *Day*,
 Casheer'd by *Troops*, at last drop all away,
 By such degrees all mens bright hopes are gone,
 And, like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* shines all alone
 Ev'en here perhaps the peoples shout was heard,
 The loud long shout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd
 Above the whole vast throng he'appear'd so tall,
 30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all
 So full of grace and state, that one might know
 31 'Twas some wise *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided so
 But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice
 And constancy then the slight *Vulgars voice*
 Ere yet the *Crown* of sacred *Oyl* is dry,
 Whil'st *Ecchoes* yet preserve the joyful cry,
 Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
 Some envy *Saul*, some scorn the house of *Cis*
 Some their first mut'inous wish, *A King*, repent,
 As if, since that, quite spoil'd by *Gods consent*
 Few to this Prince their first just duties pay,
 All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey
 Thus ~~changes~~ *Man*, but *God* is constant still
 To those eternal grounds, that mov'd his *Will*
 And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
 That stubborn Men at last to him submit
 32 As midst the Main a low small *Island* lies,
 Assaulted round with stormy *Seas* and *skies*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Whilst the poor heartless *Natives* ev'ry hour
Darkness and *Noise* seems ready to devour
 Such *Israels* state appear'd, whilst ore the West
Philistian clouds hung threatning, and from th'East
 All Nations wrath into one *Tempest* joines,
 Through which proud *Nabas* like fierce *Lightning* shines
Tygris and *Nile* to his assistance send,
 And waters to swoln *Jaboc's Torrent* lend
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force,
 Up with them march the *Three Arabia's Horse*
 And 'mongst all these none more their hope or pride,
 Then those few Troops your warlike land supply'd
 Around weak *Jabes* this vast Host does ly,
 Disdains a dry and *bloodless Victory*

1 Sam 11 1

The hopeless Town for *Slave'ry* does intreat,
 But barb'arous *Nabas* thinks that grace too great
 He (his first *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
 And with their *Faces shame* disarms their *Hands*
 If unreliev'd sev'en days by *Israels* aid,
 This bargain for ore-rated *Life* is made
 Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Israel* be
 Quite *blind* it self, ere this reproach it see !

Ib v 2

Ver 3

By his wanton people the new *King* forsook,
 To homely rural cares himself betook
 In private plenty liv'd without the state,
 Lustre and Noise due to a publique fate
 Whilst he his slaves and cattel follows home,
 Lo the sad Messengers from *Jabes* come,
 Implore his help, and weep as if they meant
That way at least proud *Nabas* to prevent
 Mov'd with a Kingly wrath, his strict command
 He issues forth t'assemble all the land
 He threatens high, and disobedient they
Wak'd by such Princely terrors learnt t'obey
 A mighty Host is rais'd, th'important cause •
Age from their *Rest*, *Youth*, from their *Pleasure* draws
 Arm'd as unfurnisht *Hast* could them provide,
 But *Conduet*, *Courage*, *Anger* that supply'd
 All night they march, and are at th'early dawn
 On *Jabes* heath in three fair bodies drawn

Ver 5

1 Sam 11 4

Ver 7

Ver 8

Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
 His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command
 But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son,
 I stop with him a while ere I go on

x Sam xx
 xi

This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
 The beautifull'st, and best of *Humane Race*
 That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
 All that kind *Mothers* wishes can contain
 His *Courage* such as it no stop can know,
 And *Victory* gains by'astonishing the Foe
 With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confounds,
 And melts their *Hearts* e're it the *Bosom* wounds
 Yet he the *Conquer'd* with such *Sweetness* gains,
 As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains*
 In *war* the adverse *Troops* he does assail,
 Like an impet'uous *storm* of *wind* and *Hail*
 In *Peace*, like gentlest *Dew* that does assuage
 The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage
 Kind as the *Suns* blest *Influence*, and where e're
 He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there
 To *Help* seems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*,
 To do much *Good* his *sole Prerogative*
 And yet this gen'eral *Bounty* of his *Mind*,
 That with wide aims embraces all *Mankind*,
 Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
 With diffe'rent measures all are satisfi'd
 Just as wise *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
 Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt
 To all *Relations* their just rights he pays,
 And worths reward above its claim does raise
 The tendrest *Husband*, *Master*, *Father*, *Son*,
 And all those parts by his *Friendship* far outdone
 His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,
 What *He* to *Heav'en*, all that to *Him* they owe
 Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*
 His *Judgment*, like best *Armour*, strong and fit
 And such an *El'quence* to both these does join,
 As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine
 Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
 By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there

Exod 16 18

ABRAHAM COWLEY

As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,
 As he himself to th' *future* shall be known
 But his chief study is *Gods* sacred *Law* ,
 And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw,
 As never more by *Heav'en* to *Man* was giv'en,
 So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'en*
 And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,
 E're yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully blown
 All *Autumns* store did his rich *Spring* adorn,
 Like *Trees* in *Par'dise* he with *Fruit* was born
 Such is his *Soul*, and if, as some men tell,
 36 *Souls* form and build those mansions where they dwell ,
 Whoe're but sees his *Body* must confess,
 The *Architect* no doubt, could be no less
 From *Saul* his growth and manly strength he took,
 Chastis'd by bright *Abino'ams* gentler look
 Not bright *Abin'oam*, Beauties lowdest Name,
 Till she to' her *Children* lost with joy her fame,
 Had sweeter strokes, Colours more fresh and fair,
 More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair
 Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
 And on this *boundless subject* stay so long
 Where too much hast ever to *end* t'would be,
 Did not his *Acts* speak what's untold by *Me*
 Though from the time his hands a *Sword* could wield,
 He ne're mist *Fame* and *Danger* in the field
 Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
 Since *Sauls* bright *Crown* gave luster to his worth
 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise,
 Sad *Fabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes
 Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court,
 And dreamt, vain man¹ of that days barb'arous sport,
 Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke ,
 Till into'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke
 The careless *Guards* with small re[s]istance² kill'd,
 Slaughter the *Camp*, and wild *Confusion* fill'd
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
 And marches boldly up t'outface the storm
 Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he pursues
 Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot fight renews

1 Sam 24
50

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so well,
 Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their stout *Col'onels* fell
 'Twas here our *Vict'ory* stopt, and gave us cause
 Much to suspect th'intention of her pause
 But when our thundring Prince *Nabas* espy'd,
 Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
 Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him boldly prest,
 A gen'rous joy leapt in his youthful brest
 As when a wrathful *Dragons* dismal light
 Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagles* sight
 The mighty *foe* pleases his fearless eyes,
 He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies
 With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they flung,
 In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,
 And stopt there, *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
 And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it
 Straight with their Swords to the fierce shock they came,
 Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot *flame*
 Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt,
 Which more then they th'engag'd *Spe&ctators* felt
 In *Ammon* force, in *Jonathan* address,
 (Though both were great in both to an excess)
 To the well-judging Eye did most appear,
Honour, and *Anger* in both equal were
 Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and *Ammon* three,
 Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
 Did his whole strength into one blow collect,
 And as a Spani'el when we'our aim direct
 To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by
 Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly
 Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey,
 So waited *Death* it self to bear away
 The threatned Life, did glad and greedy stand
 At sight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand
 Our watchful Prince by bending sav'd the wound,
 But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found
 For whilst th'*immod'erate* strokes miscarry'ng force
 Had almost born the striker from his horse,
 A nimble thrust his active En'emy made,
 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

And opened wide those *secret vessels*, where
 37 *Life's Light* goes out, when first they let in *aire*
 He falls, his Armour clanks against the ground,
 From his faint tongue *imperfect* curses sound
 His amaz'd Troops strait cast their arms away,
 Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift than *they*
 As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
 And thirst of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
 Whilst each lays claim to th'*Garden* as his owne,
 And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
 Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
 In th'aires wide plain dispute their doubtful right
 If by sad chance of battel either *King*
 Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
 His Armies hopes and courage with him dy,
 They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly
 On th'other sides at once with like success
 Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* press,
 From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noise they hear,
 And whatsoere it mean long to be there,
 At the same instant from glad *Jabes* Town,
 The hasty Troops march loud and chearful down
 Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
 The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all
 The fate by which our *Host* thus far had gon,
 Our *Host* with noble heat drove farther on
 Victorious arms through *Ammons* land it bore,
Ruine behind, and *Terror* marcht before
 Where ere from *Rabba's* towers they cast their sight,
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*
 This bright success did *Sauls* first action bring,
 The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less crown'd him King
 The *Happy* all men judge for *Empire* fit,
 And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit
 Those who before did Gods fair choice withstand,
 Th'*excessive Vulgar* now to death demand
 But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty doom,
Conquest abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home
 Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that days pride,
 Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'ed

1 Sam. ii
 12

Ver 13

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

Again the Crown th'assembled people give,
 With greater joy then *Saul* could it receive
 Again, th'old *Judge* resigns his sacred place,
 God *Glorified* with wonders his disgrace
 With decent pride, such as did well befit
 The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*
 The long-past row of happy years he show'd,
 Which to his heav'ently Government they ow'd
 How the torn state his just and prudent reign
 Restor'd to *Order, Plenty, Power* again
 In war what conqu'ering *Miracles* he wrought,
 God, then their *King*, was *Gen'eral* when they fought
 Whom they *depos'd* with *him* And that (said he)
 You may see *God* concern'd in't more then *Me*,
 Behold how storms his angry presence shrowd,
 Hark how his wrath in thunder threats alowd
 'Twas now the ripen'd *Summers* highest rage,
 Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage
 Th'*Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*,
 Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
 Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'*Sun*,
 When, Lo, ere scarce the *active speech* was done,
 A vi'olent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*,
 And troops of frighted Clouds before it drave
 Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest* crowds,
 Swift dreadful flames shot through th'encountering clouds,
 From whose torn womb th'imprison'd *Thunder* broke,
 And in dre sounds the *Prophets* sense it spoke
 Such an impet'uous shower it downwards sent,
 As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
 Were all let loose, *Horror* and fearful noise
 Fill'd the black *Scene*, till the great *Prophets* voice
 Swift as the wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the *Day*,
Wind, Thunder, Rain and *Clouds* fled all at once away
 Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce wrath removes,
 And though this *State* my service disapproves,
 My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly No more,
 I hope, a pardon for past sins t'implore,
 But just rewards from gracious heav'n to bring
 On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*

Ver 15

1 Sam 12 1

1 Sam 12
20

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Behold him there! and as you see, rejoyce
 In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice
 Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit!
 The *Honour* heav'n has cloath'd him with, sits *fit*
 And comely on him, since you needs must be
 Rule'd by a *King*, you're happy that 'tis *He*
 Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for *Him*, but he for *You*,
 And both for *God*

Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
 In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey
 To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *slaves* become,
 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home

The *Crown* thus several ways confirm'd to *Saul*,
 One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all,
 And that was Force, which only can maintain
 The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* does gain
 Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold men he took,
 Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look*,
 His sacred person too, and throne defend,
 The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend
 Ore whose full thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
 Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great
 On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* band
 Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd* land,
 He falls, and slaughters all, his noble rage
 Mixt with *Design* his Nation to engage
 In that just war, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedoms* voice had strove t'obtain
 Th'accurst *Philistian* rows'd with this bold blow,
 All the proud marks of *enrag'd* *Power* does show
 Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,
 If humane strength might authorize a boast,
 Their threats had reason here, for ne're did wee
 Our selves so weak, or foe so potent see
 Here we vast bodies of their *Foot* espy,
 The *Rear* out-reaches far th'*extended* *Eye*
 Like fields of *Corn* their armed *Squadrons* stand,
 As thick and numberless they hide the land
 Here with sharp neighs the warlike *Horses* sound,

Ib v 25

1 Sam 13

Ib 3

Ib v 5.

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground
 39 Here with worse noise three thousand *Chariots* pass
 With plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass
 About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,
 Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears
 Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
 And with lopt panting limbs the field bestrows
 Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy,
 Neither can they *resist*, nor can *these fly*
 In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they,
Saul in much different state at *Gilgal* lay
 His forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,
 Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and lowd
 The quick *Contagion Fear* ran swift through all,
 And into trembling *Fits* th'infect'd fall
Saul, and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*
 Could on their strong-complexion'd *Valour* seise)
 In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduēt* show'd,
 And on deaf *Terror* gen'eros words bestow'd
 Thousands from thence fly scattered ev'ery day,
 Thick as the Leaves that shake and drop away,
 When they th'approach of stormy *Winter* find
 The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to the' *Wind*
 Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim't for hast,
 And from his farther bank look back at last
 Some into woods and caves their cattel drive,
 There with their *Beasts* on *equal* terms they live,
 Nor deserve *better*, some in rocks on high,
 The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly
 And were they wing'ed like them, scarce would they dare
 To stay, or trust their frighted safety there
 As th'Host with fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with care,
 T'avert these ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
 And *Gods* blest will t'enquire, for *Samuel* sends,
 Whom he six days with troubled hast attends
 But ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
 By *Samuel* set for this great work) was past,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
 Impatient ere *Gods* time *Gods* mind to know,
 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his *Troops* decay,

Ib v 5
 Ver 7

Ib 8

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* stay,
 Scorning that any's presence should appear
 Needful besides when *He himself* was there,
 And with a pride too nat'ral thinking Heaven
 Had given him *All*, because *much Power* t'had giv'en)
 Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Offering's* made,
 40 Himself did th'high *selected charge* invade,
 Himself inquit'ed of *God*, who then spake nought,
 But *Samuel* straight his dreadful answer brought
 For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
 As was *Sauls sin*, the fatal Message told
 His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'en he chid,
 To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
 To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
 Where all things else submit to his command
 And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,
 To *Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*
 So shall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
 From thee (said he) and thy great house be rent,
 Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,
 And give thy *Immortal Royalty* an *End*
 Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind heav'en (we hope)
 (Whose threats and anger know no other scope
 But *Mans Amendment*) does long since relent,
 And with *Repentant Saul* it self *Repent*
 Howere (though none more pray for this then we
 Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be
 To do it *less*) this speech we sadly find
 Still extant, and still active in his Mind
 But then a worse effect of it appear'd,
 Our *Army* which before *Modestly* fear'd,
 Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
 Disbanded now, and fled in troops away
 Base *Fear* so bold and impudent does grow,
 When an excuse and colour it can show
 Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely train*)
 Of all his Host with distrest *Saul* remain,
 Of his whole Host six hundred, and ev'en those
 41 (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose,
 Nor would that useless *Multitudes* should share

1 Sam 13
14

1 Sam. 13
15

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
 Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
 But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
 By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known sound
 Raises th' affrighted Villages around
 Some Goads, Flails, Plow-shares, Foiks, or Axes bore,
 Made for *Lifes* use and better ends before,
 Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
 42 I'th'fire, the first rude arts that *Malice* try'd,
 E're *Mæn* the sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
 And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew
 Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms* which we
 Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*
 O're well-arm'd *Millions*, nor will this appear
 Useful it self, when *Jonathan* was there

Ib v 19 20
21

'Twas just the time when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
 Did the moist world unvail to humane sight
 The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat
 With a small party, and no en'emy met
 (So proud and so secure the en'emy lay,
 And drencht in *sleep* th'excesses of the *day*)
 With joy this good occasion did embrace,
 With better leisure, and at nearer space,
 The strength and order of their Camp to view,
Abdon alone his gen'rous purpose knew,
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
 Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
 And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd
Abdon, whose love to his *Master* did exceed
 What *Natures Law*, or *Passions Power* could breed,
Abdon alone did on him now attend,
 His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*

1 Sam 14 1

They went, but sacred fury as they went,
 Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his intent
 What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
 God or some powerful *Spirit* invades my mind
 From ought but *Heaven* can never sure be brought
 So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought
 Noi would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprise,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*
 Yon *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide,
 O're the whole Land, like some swoln *Rivers Tide*,
 Which terrible and numberless appears,
 43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
 Which lies so strongly [*e*]ncamp't, that one would say
 The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,
 We two alone must *fight* with and *defeat*,
 Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *sound* so great
 Yet we must do't, God our weak hands has chose
 T'ashame the boasted numbers of our Foes,
 Which to his strength no more proportion'd be,
 Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*
 If when their careless *Guards* espy us here,
 With sportful scorn they call to' us to come neer,
 We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all,
 Not *They*, but *Israels Angel* gives the call
 44 He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light* divine
 Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine,
 Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd,
 Less seem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd
 This saw, and heaid with joy the brave *Esquire*,
 As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Masters Fire*
 Forbid it Heav'en (said he) I should decline,
 Or wish (Sir) not to make *your danger mine*
 The great *Example* which I daily see
 Of your high worth is not so lost on me,
 If wonder-strook I at your words appear,
 My wonder yet is *Innocent of Fear*
 Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breast *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name*
 If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
 May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*
 But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
 So high thoughts from a less exalted *Spring*
 Bright signs through all your words and looks are spread,
 A rising *Vict'ory* dawns around your head
 With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
 Lo to the fatal place and work they came
 Strongly encamp't on a steep *Hills* large head,

1 Sam 14 9 |

1 Sam 14 3

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

Ib v 4

Like some vast wood the mighty *Host* was spread
 Th' only 'access on neighb'ring *Gabaa's* side,
 An hard and narrow way, which did divide
 Two clifty *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* nam'd,
 Much for themselves, and their big *strangeness* fam'd,
 More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* day,
 On both their points *Philistian* out-guards lay,
 From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd,
 And, lo! the *Hebrews'* proud *Elcanor* cry'd,
 From *Seyes* top, Lo, from their hungry *Caves*
 A quicker Fate here sends them to their graves
 Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
 Ye' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
 The rebel lives long since to' our *Justice* due,
 Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
 When th'inspir'd Prince did nimbly *understand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high command
 It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
 With *pain* and *labour*, *hast* and *joy* they went
Elcanor laught to see them climb, and thought
 His mighty words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
 Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
 (The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame
 Short was his sport, for swift as *Thunders* stroke
 Rives the frail Trunk of some heav'en-threatening *Oak*,
 The Princes Sword did his proud head divide,
 The parted Scull hung down on either side
 Just as he fell, his vengeful Steel he diew
 Half way, no more the tiembling *Joints* could do,
 Which *Abdon* snatcht, and dy'ed it in the blood
 Of an *amazed wretch* that next him stood
 Some close to earth shaking and grove'ling ly,
 Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy
 Some wonder strook stand fixt, some fly, some arm
 Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm*

45 Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,
 In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withstood
 So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'opposing hill,
 Does all around with noise and ruine fill
 Like some large *Arm* of which another way

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Abdon o'reflows, him too no *bank* can stay
 With cries th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
 Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar
 Twenty at least slain on this out-guard ly,
 To th' adjoin'd Camp the rest distracted fly,
 And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear,
Blind terrour, deaf disorder, helpless fear
 The *Conquerors* too press boldly in behind,
 Doubling the wild confusions which they find
Hamgar at first, the Prince of *Ashdod Town*,
 46 Chief 'mongst the *Five* in riches and renown,
 And *General* then by course oppos'd their way,
 Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathans* feet he lay,
 And curst the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground,
 47 His *Life* for ever spilt *stain'd* all the grass around
 His *Brother* too, who vertuous hast did make
 His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
 Falls grove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth,
 Death mixt no less their *Bloods* than did their *birth*
 Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* restless Sword
 Dispatcht the following train t'attend their *Lord*
 On still o're panting corps great *Jonathan* led,
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thousands fled*
Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous show,
 Thy *Attempt*, or thy *Success!* thy *Fate* or *Thou!*
 Who durst alone that dreadful Host assail,
 With purpose not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail!*
 Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
 Then *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*
 If Heav'en to men such mighty thoughts would give,
 What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive
 The vast *Infusion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*
 Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*
 Thou follow'dst Heaven in the *Design*, and we
 Find in the *Air* 'twas *Heav'en* that follow'd *Thee*
 Thou ledst on *Angels*, and that sacred band
 (The *Deities* great *Lieut'enant*) didst command
 'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,

1 Sam 14
14

1 Sam 6

1 Sam 14
15

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

And some the dire *Materials* brought for new
 48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *sweats of Death*)
 The voyce of *storms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath
 The flames shot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
 The smokes that from scorcht *Fevers Ovens* rise,
 The reddest fires with which sad *Comets* glow,
 And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did spir'its bestow
 Of finest *Sulphur*, amongst which they put
Wrath, Fury, Horrour, and all mingled shut
 Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it moie,
 And make th'enraged *Prisoner* louder roar
 Th'assembled *Clouds* burst o're their *Armies* head,
 Noise, Darkness, dismal *Lightnings* round them spread
 Another *Spir'it* with a more potent wand
 Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* hand,
 And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook,
 The *Mountain* felt it, the vast *Mountain* shook
 Through the wide ayr another *Angel* flew
 About their Host, and thick amongst them threw
 Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake,
 And all th' *Ingredients* that swift ruine make
 The fertile glebe requires no time to breed,
 It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*
 One would have thought, this dismal day to'have seen,
 That *Natures* self in her *Death-pangs* had been
 Such will the face of that great hour appear,
 Such the distracted *Sinners* conscious fear
 In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay,
 In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray,
 Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they ly,
 Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly
 O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horse
 The guidless *Chariots* with impet'uous course
 Cut wide through both, and all their bloody way
Horses, and Men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay
 Some from the *Rocks* cast themselves down headlong,
 The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong
 To almost certain present *death* they fly
 From a remote and causeless fear to *dy*
 Much different erior did some troops possess,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

And *Madness* that lookt better, though no less
 Their fellow troops for th'entred foe they take,
 And *Isra'els* war with mutual slaughter make
 Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view,
 And hear the thickning *Tumult* as it grew
 Still great and loud, and though he knows not why
 They fled, no more then they themselves that fly,
 Yet by the storms and terrors of the aire,
 Guesses some vengeful *Sp'irits* working there,
 Obeys the loud occasions sacred call,
 And fiercely on the trembling Host does fall
 At the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise,
 Nor does their much-wisht *Liberty* suffice
 Without *Revenge*, the scatter'd arms they seise,
 And their proud vengeance with the *memory* please
 Of who so lately bore them, All about
 From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out
 At the glad noise, joy'd that their foes had shown
 A fear that drowns the scandal of *their own*
 Still did the Prince midst all this storm appeare,
 Still scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where
 Still did he break, still blunt his wearied Swords,
 Still slaughter new supplies to his hand affords
 Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
 And till at last all fled, scorn'd to *pursue*
 All fled at last, but many in vain, for still
 Th'insatiate *Conqueror* was more swift to kill
 Then they to save their Lives Till, lo! at last,
Nature, whose power he had so long surpast,
 Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
 Drought, faintness, and fierce Hunger did oppose
 Reeking all o're in dust, and blood, and sweat,
 Burnt with the *Suns* and *violent actions* heat,
 'Gainst an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he staid,
 For some short ease, *Fate* in th'old *Oak* had laid
 Provisions up for his relief, and Lo!
 The hollow trunck did with bright *Honey* flow
 With timely food his decay'd *Sp'irits* recruit,
 Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit,
 His strength and sp'irits the *Honey* did restore,

1 Sam 14.
20

Ib v 16

Ib 21

Ib v 22

1 Sam 4.
27

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

But, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *poison* bore!
 Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous fate*,
 That does so close on humane glories wait!
 Behold the strong, and yet *fantastick Net*
 T'ensnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly set!
 Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
 The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought,
 A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th'*Host* orethrowne,
 And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with *One*,
 Washt off his Countrys shame, and doubly dyde
 In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* pride,
 Had sav'd and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ering Crown,
 And the bright *Gold* new *burnisht* with renown,
 Should be e're night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
 Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
 Destin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
 Of *Thanks Himself* for his own *Victorie*?
 Alone with various fate like to become,
Fighting, an *Host*, *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
 Yet such, Sir, was his case
 For *Saul*, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
 (In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to sight)
 His hungry men from the pursuit diswade,
 A rash, but solemn vow to heav'en had made
 Curst be the wretch, thrice cursed let him be
 Who shall touch food this busie day (said he)
 Whil'st the blest Sun does with his fav'ouring light
 Assist our vengeful Swords against their flight
 Be he thrice curst, and if his Life we spare,
 On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear
 Such was the *Kings* rash vow, who little thought
 How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought
 The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or broke,
 Ev'en *Perjury* its least and bluntest stoke
 'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,
 His own victorious *Son* that he devov'd,
 On whose bright head the baleful *Curses* light,
 But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
 Forbids their entrance or their setling there,
 49 They with *brute* sound dissolv'd into the ayre

1 Sam 14
 24

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,
 Unknown, unheard of, till he his Life did find
 Entangled in't? whilst *wonders* he did do
 Must he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
 To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said,
 He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
 Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
 He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*
 What could his Crime in this condition be,
 Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Necessitie*?
 Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain
 That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
 Though gainst *himself*, or *fate* a way should see
 By which attaqu'd and conquer'd he might be
 Who thought *Compassion*, female *weakness* here,
 And *Equity* *Injustice* would appeare
 In his own *Cause*, who falsely fear'd beside
 The solemn Curse on *Jon'athan* did abide,
 And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
 Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Isra'el* stray,
 Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill,
 And his *rash* vow more *rashly* to fulfil
 What tongue can th'horror and amazement tell
 Which on all *Israel* that sad moment fell?
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
 Had the *Philistian* fate that day bin theirs
 Not *Sauls* proud heart could master his swoln Ey,
 The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,
 So bright his sufferings, so triumphant show'd,
 Less to the *best* then *worst* of fates he ow'd
 A victory now he o're *himself* might boast,
 He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqueror* of an *Host*
 It charm'd *through tears* the sad Spectators sight,
 Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite
 And pious rage, with which inspir'd they now
 Oppose to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow*
 They all consent all *Israel* ought to be
 Accurst and kill'd themselves rather than *He*
 Thus wi[t]h kind force they the glad King withstood,
 And sav'd their wondrous *Saviours* sacred blood

x Sam 24
45

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

Thus *David* spoke, and much did yet remain
 Behind th'attentive *Prince* to entertain,
Edom and *Zoba's* war, for what befel
 In that of *Moab*, was known there too well
 The boundless quarrel with curst *Am'alecs* land,
 Where *Heav'en* it self did *Cruelty* command
 And practis'd on *Sauls Mercy*, nor did e're
 More punish *Inno'cent Blood*, then *Pity* there
 But, Lo! they 'arriv'd now at th'appointed place,
 Well-ch~~osen~~ and well furnisht for the Chase

Ib v 47

1 Sam 15 3

Ib 23

NOTES

UPON THE

FOURTH BOOK.

1 **T**Hat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it self* (which Worship is most notorious to have been used all over the East) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phégor* For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a surname, from a particular place of his worship To which I meet with the opposition of a great person, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D Syris Synt* 1 c 5) building it upon the authority of the 105 (according to our English Translation the 106) *Psal* v 20 *They joynd themselves to Baal Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*, which Sacrifices he understands to be *Iusta*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in memory of the *Dead Novendiales ferias* But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The Sacrifices of *Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen Gods, as this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemos*, *Jer* 48 7 and 13, &c that is *Blindness*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World? or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him, for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, though not so constantly, humane *Sacrifices* However these verses will agree as well with Mr *Seldens* interpretation, for then the sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another *Deity* of that Country

2 *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*

3 *White Horses* were most in esteem among the Ancients, such were those consecrated to the *Sun* *Herodian* calls them *Διος ἵπποι*, *Jupiters Horses*, which is the same This was the reason that *Camillus* contracted so much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horses*, as a thing *Insolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè conspicuus ipse est, curru equus albis junctus in bemi invehitur, parumq, id non civile modò sed humanum etiam visum, Fovis Solisq, equis aquiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam habebant* *Liv* Horace,

Barros ut equus præcurreret albis

Ovid de Art Am

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equus

Virg 12

Fungit equos, gaudetq, tuens ante ora frementes

Qui candore Nives antea erant cursibus auras

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

In which he imitates *Homer*

Δευκότεροι χίλος, θελεω, δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοιοι

4 *Then side* Scal 1 5 Poet says, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*, others, by their *Sides*, which he collects out of some places in *Virg* 1 *Æn* of *Diana*,

—*Illa pharetram*

Fert humero, gra[di]ensq, Deas supereminet omnes

Æn 4 of *Apollo*, *Tela sonant humeris*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin* *Succinctam pharetrâ*—

Yet I am afraid the observation is not solid, for *Æn* 5 speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars levis humero pharetras

However *Side* is a safe word

5 Θεοεικελος Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful person

6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the land of *Moab*, but not onely that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was called so too, *Jer*

48 1 *Deut* 32 49

7 1 *Sam* 9 21 *And Saul answered and said, Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel and my family the least of all the families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?*

8 *Josh* 41 4 *From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your coast* This was fulfilled all ways but Eastward, for their Dominion never reacht to *Euphrates*, and it was but just fulfilled to the Letter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Western Main* Their own sins were the cause, which made God preserve for thorns in their sides those Nations which he had conditionally promis'd to root out It is true, they went Eastward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much, and therefore, like an odde Number in accounts (as presently, where I say but *Thirty Kings*) may be left out *Jordan* is the most noble and notorious *Boundary*

9 For all the wickednesses and disorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King* And in those days there was no *King* in *Israel*

10 For 1st was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost extirpated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended *David* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Sauls Sons* were to succeed him

11 In *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High Priesthood had continued in *Eleazar* the elder Brothers Race This was the succession, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abisua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger house came in In which it continued till *Solomons* time

12 The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous Prophesie, *Jer* 49 10 *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, Nor a Law giver from between his feet, till the Shilo come*

13 There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more several opinions then the time of *Sauls* & *Samuels* reign This I will take in the first place for granted, that the 40 years assigned by *S Paul* (*Acts* 13 20) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuels* *Judicature*, for else there would be found more then 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was elected, besides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is said to slay *Goliath* We

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are therefore to seek how to divide those 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul* *Josephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel*, and 20 after his death Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit Severus*) 30 *Ruffin* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after None of which can be true, for the Ark was carried to *Cariath yearim* before *Sauls* reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*, wherefore *Salmanus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calvisius* 15, *Petavius* 12 some 11 *Bucolcer* 10 Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan Mercator, Adricom* &c grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam 13 1 *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cum regnare cepisset, & duobus annis regnavit super Israel*, which others understand to be three years, to wit, two after the first *Sulpit Sever* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spacio tenuit imperium*, which opinion seems to me extremely improbable 1 Because we cannot well crowd all *Sauls* actions into so small a time 2 Because *David* must then have been about 20 years old when he slew *Goliath*, for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30 3 Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Cariath yearim* 4 The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it, for it signifies no more, than that he had reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gulgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guard* Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one year, and when he had reigned two years over Israel, he chose him 3000 men, &c* To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impossible, but I should guess about 10 years, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old (a fit age) when he defeated the *Giant*, and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Cariath yearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was *King at Hebron* So that of the 40 assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*

14 For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be governed at last by *Kings* And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great disorders and afflictions which they suffered for want of it, and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this remedy, for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually choose *Abimelech*

15 See *Moses* his Prophecie of it, *Deut* 17 14 and to *Abraham God* himself says, *Genes* 17 6 *And Kings shall come out of thee*

16 It is a vile opinion of those men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the right of *Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this place Neither did the people of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the assumption of such a power, as appears by the story of *Ahab* and *Naboth* Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a proof of the Right, then their Practice was of the Lawfulness of *Idolatry* When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his Sister, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it, who answered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would If this had been the case with the *Kings of Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoined so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the *Law* (*Deut* 17) if they had another particular *Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17 The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it It was called therefore *ἄνεκφώνητον*, *Unutterable* For it they read *Adonai*, the reason of the peculiar Sanctity of this Name, is, because other names of God were applicable to other things, as

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

Elohi[m], to Princes, but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing Wherefore God says *Exod* 3 16 *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations* And *Exod* 6 3 *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them* Josephus calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τα τετρα γραμματα, The Sacred Letters, and, Προσηγοριαν περι ἧς οὐ μοι θέμις ἐπείν, A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to speak, and again, Τὸ φορικτον ονομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The Dreadful Name of God Stat

Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est

Whose name it is not lawful to know

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his fellow Ambassadors from the *Jews* *Yc* (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge me to be *One*, who am received for such by all the rest of the world but by the God that you dare not name (τον ἀκατανόηστον υἱόν) and then lifting up his hands to heaven, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* so much as to *hear*, &c And the *Heathens* had something like this custom, for the *Romans* kept secret the name of the *Tutelar God* of their *City*, lest the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms draw him away And in their Solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the *Cities* which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deities* proper name, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris*

18 The *Tabernacle*, *Exod* 39 9 And thou shalt take the anointing oyl, and anoint the *Tabernacle*, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and the vessels therein, and it shall be holy

19 The *Bells* upon the *High Priests* Garments, *Exodus* 38 25

20 There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was *High Priest* as well as *Judge*, as *S Augustine*, and *Sulpit Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob* But there is a manifest error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but only a *Levite*, of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Aniram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the succession of *Priests*, 1 *Chronic* 6 It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the office of the *High Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits*? For the first, it is plain by the story that he did often do the duty of the *High Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *function*, nay, I believe the *function* could not be well exercised without the *habit* I say therefore with *Petavius*, *L 10 de Doctr Tempori* That he was constituted of God, *High Priest Extraordinary*, and lookt upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophecy*, and *Miracles*, without which singular testimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High Priests Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiaphas*

21 *Will cut Dradem* 1 The *Plate* of pure Gold tyed upon the *Mitre*, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, *Exod* 28 36 and *Exod* 39

22 This *Breast Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογιόν τῶν κηρύσεων, The *Oracle of Judgments* Because whensoever the *High Priest* consulted God, he was to have it upon his *Breast* The Description of it, and the *Stones* in it, see *Exod* 28 15 These *stones* so engraven, and disposed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummim* mentioned Verse 30 the *Doctrina* & *Veritas*, as the *Latine*, the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τεκείψεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*, the ἀλήθεια καὶ δηλώσις, *Truth and Demonstration*,

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as the *Septuagint* All which signifie no more then *Truth* and *Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those Stones*, which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names of the Tribes*, that made up some words or word to answer the question propounded Others, that when the stones shone very brightly, it implied an *Affirmative* to the qu[est]ion, and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative* But when the Demands required a *prolix*, or various answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High Priests* understanding, making him speak as Gods Organ or Oracle (as the *Devi* is believed to have inspired *Sybls* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible voyce from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*

23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam* 19 2 *Sam* 22 7 *Psalm* 18 3 *Josephus* terms it *ναὸν μεταφερόμενον*, A *Moveable Temple*—The *Temple* bright third Heaven—The *Tabernacle* being Gods seat upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens, which is more properly his Habitation, and was therefore divided into three parts, to signifie the same division of the Heavens in Scripture Phrase The first was the Court of the *Tabernacle*, where the Sacrifices were slain and consumed by fire, to represent the whole space from the earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*) where all things are subject to corruption The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the Altar of *Incense*, to represent all that space above which is possess by the *Stars* The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third Heaven (spoken of by *S Paul*) which is the Dwelling Place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels* Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*

24 In all times and all Countreys it hath been counted a certain sign of the displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and cheerfully *Seneca in Thyest*

*Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebula gravis
Non rectus exit, seq, in excelsum levans
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet*

And a little after,

Vix lucet ignis, &c

25 According to the old senseless opinion, that the Heavens were divided into several *Orbes* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was assigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all eternity

26 How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut* 12 8 *Grotius* answers, first, that by reason of the several removes of the *Tabernacle* in those times, men were allowed to sacrifice in several places Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law* It is not said in the Text, that it was *Samuels Birth day*, but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* usual Residence

27 A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of several *Courses*) namely the *Shoulder* The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *right* belonged to the *Priest*, *Levit* 7 32 This *Josephus* terms *μερίδα Βασιλικήν*, The *Princely Portion* The men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this part was chosen to signifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his shoulders So *Menochius*, as *Philo*, says that *Joseph* sent a part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his hearty affection These are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odde *Allusions*

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

In old time even at feasts men did not eat of dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart which *Plut* calls, *Ομηρικὰ δειπνα*, and *Ομηρικὰ δαίτας*, *Homeric Feasts* because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better men had always the most commons *Ajax*, *νῶτοισι διππεύεσσι γεγυμναται*, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetuus tergiuni bovis* And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink set before him, of which see *Athen* l x c ii who says likewise that *Δαίς* a Feast, comes à *Δαείσθαι*, from dividing equally which makes *Homer* call it so often, *Δαῖτα ἔσθην*

28 See Note 12 on Book 1 That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significances* in the *Ceremony of Anointing Kings and Priests*

29 *The Kingly day* The day for election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological accounts* As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *From the beginning of the Government by Judges* So now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings* Almost all great changes in the world are used as *Marks* for separation of Times

30 In many Countreys it was the custom to choose their *Kings* for the comeliness and majesty of their *Persons*, as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*, and *Helioabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperour* by the *Roman* Souldiers at first sight of him, for his extraordinary beauty *Eurip* says finely, *Εἶδος ἀξίον ὑπαννιδος*, a countenance that deserved a Kingdom

31 *Aristotle* says, L 6 *Pol* That it was a popular Institution to choose Governors by *Lots* But *Lots* left purely in the hand of Fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings* Here God appointed it and there fore it was to be supposed would look to it, and no doubt all Nations who used this custom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods *Priests* were likewise so chosen

Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos

32 This *Seneca* in *Th* says, was the case of *Ithaca*
Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacæ tremante

33 *Jaboc*, a River, or Torrent in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*

34 *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Desert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy*

35 For some conceive that the reason of this extravagant demand of *Nahas*, was to disable them from shooting

36 It was *Themistius* his saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the womb to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed, this was *Aristotles* opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The Seed is a skilful *Artificer* And though we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Græcian* time, yet it is to be supposed, that wise men in and before *David's* days had the same kind of opinions and discourses in all points of *Philosophy*

37 In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans* But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in verse) that it came from the *Eastern parts*, where there was so infinite expence and curiosity bestowed upon *Sepulchres*

That *Naas* was slain in this battel, I have *Josephus* his authority, that *Jonathan* slew him, is a stroke of *Poetry*

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38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,
Quadrupedante pulvis sonitu quatit ungula campum

39 The Text says, *Thirty thousand Chariots*, which is too many for six thousand *Horse* I have not the confidence to say *Thirty thousand* in Verse *Grotius* believe[s] it should be read *Three Thousand* Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture

40 I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Saul's* invasion of the *Priestly* office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some cases (and the case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his disobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven days*, which was the sin so severely punished in him Yet I follow here the more common opinion, as more proper for my purpose

41 1 Sam 13 10 27 So it came to pass in the day of battel, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hands of any of the people that were with *Saul* and *Jonathan*, but with *Saul* and *Jonathan* his Son there were found, &c And before, There was no Smith throughout the Land of *Israel* But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without arms, after their late great victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*, but that these six hundred by Gods appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifestation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by so small and so ill provided a party, as in the story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thousand lapped the water out of their hands, because (says he) the people are yet too many

42 At first men had no other weapons but their Hands, &c
Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesq, fuerunt
Then Clubs,

Stipitibus duris agitur sudibusq, praestitis
And at last Iron,

Tum Ferri rigor, &c
Tum varia venere artes, &c
Hic totie armatus adusto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cunct, repetitum
Rimanti, telum via facit

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the coast of which the whole Countrey of the *Philistines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth

44 Hom 6 Odys

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐλεγυαῖα
Μεῖζονά τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, καὶ δὲ κάρητος
Ὀδῆας ἦκε κόμης βαλὼνθ' ἄνθει ὁμοίας

Vulg *Luminaq, juvenia*

Purpureum, & laetos oculis afflavit honores

45 Hom 5 Il

Θῦνε γὰρ ἄμ πεδῖον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι εἰκως
Χειμαρόω, δὲ τ' ὄκα ρέων ἐκέασσε γέφυρας
Τὸν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ τε γέφυραι ἐερμέναι λοχανάουδι
Ὀθρ' ἄρα ἔρκεα ἰσχει ἀλφάων ἐριθηλεων
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπλῆς δτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ διὸς ὀμβρος,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε κάλ' αἰζηῶν

And in the 13 *Il* there is an excellent comparison of *Hector* to a River, and the like too in the 11 so that it seems he pleased himself much with the simile And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

DAVIDEIS BOOK IV

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exunt &c*

And in several other places

46 1 Sam 6 4 *Five gol en Emeiods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philistines*

47 His *Blood* *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit* 17 and he gives that reason for the Precept not to eat Blood *Virg*

Purpuream vomit ille animam

48 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunders* in *Virg Æn* 8

49 *Brute* That signified nothing So *Thunders* from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications were called *Brute Thunders*, From *Brute Beasts*, whose sounds are inarticulate

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Verses written on several occasions

CHRIST'S PASSION,

*Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by
Mr Masters of New College in Oxford*

I

ENOUGH, my Muse, of Earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings,
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucified King
Mountainous heap of wonders ! which do'st use
Till Earth thou joynest with the Skies !
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye
How shall I grasp this boundless thing ?
What shall I play ? what shall I sing ?
I'll sing the Mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain,
How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not disdain

2

I'll sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reasons Plummets, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummets, and too short the line,
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son as ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the buried Conqueror
How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great slayer Death slain by the Dead

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

3

Me thinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*,
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three,
Oh how unlike the others he!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from the Tree!
His gracious Hands ne'r stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood
And sinful Man do's fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind

4

Unhappy Man, canst thou stand by, and see
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear,
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move
Do'st thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidoman* shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucifi'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side

5

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their stock of moisture forth, where e're it lies,
For this will ask it all

ABRAHAM COWLEY

'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy salt tears came from a Sea
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed, for by his sides misterious flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some waters to his blood

On *Orinda's* Poems.

ODE

WE allow'd You Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it,
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign,
Does Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo's* Salick Law
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain
Verse was Loves Fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Arms besides that Conquerour bore
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T'assault a stubborn Town,
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery

2

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Transmit to their Posterity,
If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd
'Twere shame and pity *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair, and fruitful field,
And 'tis a strange increase, that it does yield
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feast,
A secret Joy unspeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breast
With no less pleasure thou methinks shouldst see,
This thy no less immortal Progenie
And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th' ancient curse to Woman-kind,
Thou bringst not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor labour of the brain,
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Countess thou mayst bear
A child for every day of all the fertil year

3

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise,
Where e're I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet

4

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain
They talk of *Sappho*, but alas, the shame!
Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That like a *Lanthorn's* fair inclosed Light,
It through the Paper shines where she do's write
Honour and Friendship, and the generous scoin

Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Disease,
Like that of *Girles*, our vicious *Stomachs* please)
Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,

And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men

5

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire
The warlike *Amazonian* train,

Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,

In such a sacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost

Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* o'ercome at last, by a woman of her Race

ODE.

*Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses, of my
Lord Broghills*

BE gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
What others thou canst fool as well as me
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play
But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,
What for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?
Thou'lt say, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,
And I, as well my Countrey might upbraid
Because I have no vineyard there
Well, but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordship is,
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again,
'Twas such a way as could not miss
I like a Fool, did thee Obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
For after all my expense of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away

2

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me Fame
Bounty Immense! And that too must be try'd,
When I my self am nothing but a name
Who now, what Reader does not strive
T'invalidate the gift whilst w're alive?
For when a Poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepest blow
And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe
Then in a rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himself went with them too,
Hardly escap'd the sacred *Mantuan* Book
I my own Off-spring, like *Agave* tore
And I resolv'd, nay and I think I swore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flow'ry Weeds instead of Corn did grow

ABRAHAM COWLEY

3

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to bind,
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more
Loe thy reward ! look here and see,
What I have made (said she)
My Love, and belov'd, my *Broghil* do for thee
Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have Writ,
Will dare t' oppose thee when
Broghil in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen ?
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon askt for all that I had said,
Well satisf'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part
So strongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart

4

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise
As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th' Ingredients can compose,
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death
The only danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedie
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat,
And into madness, turn the Lethargie
Ah ! Gracious God ! that I might see
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praise !
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

5

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their humane shapes into a form Divine,
None who had set could her own Picture see,
Or say, One part was drawn for me
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book should before him sit,
Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, since I,
Instead of my own likeness, only find
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind ?

ODE

*Mr Cowley's Book presenting it self to the
University Library of Oxford*

Hail Learnings *Pantheon* ! Hail the sacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque !
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Times devouring Flood
Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit ! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise aise,
Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell
Hail Bank of all past Ages ! where they lye
T' inrich with interest Posterity !
Hail Wits Illustrious Galaxy !
Where thousand Lights into one brightness spread,
Hail living University of the Dead !

2

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which er'e
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Traveler,
That could speak, or this could hear

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
Where still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity

3

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?
You Gen'ral Councel of the Priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humblest Deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear,
A Chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
What ever happy book is chained here,
No other place or People need to fear,
His Chain's a Pasport to go ev'ry where

4

As when a seat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinnei given,
Who casting round his wondring eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espye,
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below,
With trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties past and sins,
He doubts almost his Station there,
His soul sayes to it self, How came I here?
It fares no otherwise with me
When I my self with conscious wonder see,
Amidst this purifi'd elected Companie

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

With hardship they, and pain,
I ' to this happiness attain
No labour I, nor merits can pretend,
I think Predestination only was my friend

5

Ah, that my Author had been ty'd like me
To such a place, and such a Companie !
Instead of sev'ral Countiees, sev'ral Men,
And business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small Estate,
Which nature sparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And settled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
We Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation
For though some errors will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original sin
Yet sure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the strength and Spirit of it
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of Man's employ'd in generation

ODE.

*Sitting and Drinking in the Chair, made out of the
Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's Ship*

C Hear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more sail and never spare,
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go
Bless me, 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the Burning Line
Hey Boyes ! she scuds away, and by my head I know,
We round the World are sailing now

ABRAHAM COWLEY

What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly rove,
And gain such experience, and spy too
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do ?
But prythee good *Pilot* take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru* ,
With Gold, there the Vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more

2

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?
As well upon a staff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd Journeys in the Ayre,
As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair
'Tis true, but yet this Chair which here you see,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,
Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before
In every Ayre, and every Sea't has been,
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has seen
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
This is the only Universal Chair

3

The pious Wandrers Fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which still the Reliques did of *Troy* persue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal Nymphs became
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And still make new and greater voyages ,
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a star she so Triumphant show,
And guide her sailing Successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece ,)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of Heaven still carries her around
Only *Drakes* Sacred vessel which before
Had done, and had seen more,
Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they Goddesses, and this a Star has been ,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see,
Let the World now come to see thee

4

The World will do't, for Curiosity
Does no less than devotion, Pilgrims make,
And I my self who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to see,
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake
Yet what could that say more than these remains of *Drake*?
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,
Hast still one way of Making Voyages,
The breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,
As long around it as the Sun
The straights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an undiscovered Sea,
And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie,
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* Mee

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres

I

Is folly all, that can be said
By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed
'Tis, as if we, who stay behind
In Expectation of the wind
Should pity those, who pass'd this strait before,
And touch the universal shore
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!

ABRAHAM COWLEY

And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,
 Though ne're so fair and calm it be,
 What would all sober men believe
 If they should hear us sighing say
 Baltarres, who but th' other day
Did all our Love and our respect command,
At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand,
Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

2

If you will say Few persons upon Earth
Did more then he, deserve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave,
 Whether you look upon his Birth,
And Ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread,
But Ancestors alas, who long ago are dead!
 Or whither you consider more
 The vast increase, as sure you ought,
 Of honor by his Labour bought,
 And added to the former store
All I can answer, is, that I allow
The privilege you plead for, and avow
That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now

3

Though God for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends,
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit *Baltarres* hand,
That once with so much industry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his distracted Nations Cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage, 't was t'endure,
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove
 From all th' oppression and the woe*
 Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below,
To his Souls true and peaceful Count'ry above
So God, like Kings, for secret causes known
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

One of their ablest Ministers elect,
And send abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
 Shall never take effect
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he Labour'd faithfully and hard,
His just and righteous Master calls him home,
And gives him near himself some honourable room

4

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his Country and restore his King,
And whilst the Manly half of him, which those,
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose,
Perform'd all parts of Virtues vigorous Life,
 The beauteous half his lovely Wife
Did all his Labors and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick side
 In all the turnes of human state,
And all th' unjust attacques of fate
 She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
 If I believe that such was he,
 Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany

5

With these companions 't was not strange
That nothing could his temper change
His own and Countries union had not weight
 Enough to crush his mighty mind
He saw around the Hurricans of State,
Fixt as an Island 'gainst the waves and wind
 Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
 All outward things are but the [beach],
A great Mans Soul it doth assault in vain
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain

ABRAHAM COWLEY

With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again
His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to suffer and to die,
His Virtues and his Lady too
Were things Celestial And we see
In spite of quarrelling Philosophie,
How in this case 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth goes round

ODE.

Upon Dr Harvey

I

COY Nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A Beauteous virgin still, injoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harveys* violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree
There *Daphnes* lover stop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, stopt not so,
Into the Bark, and root he after her did goe
No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
For which the eiebeams Point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood
What should she do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with sense she took her flight,
Harvey persues, and keeps her still in sight
But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood,
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stay'd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

2

Here sure shall I be safe (said she)
None will be able sure to see
 This my retreat, but only He
 Who made both it and me
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
 A wall impervious between
 Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal
 She spoke, but e're she was aware,
 Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain

3

He the young Practise of New life did see,
Whil'st to conceal its toilsome Poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard, and privately
 Before the Liver understood
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
 Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade,
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A strict account to him is hourly brought,
 How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need
He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day

4

Thus *Harvey* sought for Truth in Truth's own Book
 The Creatures, which by God himself was writ,
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th'original it self to look

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Methinks in Arts great Circle others stand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The same bare path they tread,
A Dance like Fairies a Fantastick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet
Great Doctor! 'Th' Art of Curing's cu'd by thee,
We now thy patient Physick see,
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air,
It now will strong and healthful prove,
It self before Lethargick lay, and could not move

5

These useful secrets to his Pen we owe,
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow,
Of which a barb'rous Wars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age,
O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost, and labour bought,
And from a far by a Great *Heroe* brought
Had sunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece*
O cursed Warr! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and Towns may rise again;
And ten times easier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his
That mighty Task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too now,
For though his Wit the force of Age withstand,
His Body alas! and Time it must command,
And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

ODE.

Acme and Septimius out of Catullus

*Acmen Septimius suos amores
Tenens in gremio, &c*

Wilst on *Septimius* panting Brest,
(Meaning nothing less then Rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said
My dearest *Acme*, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a Passion far above
All that e're was called Love,
In a *Lybian* desert may
I become some Lions prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Brest, when *Acme* is not there
The God of Love who stood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie
Acme inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kist his drunken, rowling eyes
My little Life, my All (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God, and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again,
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much then can

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man
Into my Marrow is it gone,
Fixt and settled in the Bone,
It reigns not only in my Heart,
But runs, like Life, through ev'ry part
She spoke, the God of Love aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and blest the Augurie
This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)
Acme's bosome was alone,
The whole worlds Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme's* mind
Septimius was all Human kind
If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise 'em when they spie,
Any illustrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be she,
To reward Him, if it be He,
With such a Husband, such a Wife,
With *Acme's* and *Septimius'* Life

ODE.

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return

Virgil — *Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro*

I

NOW Blessings on you all, ye peaceful Starrs,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle Influence,
To calm the stormy World, and still the rage of Warrs

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
 Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
 In their large *Treaty* to contain
 The world apart, o're which do reign
 Your seven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charls his Wane* ,
 No *Star* amon[g]st ye all did, I believe,
 Such vigorous assistance give,
 As that which thirty years ago,
 At **Charls his Birth*, did, in despight
 Of the proud *Sun's Meridian Light*,
 His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
 No less effects than these we may
 Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
 Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*

2

Auspicious *Star* again arise,
 And take thy *Noon-tide station* in the skies,
 Again all *Heaven* prodigiously adorn ,
 For loe ! thy *Charls* again is *Born*
 He then was *Born with and to pain*
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again
 And wisely for this *second Birth*,
 By which thou certain wert to bless
 The Land with full and flourishing *Happiness*
 Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy choice,
 In which *Heaven, Air, and Sea, and Earth*,
 And all that's in them all does *smile*, and does *rejoyce*
 'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*
 Ought with a face of *Paradise* to be found,
 Th[e]n when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again

3

Shall we again (good Heaven !) that *Blessed pair* behold,
 Which the abused *People* fondly sold

The *Star* that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, just as the King His Father was riding to St *Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Blessing

ABRAHAM COWLEY

For the bright *Fruit* of the *forbidden Tree*,
 By seeking all like *gods* to be?
 Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build
 Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
 And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,
 Sh'has known these twenty years one *calmy day*,
 Ah! mild and gaulless *Dove*,
 Which dost the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love
 Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
 Still canst thou think it *white*?
 Will ever fair *Religion* appear
 In these deformed *Ruins*? will she clear
 Th'*Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
 Will *Justice* hazard to be seen
 Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been?
 Will not the *Tragique Scene*,
 And *Bradshaw's* bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
 Her who shall never fear?
 Then may *White-hall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit
 If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* to sit

4

Of all, methinks, we least should see
 The chearful looks again of *Liberty*
 That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
 The Curses of so many sufferers fill,
 Is still enough to make her stay,
 And jealous for a while remain,
 Lest as a *Tempest* carried him away,
 Some *Hurican* should bring him back again
 Or she might justlier be afraid
 Lest that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tail*,
 (And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Pris'ners* made)
 Should a third time perhaps prevail
 To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
 As it had done, when cut in pieces twice
 Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
 And dread your perisht *Enemies* no more,
 Your fears are causeless all, and vain
 Whilst you return in *Charles* his train,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore,
Nor shall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*

5

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go
With a full *Tide* to every *Port* they flow,
With a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the *Countrey* blow
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* sound,
The *Arts* encompass you around,
And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it self brings up the *Rear*
And in the head of this *Angelique* band,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand
(O righteous *God*!) on his *own happy Land*
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a *Disease*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whose every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of *Three Frenzey* possest,
And *Lethargy* the rest
'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of such *Blood* to cure
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hostile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn

6

We fear'd (and almost toucht the black degree
Of instant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* should here establisht see,
(*God's* great *Trumvirate* of *Desolation*)
To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation*
Justly might *Heav'n Protectors* such as those,
And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,
Upon a *Land* which scarcely *Better* chose
We fear'd that the *Fanatique war*
Which men against *God's houses* did declare,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
 A sure destruction on our *Own*
 We read th' *Instructive Histories* which tell
 Of all those endless mischiefs that befall,
 The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,
 After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our *Childrens head*
 We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,
 'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*
 We know those miseries did befall
 Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince* whom all
 The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call

7

Already was the *shaken Nation*
 Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought
 And it was hasting on (we thought)
 Even to the last of [*Ills*,] *Annihilation*
 When in the midst of this confused Night,
 Loe, the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and *there* was *Light*
 Foi in the glorious *General's* previous Ray,
 We saw a new created *Day*
 We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,
 The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on
 Where are the men who bragg'd that *God* did bless,
 And with the marks of good *success*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedness*?
 Vain men! who thought the *Divine Power* to find
 In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *Wind*
God came not till the storm was past,
 In the *still voice* of *Peace* he came at last
 'The cruel business of *Destruction*,
 May by the *Claws* of the great *Friend* be done
 Here, here we see th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,
 Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we see't, and by the *Speed*

8

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,
 Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,
 With which [*misfortune*] strives t'abuse our sight,
 He who had seen him in his *Clowd* so bright

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

He who had seen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Sisters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with ease,
(But *wicked men* see only what they please)
That God had no intent t'extinguish quite

The *pious King's eclipsed Right*
He who had seen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *consuming shine*,
How through a rough *Red sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed
How many years of trouble and distress
They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderness*,
And yet did never *murmure* or *repine*,

Might (me-thinks) plainly understand,
That after all these conquer'd *Trials* past,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at last
Conduct them with a strong un-erring hand
To their own *promis'd Land*
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*
And all *Heaven's blessings* to come down
Upon his *Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who crown'd the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*

9

The *Martyr's blood* was said of old to be
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*

'Twas in *dishonour sown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *grave* could but the *dross* of it devour,
'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*
We now the *Question* well decided see,
Which *Eastern Wits* did once contest

At the *Great Monarch's Feast*
Of all on earth what things the strongest be
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
 Two things which we have known indeed
 Strong in this latter *Age*
 But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
 The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength*,
 When they their sacred force unite,
 And twine into one *Right*,
 No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
 No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
 No *Nets* of humane *Policies*,
 No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
 Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
 No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by *Sea*, or *Troops* by *Land*,
 No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,
 Or any small resistance bring
 Against the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*

IO

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
 End the same night when they begin,
 No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win
 As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors* in
 Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e're while
 Mis-lead our *wandering Isle*?
 Wher's the *Imposter Cromwel* gon?
 Where's now that *Falling-star* his *Son*?
 Where's the *large Comet* now whose raging flame
 So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
 Which o're our heads in such proud horior stood,
 Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?
 The *fiery Tail* did to vast length extend,
 And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
 And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire*,
 Though long the *Tayl* we saw at last its end
 The flames of one triumphant day,
 Which like an *Anti-Comet* here
 Did fatally to that appear,
 For ever frighted it away,
 Then did th'allotted hour of *dawning Right*
 First strike our ravisht sight

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*

II

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,
If he be always *Happy here*
He wants the *bleeding Mark* of *Grace*,
The *Circumcision* of the *chosen race*
If no one *part* of him supplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*,
He is (we doubt) reserv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*
Besides even in this *World* below,
To those who never did *ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow
Consider man's *whole Life*, and you'll confess,
The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*
Is that which gives the *taste* to all his *Happiness*
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,
Is when the worst
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the first,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cause of *perfecting* the *Man*
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,
Firm against all impression stand,
The first we may *defeated* see,
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victory*

12

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we see
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and still *Triumphant* be
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never shall o're-take thee more

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To see't again, and pleasure in it find,
 Cast a disdainful look *behind*,
 Things which *offend*, when present, and *affright*,
 In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight
 Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now,
 Thy *Royal Father's* came at last
 Thy *Martyrdom's* already past
 And *different Crowns* to both ye owe
 No *gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
 Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*
 As a choise *Medal* for *Heaven's Treasury*
 God did *stamp* first upon one side of *Thee*
 The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity*
 On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
 The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*

13

So when the wisest *Poets* seek
 In all their liveliest colours to set forth
 A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
 (The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
 They chuse some *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
 (No proud *Gigantick* son of *Earth*,
 Who strives t' usurp the *god's forbidden seat*)
 They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
 That cannot without *Joy* be eat
 But in the *cold* of *want*, and *storms* of *adverse chance*,
 They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees,
 The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does *freeze*,
 And into *solid Chrystal* next advance
 His *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does see,
 And from his *flaming Country* flee
 Much is he *tost* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
 Does long the force of *angry gods* withstand
 He does long *troubles* and long *wars* sustain,
 E're he his *fatal Birth-right* gain
 With no less *time* or *labour* can
 Destiny build up such a *Man*,
 Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd
 His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

14

Nor without cause are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
 To such a *Hero* by the *Poets* given
 No *human Metal* is of force t' oppose
 So many and so violent blows
 Such was the *Helmet*, *Breast-plate*, *Shield*,
 Which *Charles* in all *Attaques* did wield
 And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
 Of all* the several makes of wicked *Policy*,
 Against th^e *Armour* struck, but at the stroke,
 Like *Swords of Ice*, in thousand pieces broke
 To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
 No show on *Earth* can sure so pleasant prove,
 As when they *great misfortunes* see
 With *Courage* born and *Decency*
 So were they *born* when *Worc'ster's* dismal *Day*
 Did all the terrors of *black Fate* display
 So were they *born* when no *Disguises* cloud
 His *inward Royalty* could shroud,
 And one of th' *Angels* whom just *God* did send
 To guard him in his noble flight,
 (A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
 Assur'd me in a *Vision* th' other night,
 That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
 Did then more *Greatness* in him see,
 More *Lustre* and more *Majesty*,
 Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can shew to *Human Eye*

15

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw
 New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
 From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
 And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*,
 Me-thoughts I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
 (Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)
 In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk,
 How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
 No *hair* is sing'd, no smallest *beauty* blasted,
 Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed
With the blest *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head*
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a [*G*]lory compass them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd*
What are those *Two Bright Creatures* which we see
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the same *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Joyes* inspire?
Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,
Who whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no *affliction* to be there
Less favour to those *Three* of old was shown,
To solace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adversity*,
Two Angels joyn with *these*, the *others* had but *One*

16

Come forth, come forth, ye *men of God* *belov'd*,
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
Which against you so *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved
Come, mighty *Charls*, *desire of Nations*, come,
Come, you *triumphant Exile*, home
He's come, he's safe at shore, I hear the noise
Of a whole *Land* which does at once rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's sacred voice*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sound*,
The mighty *shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And swells up every *sail*,
The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all,
The *Artificial Joy's* drown'd by the *Natural*
All *England* but one *Bonfire* seems to be,
One *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea*
The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*
With *Wine* all *rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow,
And *We*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
 The *Rivers* too should not do so
 There is no *Stoick* sure who would not now,
 Even some *Excess* allow,
 And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
 Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy*

17

•Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
 To take her mighty *share*
 In this so ravishing sight,
 And with the *part* she takes to add to the *Delight*?
 Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
 Thou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,
 To see our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be seen?
 God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
 To shew that *Woman-kind* may be
 Above that *Sex*, which her *Superiour* seems,
 In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*
 Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*
 How well those different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of Triumphs, *Wife of Martyrdom*!
 Thy Princely *Mind* with so much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more,
 With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*,
 That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*,
 'Tis come, and seen to day in all it's *Bravery*

18

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,
 And gives it like a glorious *Bride*
 (Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
 Into the hands now of thy *Son*?
 'Tis the good *General*, the *Man of Praise*,
 Whom *God* at last in gracious pitty
 Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raise,
 Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
 To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
 And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

For ever blest may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vast*, though less-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has shown,
That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp* a *Crown*
Thou worthiest Person of the *Brittish Story*,
 (Though 'tis not *small* the *Brittish glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
 Thou, and the *World* should see,
How much my *Muse*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design*,
An *Ihad* or an *Æneid* should be *Thine*

19

And ill should We deserve this happy day,
 If no acknowledgments we pay
 To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
 Most *truly Other Houses* now,
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *shame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*,
And now the *Title* of a *House* restore,
To that, which was but *slaughter-house* before
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your *living presence* graces,
Your *Marble-Statues* always should remain,
To keep alive your useful *Memory*,
And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*
 For though a firmly settled *Peace*
May shortly make your publick labours cease,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,
 That in *this sense* you should be said,
 (Though yet the *Name* sounds with some dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

On the Queens Repairing Somerset House

WHEN God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown)
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his Own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe,
How near to ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest Figures torn, and all around
Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay,
Such *Naseby's* Field seem'd on the fatal Day
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They starv'd to death, the gasping walls were cleft,
The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,
Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Mistress, and now Foundress, came
It does not fill her Bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small) before
She imitates the Kindness to Her shown,
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs
And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
Whil'st my great Mistress I so Humble see
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare,
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm sure)
So just a boast with Modesty endure
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell,
How I am plac'd, and Who does in me dwell

Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which still with Waves of crowding people flows,
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its Western Reach, the *London* Tide,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The Spring-Tides of the Term, my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and Business of the Town
My other Front (for as in Kings we see
The liveliest Image of the Deity,
We in their Houses should Heaven's likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be Behind)
My other fair and more Majestick Face
(Who can the Fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on it self below

In the best Mirrour that the world can show
And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow,
The Midst, the noblest place, possess'd by Me,
Best to be Seen by all, and all O'resee
Which way soe'r I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the Great Court, there the rich Town, I spy,
On either side dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Right
T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles, which e're
Man's liberal Piety of old did rear,
Where the two Princes of th' Apostles Band,
My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command

My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houses of that wondrous Street
Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleece
The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their ruine with joynt power conspire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire
And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, so strength'ned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,
And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,
But recomposes strait and calms his Face,
Is into reverence and submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Tow'rds the White Palace where that King does reign
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main

Amidst these lowder Honours of my Seat,
And two vast Cities, troublesomly Great,
In a large various plain the Country too
Opens her gentler blessings to my View,
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
By different wayes equal content may find
If any prouder Vertuoso's sence
At that part of my Prospect take offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are descri'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler side,
If they call that a Blemish, let them know,
God, and my God-like Mistress, think not so,
For the distrest and the afflicted lye
Most in their Care, and always in their Eye

And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me
Just Homage, in thy passage to the Sea,
Take here this one Instruction as thou goest,
When thy mixt Waves shall visit every Coast,
When round the world their Voyage they shall make,
And back to Thee some secret Channels take,
Ask them what nobler sight they e're did meet
Except thy mighty Master's Sovereign Fleet,
Which now triumphant o're the Main does ride,
The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride

From hence his Kingdom's Happy now at last,
(Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)
From hence may Omens take of that success
Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless
The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd

The Complaint

I

I N a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way,

The Melancholy *Cowley* lay

And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)
Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,

That Art can never imitate,

And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet,
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet

2

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground,
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound

Art thou return'd at last, said she,

To this forsaken place and me?

Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate,
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of Life is past,

And *Winter* marches on so fast?

But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest Children done,

When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame,
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go,
Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a share
In all the follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st Create

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Business ! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Lusts to shake off Innocence ,
Business ! the grave impertinence
Business ! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business ! the contradiction of thy Fate

3

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
And see to what Amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostacy,
Thou thought'st if once the publick storm were past,
All thy remaining Life should sun-shine be
Behold the publick storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at last to shore
But whilst thy fellow Voyagers, I see
All marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,
Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand

4

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night ,
Such was the glorious entry of our King,
Enriching moysture drop'd on every thing
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was shown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry
It did all other Threats surpass,
When God to his own People said,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Brass

ABRAHAM COWLEY

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain,
Upon the most unjust to Shine and Rain

5

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more,
Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,
And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didst see,
Giv'n to another who had store
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live,
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all

6

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said,
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?
When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stolest me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear,
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air,
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravisht freedom to regain,
Still I Rebel, still thou dost Reign,
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

There is a sort of stubborn Weeds,
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now,
Where once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow

7

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye
Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native white
To all the Ports of Honour and of Gain,
I often steer my course in vain,
Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again
Thou slack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsie
Who ever this worlds happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire,
Do from the world retire
This was my Errour, This my gross mistake,
My self a demy-votary to make
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain

8

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,
The Court, and better King t' accuse,
The Heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear,
Thine, thine is all the Barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end,
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereigns Will he did depend
I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me
However, of all Princes thou
Shouldst not reproach Rewards for being small or slow,
Thou who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death

The Adventures of Five hours

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)
Take in just wars a rich Plate Fleet of *Spain*,
The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of use,
On which the Conquerors Image now does shine,
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine,
So in the mild Contentions of the Muse
(The War which Peace it self loves and persues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught,
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own
Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown
'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit
But though we praise this voyage of your Mind,
And though our selves enricht by it we find,
We 're not contented yet, because we know
What greater stores at home within it grow,
We 've seen how well you forrain Oars refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

The world shall then our Native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you,
They all shall watch the travails of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then

On the death of Mrs Katherine Philips

Cruel disease! Ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where stil thy Malice most of all
(Thy Malice or thy Lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?
There was enough of that here to assuage,
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage,
Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,
Didst on this Glorious Temple seize
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On th', inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel disease! There thou mistook'st thy power,
No Mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the Basis wide

2

All Ages past, record, all Countreys now,
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,
Though Goddesses to' his sentence did submit
Women and Lovers would appeal from it

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Nor durst he say, Of all the Female race,
 This is the Sovereign Face
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, ah, much less frequent then the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose
 But if *Apollo* should design
 A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,
 Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
 Stood by, and did repine
 To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen,
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now

3

Of Female Poets who had names of old
 Nothing is shown, but only Told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was past
The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* wit,
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
 Though long perhaps too that may live
The Trade of Glory mannag'd by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found
Does bring in but small profit to us Men,
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd
Orinda on the Female coasts of Fame,
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetique Name
 She does no Partner with her see,
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

4

But Wit's like a Luxurian[t] Vine,
Unless to Virtue's prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound,
Though it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground
Now Shame and Blushes on us all,
Who our own Sex Superior call !
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too
She does above our best Examples rise,
In Hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities
Never did spirit of the Manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings Sacred Lake,
A temper more Invulnerable take
No violent Passion could an entrance find,
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind
Through walls of Stone those furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous way
When her soft Brest they hit, powerless and dead they lay

5

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew
Rejoyces now t' have got a new,
A new, and more surprizing story,
Of fair *Leucasias* and *Orindas* Glory
As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in some Forrain Countrey he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come, no stranger there
So well *Orinda* did her self prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad World of Poetry and Love

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Hymn To light

I

First born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro's* darksome womb !
Which when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Mass put on kind looks and ~~smil'd~~,

2

Thou Tide of Glory which no Rest dost know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow !
Thou Golden shower of a true *Love* !
Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love

3

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health !
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth !
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee !
Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He !

4

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly ?
Swiftness and Power by Birth are thine
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine

5

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
That so much cost in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow

6

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,
Thy Race is finisht, when begun,
Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,
And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

7

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of Stars survey,
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring

8

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show

9

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild,
(O Greatness without Pride !) the Bushes of the Field

10

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night,
Asham'd and fearful to appear
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Hemisphere

11

With 'em there hasts, and wildly takes the Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm,
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly

12

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts
Creep conscious to their secret nests
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sight removes out of thy way

13

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,
To shake his Wings, and rowse his Head
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look

ABRAHAM COWLEY

14

At thy appearance, Fear it self grows bold,
Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold
Encourag'd at the sight of Thee,
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the knee

15

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place,
To darkness' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires

16

When, Goddess, thou listst up thy wakened Head,
Out of the Mornings purple bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day

17

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain agen their visibility

18

All the Worlds bravery that delights our Eyes
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st

19

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light

20

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

21

With Flame condens^t thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix
Flora her self envyes to see
Flowers fairer then her own, and durable as she

22

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less Liberall to Gold,
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

23

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,
And all fair Dayes much fairer are
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold preferr, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee

24

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and Sea,
Which open all their Pores to Thee,
Like a cleer River thou dost glide,
And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels slide

25

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the Land oreflowes,
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake

26

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empræan Heaven does stay
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must Flow

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To the Royal Society

I

PHilosophy the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Though full of years He do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,
For whatso'ere the Painters Fancy be,
It a Male-virtue seemes to me)
Has still been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate
Three or four thousand years one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A Science so well bred and nurst,
And of such hopeful parts too at the first
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
Would ne're consent to set him Free,
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie

2

That his own business he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,
With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,
In stead of solid meats t' encrease his force;
In stead of vigorous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse
In stead of carrying him to see
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie
In Natures endless Treasure,
They chose his Eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous Eye)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the Liberty
(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)
Of this old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
For such a long-oppressed Right
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause

3

Autqrty, which did a Body boast,
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
Like some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,
To terrifie the Learned Rout
With the plain Magick of true Reasons Light,
He chac'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled
By the vain shadows of the Dead
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled,
He broke that Monstrous God which stood
In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget,
Ridiculous and senceless Terrors!) made
Children and superstitious Men afraid
The Orchard's open now, and free,
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deitie,
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deitie,
When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we
Without the Sences aid within our selves would see,
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind

4

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew)

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew,
He sought and gather'd for our use the True,
And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
He prest them wisely the Mechanick way,
Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,

The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
Must not from others Work a Copy take,

No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*,
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' Idæas and the Images which lie
In his own Fancy, or his Memory

No, he before his sight must place

The Natural and Living Face,

The real object must command

Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand

5

From these and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Prædecessors went,
And like th' old *Hebrews* many years did stray

In Desarts but of small extent,
Bacon, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,

The barren Wilderness he past,

Did on the very Border stand

Of the blest promis'd Land,

And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,

Saw it himself, and shew'd us it

But Life did never to one Man allow

Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too,

Nor can so short a Line sufficient be

To fadome the vast depths of Natures Sea

The work he did we ought t' admire,

And were unjust if we should more require

From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess

Of low Affliction, and high Happiness

For who on things remote can fix his sight,

That's always in a Triumph, or a Fight?

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

6

From you, great Champions, we expect to get
These spacious Countries but discover'd yet,
Countries where yet in stead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worship'd see
These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,
Though Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every Land,
A better Troop she ne're together drew
Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,
God with Design has pickt out you,
To do these noble Wonders by a Few
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)
Too many to O'come for Me,
And now he chuses out his Men,
Much in the way that he did then
Not those many whom he found
Idely extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled
No, but those Few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup

7

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,
And with their Hands then lifted up the Light
Ho! Sound too the Trumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear,
New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,
And Crowds of golden Worlds on high,
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,
Could never yet discover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldaean's* watchful Eye
Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,
No smalness her near Objects can secure
Y' have taught the curious Sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible Littleness

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,
And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand

8

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So Virtuous and so Noble a Design,
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance,
In many thousand years
A Star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the World below,
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show

9

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin,
Your Cradle has not Idle bin
None e're but *Hercules* and you could be
At five years Age worthy a History
And ne're did Fortune better yet
Th' Historian to the Story fit
As you from all Old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philosophy,
So from all Modern Follies He
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the Sun-shine in it play,
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the Crystal Urn,

VERSES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And with judicious hand does the whole Curient Guide
T' has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dress without the paint of Art

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes
ship, Presented to the University Library in
Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Esquire*

TO this great Ship which round the Globe has run,
And matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a Name,
By knowledge once and transformation now)
In her New Shape this sacred Port allow
Drake and his Ship could not have wish'd from Fate,
A more blest Station, or more blest Estate
For (Lo !) a Seat of endless Rest is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heaven

NOTES

A=The *Mistress*, 1647 B=The First Folio of 1656 C=The Second Folio of 1668 D=The *Virses* of 1663

When necessary, words from the present text are attached to each variant to indicate where the difference begins or ends. Titles and verse numbers are counted as lines

p 5, l 17 B] taking in the l 21 B] which had reflect upon

p 6, l 14 B] lesser

p 8, l 7 B] upon no l 25 B omits] there

p 9, l 1 C misprints] justification l 33 B adds after] work, for it is so uncusomary as to become almost *ridiculous*, to make *Lawrels* for the *Conquered*. Now though in all *Civil Dissentions*, when they break into open hostilities, the *War* of the *Pen* is allowed to accompany that of the *Sword*, and every one is in a manner obliged with his *Tongue*, as well as *Hand*, to serve and assist the side which he engages in, yet when the event of battel, and the unaccountable *Will* of *God* has determined the controversie, and that we have submitted to the conditions of the *Conqueror*, we must lay down our *Pens* as well as *Arms*, we must *march* out of our *Cause* it self, and *dismanile* that, as well as our *Towns* and *Castles*, of all the *Walls* and *Fortifications* of *Wit* and *Reason* by which we defended it. We ought not sure to begin our selves to revive the remembrance of those times and actions for which we have received a *General Amnestie*, as a *favor* from the *Victor*. The truth is, neither *We*, nor *They*, ought by the *Representation* of *Places* and *Images* to make a kind of *Artificial Memory* of those things wherein we are all bound to desire like *Themistocles*, the *Art* of *Oblivion*. The *enmities* of *Fellow Citizens* should be, like that of *Lovers*, the *Redintegration* of their *Amity*. The Names of *Party*, and *Titles* of *Division*, which are sometimes in effect the whole quarrel, should be extinguished and forbidden in peace under the notion of *Acts of Hostility*. And I would have it accounted no less unlawful to *rip up old wounds*, then to *give new ones*, which has made me not onely abstain from printing any things of this kinde, but to burn the very copies, and inflict a severel punishment on them my self, then perhaps the most rigid Officer of *State* would have thought that they deserved

p 10, l 4 C misprints] 10

p 11, l 26 B] upon the

p 12, l 16 B] sat upon l 35 C misprints] and and

p 13, l 1 B] Wateis l 3 B] accomplishing

p 17, l 1 C misprints] 8

NOTES

p 18, l 13 B] th' Oxford

p 28, l 1 A full stop has been supplied at the end of the line here, and in similar obvious cases where it has been omitted

p 40, l 10 C misprints] ro

p 48, ll 22, 23 B] breaks speaks

p 50, l 21 B] and soft

p 54, l 24 B] many a Thousand l 35 B] Loves

p 58, l 16 B] Of all the

p 65 The poems that follow were published in 1647 The title page and Preface are as follows —

The Mistresse, or Seuerall Copies of Love Veises Written by Mr A Cowley—*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo* London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St Pauls Church yard* Anno Dom 1647 [6½ ins × 4¼ ins]

To the Reader

A Correct Copy of these verses [some copies and] (as I am told) written by the Authour himselfe, falling into my hands, I thought fit to send them to the Presse chiefly because I heare that the same is like to be don from a more imperfect one It is not my good fortune to bee acquainted with the Authour any farther then his fame (by which hee is well knowne to all English men) and to that I am sure I shall doe a service by this Publication Not doubting but that, if these verses please his Mistresse but halfe so well as they will generally doe the rest of the world, he will bee so well contented, as to forgive at least this my boldnesse, which proceedes onely from my Love of Him, who will gaine reputation, and of my Countrey, which will receive delight from it I shall use no more preface, nor add one word (besides these few lines) to the Booke but faithfully and nakedly transmit it to thy view, just as it came to mine, unlesse perhaps some Typographicall faults get into it, which I will take care shall be as few as may be, and desire a pardon for them, if there be any

Farewell

Copies of this small 8vo of 1647 exist in which the readings differ from those in other copies dated the same year Some of these variants are probably misprints, corrected in some sheets but not in all The variations given below under A have been arrived at after a collation of five copies all dated 1647

p 65, l 11 A] And a l 24 A] When I'me that thing

p 66, l 9 A] The sprung Plants l 22 A] a Noble ll 26, 27 A]

At every spring they chant thy praise,

Make me but love like them, I'll sing thee better laies

l 30 A] by Dart

p 67, l 7 A] Nor drink no more one wretched Lovers Teare

p 68, l 6 A] Thy part l 7 A] Thy sighs l 16 A] The Given Lover l 21 A and B] Which thin sould, under mortalls take

p 73, l 12 A] The Planets l 17 A and B] But soon as l 33 A] Giace and

p 75, ll 29, 30 A and B]

too doe joyn,

And both our Wholes into one Whole combine

p 78, l 20 A] But oh they 'tend not

NOTES

p 79, l 12 A] and treasures l 25 A] The brightest l 26 A]
Our Eyes through th' radiant covering passe

p 80, l 24 A] them for

p 81, l 13 A] most just l 34 A] should you have l 35 A]
You had most I

p 82, l 15 A] For now my Fires and Wishes are

p 83, l 13 A] Aie not l 14 *omitted in some copies of A* l 30 A]
Appeare to

p 85, l 9 A] beside the

p 87, ll 23—25 A and B] his Cage resume his 10w his

p 88, l 15 A] Oh, Founts' oh, *A inserts between ll 19, 20* Here's
wealthy Natures Treasury l 33 *C misprints* embraning l 38 A]
Should all come, imitate Mee

p 89, l 32 A] Even in my prayers thou hauntest me

p 92, l 9 A] daily couse l 10 A] And wall es ll 13, 14
A omits

p 93, l 24 A] when for it thy l 27 A] Yet l'ast the weight be
counted bad

p 97, l 13 A] long one

p 99, l 5 A] freedome l 31 A and B] I, others

p 100, l 15 A] how should

p 101, l 18 A] Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to l 24 A] But, neither,
teach l 30 A] Life, my Mistress

p 102, l 2 A] Tears, which shall understand, and speak

p 104, l 7 A] that you were l 9 A] Hadst thou found l 28 A]
Shut the

p 107, l 8 there *as in C, altered to there* l 27 A] come in and

p 110, l 4 B] his spirits l 20 A] That blows l 22 A] the
strong

p 113, l 17 *A adds]*

3
As, when the Sunne appeares,
The Morning thicknesse cleares
So, when my thoughts let sadnesse in,
And a new Morning does begin,
If any Beauties piercing ray
Strike through my Trembling Eyes a suddaine day,
And those grave sullen Vapours melt in Teares

[All those, *in some copies*]

p 114, l 8 *Entitled in A and B]* The Injoyment l 34 A] Creeping
beneath th' Aegean Sea

p 115, l 31 A and B] the same favour

p 116, l 17 A] certain When

p 117, l 14 A] whom none safe l 22 there *as in C, altered to*
there

p 118, l 5 A] and Foxes

NOTES

- p 122, l 4 A] if round
 p 125, ll 8, 15 No number and numbered 3, respectively, in C 1 27
 B] t' ascend
 p 127, l 26 A] hast me
 p 131, l 3 A] from Mee l 17 A and B] still that
 p 134, l 36 A] and would
 p 138, l 6 *After the title A adds*] (Suspected to Love her)
 pp 142, 150 'The Gazers' and the six poems that follow are omitted in A,
 'Love given over' ending the volume, followed by these verses

To the Reader

*In stead of the Authors Picture in the beginning, I thought fit to fixe here
 this following Copy of Verses, being his owne illustration of his Motto, and
 (as I conceive) the more lively representation of him*

*Tentanda via est qua me quoq, possim
 Tollere humo victorq, virum volitare per ora*

What shall I do to bee for ever knowne,
 And make the Age to come mine owne?
 I shall like Beasts or Common People dy,
 Unlesse you write mine Elegy,
 Whilst others grieve by being borne are growne,
 Their Mothers Labour not then owne
 In this Scale Gold, in th'other Fame does ly,
 The weight of that mounts thus so high
 These men are fortunes Jewells, moulded bright,
 Brought forth with thei owne fire and light
 If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke,
 Out of my selfe it must bee stooke
 Yet I must on, what so ind ist' strikes mine eare?
 Sure I Fames Trumpet heare
 It sounds like the last Trumpet, for it can
 Raise up the buried Man
 Unpast Alps stop mee, but I'll cut through all,
 And maich, the Muses Hanniball
 Hence all yee flattering Vanities that lay
 Nets of Roses in the way
 Hence the desire of Honours or Estate,
 And all, that is not above Fate
 Hence Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my dayes,
 Which intercepts my coming Praise
 Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead mee on,
 'Tis time that I were gonne
 Welcome great Stagurite and teach mee now
 All I was borne to know
 Thy Schollars Vict'ories thou doest fame out doe,
 He conquered th'Earth, the whole World you
 Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blest Tongue and Wit
 Preserves Romes Greatnesse yet
 Thou art the first of Oratours, onely hee
 Who best can praise thee next must bee
 Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgill the wise,
 Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies,

NOTES

Who brought green Po'esie to her perfect age,
 And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage
 Tell mee, yee mighty Three, what shall I doe
 To bee like one of you?
 But you have climb'd the Mountaines top, there sit
 On the calme flourishing head of it,
 And whilst with wearied steps wee upward goe,
 See us, and Clouds below
 Finis

p 147, l 1 Entitled in B] Dialogue After Enjoyment

p 148, ll 2, 9, 16, 23 He She He She omitted in C

p 152, l 3 B] to his

p 153 The imprint of the 1636 version runs thus 'Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the sign of the Princes Arms in St Pauls Church yard'

p 155, l 4 B] when a person who understands

p 156, l 19 B] Buxtorfius his

p 157, l 9 B] toucht upon

p 162, l 8 C *misprints*] grigentum l 28 B] Nay wiser much then so

p 168, l 35 Unnumbered in C Here and elsewhere, where the numbering of the note reference is incorrect in C, as frequently is the case it has been corrected

p 170, l 8 B] Funerals l 18 C *misprints*] endwoments l 20 B] likeneth l 23 B *omits*] and

p 174, l 13 B] More Monsters

p 180, l 29 C] came

p 181, l 1 Should be 3 B

p 182, l 7 B] which does

p 183, l 36 Should be 11 Olymp

p 193, l 9 B *omits*] for

p 195, l 24 B] count it

p 197, l 24 B] Whilst Slaughter l 25 B] to embrace round

p 198, l 15 B] Takes his l 36 B] himself

p 201, l 1 C *misprints*] Sysisphus

p 204, l 31 B] I plunge my ascent, and

p 211, l 31 B] contain his

p 218, l 3 C *misprints*] 13

p 221, l 12 B] Were never not l 13 B] And ready all

p 223, l 3 C *misprints*] Pharoah

p 226, l 18 B] shades arose

p 239 Imprint in B is] Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes Arms in St Pauls Church yard

p 247, l 9 B] twice more oe

p 259, l 22 B] to the man contracts his room l 25 B] Hall

NOTES

- p 260, l 20 B] which age l 29 B] Nathan taught *Possibly a misprint in C*
- p 261, l 20 B] Does with more
- p 263, l 11 C *misprints*] Shiwprackt
- p 267, l 46 B] Mincius
- p 269, l 2 B] therefore use
- p 285, l 23 B] not How
- p 286, l 6 B] Thousand bright Joys *Probably a misprint in C*
- p 289, *last side note* B] 29 1
- p 291, *first side note* B] 12 14
- p 297, l 34 B] flint stops
- p 298, l 22 B] Syrian l 19 of *side notes* B] 15 24
- p 301, l 24 B] I his by
- p 324, l 10 B] with kind l 15 B] it C *misprints*] is
- p 326, l 7 of *side notes* B] 2 Sam
- p 327, l 19 C] quite
- p 333, l 25 C] strait *not* strait,
- p 334, l 31 B] Alas, there's no
- p 335, l 31 B] just extentions
- p 348, l 9 B] his stay
- p 353, l 28 C *misprints*] Idumeæa's
- p 354, l 14 B *omits*] Or *Probably left in C by mistake*
- p 361, l 20 C] Notu
- p 363, l 19 C *omits*] Gen
- p 370, l 30 B] and wantless
- p 371, l 10 B] Brick hill l 14 B] How wild *Probably a misprint in C*
- p 374, l 34 B] Gift
- p 378, l 35 C *misprints*] ressistance
- p 385, l 37 B] invade my
- p 386, l 6 C *misprints*] strongly e'ncampt
- p 390, l 9 B] are working
- p 392, l 39 C *misprints*] wish
- p 393, l 3 of *side notes* B] Ib v 23
- p 395, l 7 C] g'avidensq, l 45 C *misprints*] Gan
- p 397, l 1 C *misprints*] Elohiem l 44 C *misprints*] Carpiās l 51
C *misprints*] Thummm
- p 398, l 5 C *misprints*] qusteion
- p 400, l 5 C] believe
- p 402 Most of these verses were published in 1663 The title page and publisher's note run as follows

NOTES

Verses, Lately Written upon several Occasions, By Abraham Cowley
London, Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop on
 the Lower walk in the *New Exchange* 1663

*Most of these Verses, which the Author had no intent to publish, having
 been lately printed at Dublin without his consent or knowledge, and with many,
 and some gross mistakes in the Impression, He hath thought fit for his justifica-
 tion in some part to allow me to reprint them here*

Henry Herringman

Some copies in which the publisher's note is absent, can be met with,
 bearing on the title page To which is added a Proposition for the Advance-
 ment of Experimental Philosophy, by the same Author These have bound in
 at the end the 1661 pamphlet named, separately paged [5 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins \times 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins]

p 402, l 1 D] written upon

p 410, l¹ 5, 14 Gio-art, who states that he has 'collated with the
 Author's holograph, prints 'wonders printed plainly' and 'I a place' The
 former redundant word was probably omitted by Cowley purposely in his
 published text he may not have noticed the slipped out 'a

p 415 l 30 C] the beaech, Beach

p 418, l 5 D] And Dance

p 420, ll 28, 29 Published separately in 4to (7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins \times 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins) in 1660,
 under the title 'Ode, upon the Blessed Restoration and Returne of His Sacred
 Majestie, Charls the Second *London* Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and
 are to be sold at his Shop on the Lower Walk in the *New Exchange Anno*
Dom 1660

p 421, l 7 C misprints] amongst l 31 C, D and 1660] Than

p 422, l 18 D and 1660] who should

p 424, l 17 C misprints] Illis Between ll 23 24, 1660 edition adds]

Ere the *Great Light*, our *Sun*, his Beams did show,

Our *Sun* it self appears but now,

l 38 C] misfortunes strives D and 1660] misfortunes strive Folio of 1681]
 misfortune strives

p 430, l 5 C misprints] Clory

p 432, 1660 adds at end]

'Twould be the richest furnish d *House* (no doubt)

If your *Heads* always stood *within*, and the *Rump heads* without

p 443, l 2 C misprints] Luxurian

p 445, l 30 *The word way is written, not printed, in the copy used for
 the present edition*

p 448 These verses will be found in 'The History of the Royal Society
 of London, for the Improving of Natural Knowledge' By Jo Sprat, 1667
 Between the last line of p 451 and the first of p 452 this version adds

She with much stranger Art than his who put

All th' *Ihads* in a Nut,

The numerous work of Life does into Atomes shut

p 453, l 15 C misprints] endlest

The following poems are not given in the 1663 edition of Verses

Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres

Ode Acme and Septimius out of Catullus

On the Queens Repairing Somerset House

NOTES

The Adventures of Five hours
On the death of Mrs Katherine Philips
Hymn To light

To the Royal Society

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes ship, Presented to the
University Library in Oxford, etc

A few poems in the 1663 volume form part of 'Several discourses by way
of Essayes in Verse and Prose' See Preface to this volume and the text of the
companion volume These are

The Country Mouse A Paraphrase upon Horace 2 bk Sat 6

Horace to Fuscus Aristrus A paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the
first book of Horace

A Translation out of Virgil

Claudian's Old Man of Verona

Martial Book 10 Epigram 96

A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third Book, beginning thus,
Inclusam Danaen turris aenea

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